THE FIRST and Second parts of ALBIONS ENGLAND.

The former reuiſed and corrected, and *the latter newly continued and added. Containing* an Hiſtoricall Map of the ſame Iſland: proſecuted from *the liues, Actes, and Labors of Saturne, Iupiter, Hercules,* and Æneas: Originalles of the Brutons, and Engliſh-*men, and Occaſion of the Brutons their firſt ariuall in Albi-on. Proſecuting the ſame Hiſtorie vnto the Tribute to* the Romaines, Entrie of the Saxones, Inuaſion by the Danes, Conqueſt by the Normaines, Reſtaurarion of the Royall Engliſh blood, Diſcention and vnion of the two Linages Lancaſter and Yorke.

With Hiſtoricall Intermixtures, Inuention, and Varietie: profitably, briefly, and pleaſantly performed in Verſe and Proſe by *William Warner.*

Imprinted at London by Thomas Orwin, for Tho-*mas Cadman, dwelling at the great North-doore of Saint* Paules Church at the ſigne of the Bible. 1589.

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1304

To the right Honorable, my very good Lord and Maister, *Henrie Carey, Baron of Hunsdon: Knight* of the most noble Order of the Garter: Lord Chamberlaine *of her Maiesties most Honorable Houshold: Lord* Gouernour of *Barwicke*: Lord Warden of the East Marches for *and anempst* Scotland: *Lord Liefetennant of* Suffolke *and Norfolke*: Captaine of her Maiesties Gentlemen Pencioners: and one of her Highnes most Honorable Priuie Councell.

THis our whole Iland, *anciently called* Britaine, *but more anciently* Albion, *presently containing two Kingdomes*, ENGLAND, *and* SCOTLAND, *is cause* (right Honorable) *that to distinguish the former, whose only Occurrents I abridge, from the other, remote from our Historie, I intitle this my Booke* ALBIONS ENGLAND. *A subiect, in troth (if self cõceit work not me a partial Iudge) worthie your Honorable Patronage: Howbeit*

baſely paſſed vnder ſo badd an Author. But for great Perſonages gratefully to intertain the good willes of bad workmen, is anſwerable to themſelues, and animating to feeble Artiſtes. I therefore ſecure of your Honors Clemencie, and herein not vnlike to Phaëton, (who at the firſt did feareſully admire euen the Pallace of Phœbus, but anon feareles aduenture euen the preſence of Phœbus,) hauing dedicated a former Booke to him that from your Honor deriueth his Birth, now ſecondly preſent the like to your Lordſhip: with ſo much the leſſe doubt, and ſo much the more dutie, by how much the more I eſteeme this my latter labour of more Vale, and (omitting your high Titles) I owe, and your Lordſhip expecteth eſpeciall duetie at the hands of your Seruaunt. And thus (right Honorable) hoping better than I can performe, and yet fearing leſſer than I may offend, deſirous to pleaſe, deſperate of praiſe, & deſtitute of a better Preſent, I make tender only of good will.

more I haue not, for your Honors
good worde leſſe I hope not.

Your Lordſhips moſt humble and
duetifull Seruant, W. Warner.

To the Reader.

WEll knowe I, that Pearles low-priſed in *India* are precious in *England*, that euen *Homer* was ſlightly authoriſed in *Greece*, but ſingularly admired elſwhere, and that for the moſt part, the beſt Authors finde at home their worſt Auditors: howbeit whatſoeuer Writer is moſt famous, the ſame is therefore indebted to his natiue Language: Neither preferre I aboue three ſpeeches before ours, for more ſententious. Onely this error may be thought hatching in our Engliſh, that to runne on the Letter, we often runne from the Matter: and being ouer prodigall in Similies, wee become leſſe profitable in Sentences, and more prolixious to Senſe.

Written haue I alreadie in Proſe, allowed of ſome: and now (friendly Reader) offer I Verſe and Proſe, attending thine indifferent Cenſure. In which, if groſely I fayle (as not greatly I ſo feare) in Veritie, Breuitie, Inuention, and Varietie, profitable, pathetical, pithie, and pleaſant, ſo farre off ſhall I bee from being opinionate of mine owne labours, that my ſelfe will alſo ſubſcribe, to preſcribe the ſame for abſurd and erronious. But in vaine is it either to intreat or feare the curteous or captious: the one will not cauill, nor the other be reconciled.

My labor is paſt, and your liking to come: and things hardly

hardly founded, may easely bee confounded: Arrogancie is *Lynx*-eyed into aduantage: Enuie capiable of the least error: and inconsiderate and selfe conceited Readers (to detract from other mens Trauailes) deale as did sacriligious *Dionisius* in the Heathen Temples, who to strip the Idolles of their golden Ornaments, alledging the same for Sommer too hot, & for Winter too cold, so inriched himselfe, and robbed the Sainct. But such are good minds, and the Contraries of these men in reading of Bookes, as were the Paganes in reuerencing their Gods, sacrificing as deuoutly to a woodden *Iupiter*, as to a golden *Iupiter*: to an Oxe, a Cat, or vnreuerent *Priapus*, as to the Sonne, the Starres, or amiable *Venus*: deuotion and discretion being euermore senseles in detraction. Of the latter sorte therefore I craue my pardon, presupposing their patience; to the former, presupposing impatience, I offer pardon: resting to either, and to you all,

in good will such as I should.

Yours. W. W.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

¶ The first Booke of *ALBIONS* England.

CHAP. 1

Tell of things done long agoe, of manie thinges in few:
And chiefly of this Clyme of ours, the Accidentes pursue.
Thou high Director of the same, assist mine artelesse pen.
To write the gests of Brutons stoute, and actes of Englishmen.

When arked Noah, and seuen with him, the empty worldes Remaine,
Had left the instrumentall meane, of landing them agayne:
And that both man and beast, and all, did multiplie with store,
To Asia, Sem, to Affricke Cham, to Europe Iapheth bore
Their Families. Thus triple wise the worlde deuided was:
one language common vnto all: vntill it came to passe.
That Nembroth sonne to Chus, the sonne of Cham, old Noah his sonne,
In Chaldea (neuer seene before) an Empire had begunne:
As hee and his audacious crewe, the Tower of Babell reare,
Pretending it should checke the cloudes, so to auoide the feare
Of following floudes, the Creator of creatures beheld
The climing tops of cloud-high Towers, and more to bee fulfilde.
To cut of which ambitious plot, and quash their proude intent
Amongst a worlde of people there he sundry speeches sent,
So that, vnable to conferre about the worke they went,
The Tower was left vnfinished: and euery man withdrewe
Himselfe apart, to ioyne with those whose language best he knew:
And thus confused tongues at first, to euerie nation grewe.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

THE Babylonian *Saturne* though his buyldings speede was bad,
Yet found the meanes that vnder him hee manie nations had.
Hee was the first that rul'd as king, or forraine landes subdude,
Or went about into the right, of others to intrude:
Ere this aspiring minds did sleep, and wealth was not pursude.
His sonne Ioue Belus after him, succeeded and purualde
For dreadfull warres, but awlesse death his dreadfull purpose staide.
Then Ninus prosecutes the warres, preuented Belus sought,
And filde the wronged world with armes, and to subiection brought
Much people, yet not capable of such his nouile fight.
From Caldea to Assyria, he translated the Empire quite:
And caused fire on horses backes, before him euer borne
To be adorned for a God. Thus out of vse was worne
In Caldea and Assyria, to the honour rightly due,
To high Iehoua, God indeede. Idolatrie thus grewe
From Ninus first: hee first of all a Monarchie did frame,
And built a famous Niniuie, that bore the builders name.
His warlike wife Simeramis, her husband being dead,
And sonne in nonage, fayning him, long ruled in his steede:
Delating in a males attire, the Empire new begonne:
The which, his yeares admitting it, he yeelded to her sonne.
Thus Cham his broode did borgon first, and held the world in awe:
But Iapheths Line to Iauans land, from Assur doth vs drawe.

MUch praise is spoken of Thessalie, and Pegasus his springs,
And how the nimphes of Meonie, in Tempe did great thinges,
And how that Cecrops and his seede, did honour Athens so,
As that from thence are said, the Springs of Sciences to flow.
Not onely Artes but Cheualrie, from Greece deriue we may:
Whereof (omitting many thinges) my Muse, alonely say
How Saturne, Ioue, and Hercules, did fill the world with fame
Of iustice, prowesse, and how they both men and Monsters tame:
And so from these deriue the meane how Brute to Albion came.
In Crete did flosish in those dales (the first that flosisht so)
Vranos: he in wealth and wit, all others did out goe:
This tooke to Wife (not then forbode) his Sister Vesta faire,

The

ALBINNS ENGLAND.

That croked Titan did to him, and comelie Saturne bacr.
The elder for deformities, in making and of minde,
With Parents and the people too, did lesser liking finde:
The younger by the contraries, gaue hansell in his prime
Of manie vertues, honoring their Owners elder time.
Away slips age: death spareth none: Vranos leaues the stage,
His bodie (now depriu'd of pomp) interrd the wormes doe gage.
Well may a rich mans Hearse want teares, but heires he shall not misse,
To whom, that he is dead, at length no little ioy it is.
This errour notwithstanding did Vranos Sonnes lament:
Yet scarce their Fathers Ghost, from graue to heauen or hell was sent,
But that his heires did fall at ods, about the vacant Raine:
and Titan chafes, disabled then the Scepter to sustaine.
Ech eye did follow Saturns forme, ech heart applaudes his fame,
and to conclude, with whole consent he winnes away the game,
Yet for because the Birth right should inure to Titan still,
In Mars his Church did Saturne vowe his Illues Males to kill.
Not meanely glad was Saturne then his head possest of Crowne,
When of his building, he was Lord of many a peopled Towne.
He giueth lawes, his lawes are kept, he bids, and all obey,
and equallie beloud, and feard he wealds a kinglie sway.
He teacheth men (vntaught before) to eare the lustie land:
and how to pearse the pathlesse ayre, with shaft from Bow-mans hande.
God Dis did quaile to see his gold so fast conuaid from hell
& fishes quakt, when men in ships amidst their flouds did dwel:
Who loues not him? Wherin did not the king of Crete excell.
But what auaile or Townes, or Lawes, or what doe Subiects moue?
Sheaues, Shafts, or Ships, or Golde, or all: king Saturne is in loue.
He loues, and is beloud againe: yet so might not suffice,
In former vow to Titan made his paine of pleasure lies:
But no man from the Monarke Loue by wealth or weapon flies.
Cybella, fayre Cybella is espoused to her brother:
and as doe Venus billing Birds so loue they one another.
In Coiture she doth conceaue: one sonne is borne, and slayne:
And Saturne of the hansell hard, doth mal-content remayne.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. II.

THE Sun had compast all the Signes, & Cybell brought to light
Her second Breede, a smiling boy, and Iupiter he hight:
Together with the Queene of Gods (so Iunos stile wee write.)
The infant smiled at his birth: but Cybell (ioy bereft)
And Vesta, whom Vranos had an heauie widdow left,
Did both lament: for Saturne wild the new-borne Babe should die,
Both to acquit him of his vow, and frustrate Destinie.
For at the Oracle he had, his wife a sonne should beare,
That should eiect him from his Realme: his vow therefore and feare
Did hasten on (vnwillinglie) the slaughter of his sonne:
For which (his sorrowes graunting speech) his mone he thus begunne.
And want not stately crownes their cares? With pomp haue Princes (paine?
Ah, die he must, & die he shal, els may not Saturne raigne.
Yet, might a Scepters want suffice, I gladly would resigne:
But sworne by Stix and weakfull Mars at periuries repine.
Then far be it that they repine, least I too late repent:
It doubles sinne, if sinne by sinne we practise to preuent.
From this time foorth, Melancholie, for Sirname Saturne had:
No mirth could wrest from him a smile, ech smile would make him sad.
His seruants feare his solemne fits, when if they ought recite,
Hee either answeres not at all, or from the matter quite.
Vnpeopled roomes and pathlesse waies did fit his humour best:
And then he sighes, and sheadeth teares when all things els did rest.
Who so could cite a Tragedie, was formost in his creede:
For, balking pleasant companie, on sorrowes did he feede.
Death likes him, that mislikes himselfe, in gesture robes and all:
Hee shewes himselfe like to himselfe: and hence it doth befall
That men to Melancholie giuen, we Saturnists doe call.
His wife and Sister kissing oft her Nephewe and her sonne,
(For shee his Aunt and Mother was) with Vesta seeke to shunne

The voted fathers deadlie doome: to kill so sweete a childe
Their eies and verie soules abhorre: who (nothing so unmilde)
doe weeping kisse his laughing mouth, in minde the Babe to saue:
Howbeit feare of Saturns wroth contrarie councell gaue.
But when in hast the Babe his heart was sent for by and by,
So Saturne wild, so Cybell must, and Vesta not denie,
It was a woe to heare their woe, and death to see them die.
Unhollowed wretch, then Cybell sayd, in wombe why did I beare
This double Burthen? happie Twins, saue that my Twins they are.
So that my teeming with these throwes had ending well were I:
Or would I might not giue them life, that liuing foorthwith dye.
Thy Scepter (Saturne) is not worth performance of thy vowe:
Thy conscience doth a scruple holde that Goddes nor men alowe.
From Gods, from men, from brutish beasts, in nature nought doth grow
But fosters what it bringeth foorth: thou onelie doest not so.
Thy sonnes alone for slaughters serue, and I meane while their Mother,
Am Saturnes wife, lesse proude of it then that he is my brother.
Unhappie Cybell borne to beare, and therefore borne to woe,
And fruitlesse fertill to a man that soweth not to mow.

Nowe teares had drowned further speech, till she as one bestraught
Did crie that with a knife the Babe should to her bed bee brought:
My selfe (quoth shee) will be his death, with whom my selfe will die:
For so may Saturne saue and shunne his bewe and destenie.
But it did Vesta contermaund: yet Saturns will must stande,
For Ioue must die, or they not liue. A Damsell there at hand
Was then enforsed to that charge. Thrice toucht her knife his Skinne,
But thrice his smiles did cause her teares: she fourthlie did beginne:
And fourthlie ended as before. Betide me death or life.
Liue still (at least for mee) she saide: and casting downe the knife,
Shee kist that sweete and pretie mouth that laughed on her lippes:
And brings him backe to Cybles bed. Her heart reuiued, skips,
Renewing life where reckoned death had wrought repentant teares.

The Father fronted with a guile, at length the damsell beares
The infant vnto Oson towne: and in her Ladies name,
Intreats Melissus daughters twayne to nourish vp the same.
Up to mountaine beare they him, and in a secret Caue

A mountaine Goat giue him milke, and so his life they saue.
His Nourses, sounding Simbals once to drowne the Infants crie,
A manie Bees (the Muses birdes) into the Caue did flie,
Where making Honie, Saturnes sonne did long time line therby.

CHAP. III.

IT doth remaine of Iupiter, as how (but then a lad)
Fron Epire to Pelasgis him the Lordes Epyrotes had,
To fetch their pledge Lycaon held, when times of truce had ende.
Lycaon faining to consent, that did not so intende,
Next day, as though hee woulde dismisse the Legates with estate.
Did make to them a solemne feast: when hauing slaine of late
His noble pledge, he brings his limmes and setteth them before
His Countriemen to feede vpon in sauced dishes store.
The Stangers and his Subiects tw abhorring such a sight,
Sit gazing ech in others face, bereft of speech and spryte:
Untill that lustie Iupiter, a Stripling to behold,
Did take the limbes dismembred so, and with a courage bold
Did shew them throw Pelasgis streetes, declaring by the way
The murther of their bloudie king: which did so much dismay
The Citizens, that euen they detesting such vnright,
Did rise in armes against their king, where youthfull Ioue did fight
So valiantlie, that by his force Lycaon tooke his flight:
And after did by Roberies, by bloud, and Rapines liue:
For which to him a Woolnish shape the Poets aptlie giue

IN Epyre and Pelasgis thus Ioue first his honour wonne:
But greater things vntouched are by this same worthie donne.
And partlie, in the monstrous warre that Titan and his Crue
Did holde with Saturne, when by search of Issues males he knew
The which his brother had alriue, against their Couenant made:
When, Titan Victor, fast in hold was vanquisht Saturne laide,
Together with his wife and friends: where sorrow much they past,

Till

Till Iupiter did vnderstand his parentage at lasse.
He therefore landing tooke in Cretz, with well prouided men:
And slewe his vncle Titan, and the Giant Tiphon then,
With most part of the Titanois, and sets his father free:
By meanes whereof they reconcile, and well a while agree.

NOt brooking then Apollos fault, in that he entertainde
The remnant of the Titanoies, that after warres remainde,
Epollo was by Iupiter inforced for to flie
His kingdome Paphos, and to liue exilde in Thessalie.
There loue, but chiefe penurie, constrained him to keepe
(Untill he was restored home) the king Admetus sheepe.
And for his Sonne disdainfullie enuied Ioue his prayse
Ioue was the same Phisitions death, that dead to life could raise:
Whose fame grewe thus. As Æsculap an heardman did espie,
That did with easie sight inforce a Basilisk to flie.
(Albeit naturally that beast doth murther with the eie.)
Apollos sonne perceauing him with Garland on his head,
Imagins (as it was in deede) some hearbe such vertue bred:
And for a proofe, he caused him to cast the wreath away,
When straitthe beast her onelie eies the sillie man did slay.
Then Æsculap him selfe did take the wreath, and puts it on,
And by that meanes he ouercame the Basilisk anon.
In hearbs that deeper force is hid then Science may containe
I finde, saide he, and hearb by hearb into his mouth did straine
That lay for dead, an hearb at last reuiuing him agayne.

Henceforth, men thought him more thē man, when by his wondrous skil
He rendred life to many like, so winning great good will.
But as he waxed famous thus, hee famous waxed proud,
Disdaining all, yea Ioue himselfe for Peere he disalowd.
Untill that Saturns angrie sonne reuenged it by death:
Correcting iustly each abuse, as Rector on the Earth.
The Sonns ere noune thus added grace, vnto the Fathers name,
But shadowes waite on substances, and enuie followes same.
Euen Saturne, pompous Saturne, ridde by Iupiter of Fors
And feare of Titan, did renewe his superstitious woes

As

As touching former Oracle: and hastie summons sent
Throughout his Realme to muster men, in purpose to preuent
By death of Ioue his destinie. The men of Crete repinde
To put on armour to his ill whom they had found so kinde:
But will they, nill they, so they must, for so their king assigned.
And Saturne with his armed troupes into Arcadia went,
Where Iupiter forewarned of his fathers ill intent,
Intreated peace, to him denide, so that perforce he must
Defend him from his froward Sier, or rather foe vniust.

There might ye see king Saturne fight like to a Lion wood,
Whilst Iupiter did beare his blowes and spares his fathers blood:
and him that foo-like would him slay, he frendlie did defend,
Desiring Saturne to retire, till woordes were to no end.
The wilfull man pursuing blood, Ioue ceaseth to perswade,
And rushing in amongst his foes so hot a skirmish made,
That euerie blow sets blood on broch, and and so in little space,
Euen he who late he did intreate, is followed now in chace
By Arcas and his companie: for Ioue refrained the flight,
Because against his countriemen he had no will to fight.

Whilst luckelesse Saturne did escape by flight and fortune then,
And wandred long in vncouth Seas, depriude of wealth and men,
Victorious Iupiter was crownde with glorie king of Crete:
And Saturne now ariude at Troy, for succour did intreate.
Ganymedes, king Trois sonne, was sent in Saturns ayde:
A worthie knight, and, and valiant warre to Iupiter he made.
But he and his were chased backe euen to their Citie walles,
For who so stoode with Iupster, by Iupiter hee falles.
And there the Troyan Paragon Ganymedes was reiue,
Twixt whom and Iupiter thencefoorth sonnd friendship did remayne.
Then Saturne did the second time to Seas with shame retire,
And neuer after durst by warre against his sonne conspire:
But sayling into lower Realmes, in Italie did dwell:
And hereof it is said, his sonne did chace him into hell.

MEane while, lesse ioyous of his fame then ielous of his freakes,
Her wrong Queene Iuno on the Truls of Iupiter she wreakes.

Which

Which was the cause that all too late, he purposing returne
To rescue Danae (in whose loue he amorously did burne)
Was cast by stormes into the Seas, that foorthwith tooke the name
of him whom for his Piracies Ioue vanquisht in the same.
Yee might haue seene Aægeon there, with wreakfull wroth inflamd
At sight of Ioue, at whose decay he long in vaine had aimd.
And how that Ioue had now the worst, and in a trise againe
The Gyant with his twise three Barkes in hallard to be taine.
The Centaures shew them valerous, so did Ixeon stout,
and braue Ganymædes did deale his balefull dole about,
But when couragious Iupiter had beaten to the ground
Aægeon, and in selfe same Chaines wherein he often bound
The harmelesse soules that crost those Seas, himselfe in fetters laie,
Yee might haue said, and truly said, that then did end the fraie.
So manie were his high exploits, whereof such wonder bread,
That for the same the Heathen folke doe deifie him dead.
Which since they are so manifold, I many ouerpasse:
And though Amphitrio blush to heare, how he deceiued was,
And that Alcmena pinch my tongue, possest with bashfull shame,
Yea though that Iupiter himself my lauish tongue shall blame,
Yet since that iealous Iuno knowes alreadie of the same,
I dare to tell how Iupiter so cunninglie beguild
his loue Alcmena, that by him she traueled with child
Of Hercules: whose famous Acts I orderlie shall tell,
Whereof the first, but not the least, in Cradle-time befell.

CHAP. IIII.

QVene Iuno, not a little wroth against her husbands crime,
By whom she was a Cockqueane made, did therefore at the time
In which Alcmena cride for helpe to bring her fruite to light,
Three nights and dayes inchaunt her throwes: and (of a Diuelish spight)

Intended both the Ladies death, and that wherewith shee went:
Till Galinthis vnwitching her did Iunos spells preuent.
Yet when cankered Iuno still pursuing her intent,
Two poisned Serpents got by Charmes into the chamber brought
Where Hercules in cradle laie, and thinking to haue wrought
A Tragedie, did let them lose: who smelling out their praie,
skaerd Hercules his brother that in selfe same cradle lay.
But Hercules, as Children vse with little whelpes to play:
Did dallie childishlie with them, and no whit did dismay:
Untill at last his tender flesh did feele their smarting stings,
And then, displeasd, betwixt his handes the Snakes to death he wrings.
Amphitruo and the Thebanes all of this same wonder tell:
And, peeres permitting, Hercules did with Euristeus dwell.
This King by spightful Iunos meanes, dit set him taske on task.
But Hercules performed more then both of them could aske.
Yea, yet a Lad, for Actiuenes the world did lack his like,
To Wrestle, Ride, Run, Caste, or Shoote, to Swim, to Shift, or Strike:
As witnes (his inuention first) those solemne actiue Plaies,
That were on Mount Olimpus trode, where he had pricke and praise.
For which his Nouell, and himselfe (in those not hauing Peeres)
The Græcians by th' Olimpides kept reckning of their yeeres.

KIng Atlas daughters in the Isles of Hesperæ did holde
A manie Sheepe: and Poets faine their fleeces were of Golde:
(For rarenes then of Sheepe and Wooll in figures so they fain)
Euristeus pricks his Puple on this nouile Prize to gaine.
The Greekes applie their sweating Dares, and sailing doe persist
Untill they reach the wished shoare: where readie to resist
their entrance to the closed Isles an armed Giant stayd,
Whose grim aspectes at first approch made Hercules afraide.
Now buckle they, and boysterous blocs they giue and take among:
A cruell fight, But Hercules had victorie ere long.
The Giant slaine, Philoctes tooke the vanquisher in hand:
An harder taske had Hercules then pausing now to stand.
Most dreadfull was their doubtfull fight, both lay about them round,
Philoctes held the harder fight by keeping higher ground,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

The Sonne of Ioue perceauing well that prowesse not auail'd,
Did faine to faint: the other thought that he in deed had quaild,
And left th'aduantage of his ground, and fearcely smites his Foe:
But Hercules, whose policie was to contriue it so,
Renewing fight most eagerly, so strikes, and strikes againe,
That to endure the doubled force his valiant Foe had paine.
Who, yeelding to his Victors will, did finde in him such grace,
As Hercules did thencefoorth vse his friendship in each place.
Hesperides, the goodly Nimphes, their Keepers chaunce lament:
But Hercules did comfort them, and cure their discontent:
And shipping then of Rammes and Ewes a parcell thence he went.

IN coasting back by new-built Troy, he sawe a mone full sort
of people clustering round about their yet vnconquered Port.
He musing much, and striking Saile, did boldlie aske wherefore
They made such dole; Laomedon, then standing on the Shoare,
Did tell the cause: the cause was thus. Laomedon ere than
To reare the statelie walles of Troy (a costly worke) begunne,
And wanting pay to finish vp the worke he had begonne,
Of Neptunes and of Phœbus Priests (the Goddes of Sea and Sunne)
He borrowed money, promising repaiment of the same
by certaine time which therevnto he did expressly name.
The walles are built, the time is come, the Priests their money craue,
Laomedon forsweares the debt, and naughtie language gaue.
Forthwith the Sea (the Deuill then did many wonders showe)
Began to swell, and much of Troy with violence ouerflowe:
And therevpon the swealtie Sun (the wastfull Sea retierd)
So vehementlie did shine vpon the Dosie plashes myerd,
That thereof noisome vapours rose, and of those vapours spread
Such plagues, as scarce the liuing might giue buriall to the dead.
Repentant then, their wretched king to deuill-god Delphos goes
Where at the Dracle he knew his wrongs to cause such woes:
And how the Godds of Sun and Seas, offended, doe require
Each month a Virgin, to appease a scaith Monsters ire.
Wherefore to saue their common weale, the Troyans did agree,
One Virgin, as her Lot did light, should pay that monthlie fee.

Now after manie murdred Maids (formonthlie at one day.
The fearefull Monster at the Port expects his wonted pray)
The lot fell to Hesione the daughter of the king,
whom to the Port to be deuourd with teares the Troyans bring.
When Hercules thus vnderstood the hard occasion why
The guiltles Ladie should haue died, he purposing to trie
his valiantnes, (for what was it that Hercules would flie)
Did aske the king what gift should grow to him that should both free
His daughter, and his kingdome of that monthly blooddie fee.
The king, whom now a doubted hope of profered helpe made glad,
made promise of two milk-white Steedes as chiefest gemmes he had.
Braue Hercules, whose ventrous heart did only hunt for fame,
Accepts th'assumpsit, and prepares the fiend-like Fish to tame.
Anone the dreadfull Diuell driues the Sea before his brest,
and spitting mightie waues abrode, disgorgde from monstrous chest,
Lift vp his vglie head aboue, the troubled waues to catch
The trembling Ladie, for which pray his paning iawes did watch.
But he, whose strength exceeded sense, with yron Club in fist,
Did booteles long with hyding wait the boistrous Whale resist.
The greater strokes, the fiercer was the Monsters awfull fight:
So that the Greekes and Troyans all misdoubt their dreadless knight.
Still Hercules did lay on load, and held the fight so long,
That in the end the Sea retird, and left the fish among
The bared sandes: and so for want of water, not of strength,
Good fortune honours Hercules with victorie at length.
Now when the King, his Troyans, and the Grecians had behild
The substance of the vglie Shape, euen dreadfull being kild,
they bring the Champion to the towne with triumphes, gifts, and praise:
And who but he belou'd in Troy, whiles that in Troy he staies?
Alone the King (a man no doubt predestinate to ill)
Obseruing how his Subiects bore to Hercules good will,
and fearing least their loue to him might turne himselfe to hate,
And seeing now himselfe and land in prosperous estate,
vnfriendlie did exclude his friend from out his cittie strong,
Whilst with his Greekes he hunts abrode, mistrustfull of such wrong,
and when the Champion and his men did from their sport returne,

Not

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Not onelie did gain-say in Troy that longer they sojourne:
But also (impudent in guiles) withheld the Coylers ewaine,
Which Hercules so dearely wonne, in hallard to be slaine.
Alcmenas sonne abashed then to finde so lewd a meede,
In lieu of well deserued loue, was chollericke in deed:
and made a vow (if life gaue leaue) he would such vengeance take
on Troy, that euen the stones thereof for dread of him should quake,
and that the liuing Troyans then should say, and iustly say,
That they were happie whom the plague and Monster made away.
and threatning so the trothlesse king did leaue the hated Port,
And shortly did ariue at Thæbes, and feasts in Creons Court.

THence brought he war, and wrack to Troy, and in his armis Kinges:
And by the way Larnessas walles vnto the ground he flings,
And setteth Tenedos on fire, whose fearefull flames espide,
gaue Sommons vnto careless Troy for warre to prouide.
Before the Greekes had reached Troy, the Troyans by the way
did bid them battaile: manie men on either part decay.
The sounding armours cracke with blowes, whilst pearcing arrowes flie,
This lieth dead, that same is maimd, and more at point to die.
Heads, armes, and armour flie about, and bodies swimme in blood,
and fresh supplies did fall with them on whom they fighting stood.
But Hercules, aboue the rest, bestird himselfe so well,
That still before his balefull Club by Shoks the Troyans fell.
Who, fainting now, seeke to retyre into their fensiue Towne:
where Hercules their Porter was, and rudely knocks them downe.
Thus wonne he Troy, and sacked Troy, and Chanels flowed blood,
Nor did he breath whilst anie part of all the Citie stood,
Saue statelie Ilion. In the same a manie Ladies weare,
Whose piteous teares wrought Hercules that onlie place to spare,
As for the false Laomedon he secretlie was fled,
And valiant Pryamus his sonne to Greece was captiue led.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. V.

AT home returnd, Queene Iuno craues his compa-
nie at Creat,
Whom there arriud, with hartlesse ioy his Step-
dame did intreat.
What? Heard'st thou not my soune (quoth shee) how
Argiue folke complaine
Of Lions three, that in their fieldes both men and
heards haue slaine?
All this she said, as knowing him to seeke such hard affaires:
To win him to which desperate fight no Coyse nor cost he spares.
When this was said, enough was said, and halfe was yet behind
When Hercules did vow redresse, and Iuno had her minde.
He ioyes to heare of that exploit, such was his ventrous hart,
And thanking Iuno for her newes, did so from thence depart.
Philoctes now and Hercules in Nemea Forest be,
Long seeking what they could not finde, till crying from a tree
an Heardsman said, friends shift away, or els come vp to me:
Least that those cruell Lions three now ranging in this wood,
which haue deuourd those Heards I had, and with my Manies blood
Imbrud their fierce deuouring chappes, and forced me to clime
This Tree, where I (vnhappie man) on leaues haue fed long time,
may, all too soone, with tearing teeth destroy you in like case.
The quaking Heardsman scarce had said thus much, when as a pace
from out a Thick the Lions three on Hercules did runne.
Philoctes, trustlesse of his Prowse, by climing did them shunne.
And now the Rampant Lions great, whose onelie view would quaile
An hundred knights, though armed well, did Hercules assaile,
And sometimes with their churlish teeth and pinching pawes againe
So grieuously indanger him, that neere he faints with paine.
Howbeit (glorie checking griefe) he twaine had now dispatcht:
The third, and dreadfullst of the three, though many a blow he catcht,
yet neither Club nor Sword had force to harme his hardned Hyde
Untill that (weapons laid apart) by strangling handes he dide.
Not Hercules himselfe conceaued more ioy of this successe
Then did Philoctes, who ere while did hope of nothing lesse.

The

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

The Pastor, poore Melorcus, like as Hercules him wild,
Uncaest the Lions, fearing long to touch them being kild:
And in his Cottage to the knights a Countrie feast he hild.
The Argives, hearing of this deed, with Triumphes him intreat,
And offer all: but leauing all he doth returne to Create.
Whom glozing Iuno, gainst her mind, with cost did intertertaine,
and with a tongue repugnant quite to her malicious vaine
Commends his deeds, when rather she did wish he had beene slain.
and therefore with an harder taske his labour did renew:
But what was it that manhood might, and he would not pursue?

IN Ægypt was a greeuous drought: the cause thereof vnknowen:
which to redresse, their Diuelish Gods and Oracle had showen.
Doe offer vp strange blood, they bid, and so auert our ire:
Busiris prone before to blood, had now his hearts desire.
No sooner Stranger toucht the shoare, but them the barbarous King
To frie in flames before his Gods for Sacrifice doth bring.
Yea custome added worse to ill, his Subiect and his friend
(when Strangers misse) supplie the flames: his murthers had no end.
Howbeit, with these Butcheries the drought did still remaine:
For in Busiris was the blood that should redeeme the raine.
The Gods did meane (which they not minde) that lewd Busiris he
an Alien borne, that Stranger was, who dead, no drought should be.
A Noble man of Iunos kin Busiris late had slaine
For losse of whom the craftie Queene did often sorrowes faine.
Cease (Madame) saieth Hercules then, not long the time shalbe,
But I his tyrannie shall end, els it giue end to me.
Her sorrowes did not tith her ioy, when he had giuen consent
To vndertake that deathfull taske: for death was it she ment.
Now Hercules in Ægypt meetes Busiris and his Crew,
When sodainlie with maine assault on him the Giant flew:
Supposing to haue dealt with him, as he had done before
with other Strangers. Hercules alonelie, and no more
to take his part, with skathfull strokes bestird his Club so well,
In battering of the Tyrants bones, that strengthlesse downe he fell.
Then did he kill and chase away his lewd and cruell traine,

Till

Till hearing of no further foe, he commeth backe againe:
and taketh vp the wretched king, that cryeth out for aide:
And on the Altar, where himselfe had Strangers often laid,
Himselfe was made a Sacrifice: and as his blood did staine
the Altar euen at that same time, there fell a ioyfull raine,
With ended drought, and Tyrants death, a common ioy befell:
And all in Memphis intertaine the vnknowne Champion well:
From thence returning back to Thæbes hee there a while did dwell.

KIng Creons daughter Megara, at Thæbes he did espouse:
To countenance their wedding feast did want nor knights, nor prowse.
Which triumphes ended, when the knights should thence depart away,
Pirithous to his wedding bids them all and names the day
Wherein to meete at Thessalie: to which did all consent,
and at the time concluded of at Thessalie conuent.
Amidst their cheere, the solemne feast the Centaures did disquaet:
Whom by no meanes, the nobles there to patience might intreate.
For they an hundred Giants strong, with drinking whitled well,
amongst their cups, from words to blowes, and worser dealings fell:
And (too outragious at the last, fierce Eurytis their Guide)
Unreuerentlie they rauish thence Hippodame the Bride.
But Hercules not brooking it, to arme himselfe begonne,
and all alone in rescue of the rapted Bride did runne.
By this time did Ixeons Steed stand still in battaile raie,
When he, but one against them all, began a bloodie fraie,
Ech arrow that with aiming hand from sturdie bow he sent,
Did answere by the death of one the Sender his intent.
Whilst Hercules with deadlie bow had store of Centaures slaine,
and, wanting arrowes, with their blood his valiant Club did staine.
The Bridegrome and the other knights came to the ceasing fight,
When al were foyld, excepting twelue that saued their liues by flight,
Alonely Lycus yeelded him a prisoner, and liues:
And liuing vnto Hercules much after-sorowe giues:
But Nessus, that escaped then, in time him worser greeues.

CHAP.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. VI.

THe glozy of this high attempt, and sauing of the Bride,
They all ascribe to Hercules: and whilst they here abide:
To exercise his Piracies, as Pluto king of Hell.
(Such was the lewdnes of his life, and place where he did dwell,
That hee and it were titled so) lay houering neere the shore,
And saw the folke of Cicilie their Gods with rights adore,
This routing king, with armed Guardes of his disordered Crew
did come a lande, to make their Pray: but (for to outward view)
They faine deuotion, none suspect the ill that did ensue,
Anon a wreathing Garlands sweet hard at her mothers side
King Pluto saw Proserpine: and liking whom he spide:
Concluding with his companie how to conuay her thence,
Betwixt his boistrous armes he tooke the faire and fearefull wench:
and doe what the Cicilians might, he setteth her a boord:
and to his giltie Sailes the Aire did gentle Gales afford.
A number eyes in Cicilie for her did weep, in vaine:
For her, her mother Ceres and her Louel-mate did complaine,
Her selfe (sweet Ladie) of her moane did finde no meane, God wot,
Though Dis to please did say and giue what might be said or got,
Imbarked then, with him his Harpe did wofull Orpheus take,
and to Molossa Plutos Realme with speedie Sailes did make.
Where he, vnknowne, at gate of Hell did harp such Musicke sweete,
as lumpish Cerberus could not but shake his monstrous feete:
His foule and warpt ill-fauoured face, ore-honge with cole-black haires,
his Horslike teeth, his lolling lips, his Doglike hanging eares,
His hooked nose, his skowling eyes, his filthie knotted Beard,
and what not in his vglie shape? but presentlie appeard
More milder than his common moode, and lesser to be feard.
This hellish Porter deeming that such musicke would delight
his weeping Mistris did conuay the harper to her sight.

Where Pluto ſwore by dreadfull Stix, if Orpheus did by play
But make her laugh, what ſo he aſk'd he ſhould receiue for pay.
Anon ſuch heauenly Harmony on ſkilfull Harpe he plaid,
That ſhee her huſbands muſicke knewe, and ioyfull was ſhe made.
Now Orpheus did a watch-word giue, and ſhe to laugh began:
And for reward to haue from thence his wife he aſked than.
Although it galled Plutoes ſaule his ſweet-hart to forgoe,
Yet for to quit him of his oath, he yeelds it ſhall be ſo:
With this condition, that before they fully paſſed Hell,
He ſhould not backwards looke on her, what chaunce ſo'ere befell.
Now as they paſſe through blinde bi-waies, he fearing leaſt perchaunce
ſhe err or lag, returnes a looke: and who ſhould marke that glance
but Cerberus, that purpoſelie for ſuch a aduantage waites:
Who ſtill detaining her, did ſhut her Huſband out the gates.
When Ceres heard of this miſchaunce, ſhe Cicill leaues anon,
And knowing all the Knightes of Greece to Theſſalie were gone,
Shee thether goes in hope of helpe: where preſently ſhe meetes
with Thæſeus and pirithous, whoſe ſalutings ſhe regreetes,
they wondring what the noble Queene of Cicill there ſhould make:
Become inquiſitiue thereof: to whome ſad Ceres ſpake
firſt of Proſerpine her griefe, and then of Plutoes guile:
For her ſhe weepes, of him ſhee railes, and moueth them meane while.
The mother of falſe Dis his rape had more behinde vnſaid,
When Aegeus and Ixions Sonnes did iointly offer aide.
About the deſert partes of Greece there is a valley lowe,
To which the roaring waters fall that from the Mountaines flowe:
So Rockes doe ouerſhadowe it that ſcarce a man may viewe
the open ayre: no Sun ſhines there. Amidſt this darkſome Mewe
doth ſtand a Cittie, to the ſame belongs one onely Gate,
But one at once may come thereto the entrance is ſo ſtraite,
Cut out the rough maine ſtonie Rocke. This Citie did belong
to Pluto, and becauſe that he was euer doing wrong,
And kept a theeuiſh Rable that in miſchiefes did excell,
His Citizens were Diuels ſaid, and Cittie named Hell.
When to this Citties ruthleſſe gate were come the friendly Knights,
Fierce Cerberus did rouſe himſelfe, and ſcarcely barking bites.

He

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

He thought the world had lackt the man that thether durst repaire:
And troth to say, not one till then to do the like did dare.
Now fiery sparkes from thundering strokes in darke did giue them light,
And Ceres Champions valiantlie maintaine their ventrous fight,
But stout Pirithous, too too bold, a deadlie wound he catcht:
And Theseus, though Combattan-like he long the Hellhound matcht,
Yet with his fellowe had he falne, who flying feares to cope,
Expecting nothing lesse then life, but hap exceeded hope.
For Hercules at Thessalie did feare so hard euent:
Whence lanching out, he made in showe as if to Thæbes he went,
But with Philoctes all his traine and Lycus home he sent:
And he himselfe to aide his friends did to Molossa goe,
Where, like as did his minde presage, he found it very so.
For euen as currish Cerberus with gorie bloes did chace
the wounded and the wearie Knight, came Hercules in place.
An vnexpected happie sight to Theseus at that tide:
Whom Cerberus forsaking then at Hercules he flide:
Vpbraiding him with threatning words, and like himselfe did raue.
And reacht him many a crabbed rap with his presumtious Glaue.
The Danter then of Trespassers perceauing Theseus drie
his greeuous wounds, and at his feet Pirithous dead to lie,
Desirous to reuenge them both, laies lustie lode about,
And with his still victorious Club did Cerberus so cloute,
That, quite dismaid at such a match, he reeling to the ground,
Did send from out his Doggish throat a loud and diuelish sound.
But when the victor sure enough the vanquished had bound,
He leauing Theseus weake without into the Cittie went:
Whereas he found the wicked King, and Citizens that spent
their frutelesse time in vices foule, and dealings most vniust,
As those that in their Porters strength reposed all their trust.
With these did Hercules play Rex, and leauing Dis for dead,
Not one escapes his deadly hand that dares to shewe his head.
Whole thousandes then did breath their last, and who had seene the sight,
Might well haue said it Hell indeede: for euerie thing out-right,
Besides that sullen Mewe it selfe, did giue a figure plaine
of selfe same Hell, where damned Soules abide in endlesse paine.

Saue howlings out and shuddering feare came nought to eare or sighe,
With greeuous grones of dying Ghosts: and so much more their spighe,
By how much more he found them then in pleasures and delighe.
This horror-hanging, Hercules in hurling vp and downe
In Plutoes Pallace, to her ioy, Proserpine he found:
And tolde her of enlargement thence. And then in harrowed Hell
(Pyrithous buried) he, nor she, nor Theseus longer dwell.
But, waying Anker with the Queene of Cicils Doughter went
To Thessalie: where present greefes pretended ioyes preuent,
For hearing of Pyrithous death, not one but did lament.
Hippodame (a widowe now) especially bewailes
Her ouer-hardie Husbands death. But weeping lesse preuailes
Then did Reuenge: for Hercules vnto her dome commits
Her greefes Contriuer, Cerberus, almost beside his witts
For feare of death his due desert: whome causing to be bound
both hands and feet, and to be dragd along the ragged ground,
A knauish Skull of Boyes and Girls did pelt at him with stones,
And laying on with staues and whippes did breake both flesh and bones.

WHen Hercules should passe to Hell, as hath before bin said,
And that Philoctes of his men he had Lieutenant made,
And as Philoctes with his charge on Seas to Thæbes did passe,
He met Androdamus, the King of Calcedon he was.
Androdamus, not knowing yet his Cosen there inthralde,
(For Lycus was his Cosen) to the Thæbane Pilots calde
To Ken of whence and where they would. But ere the Thæbans might
Giue answere, Lycus clogd with chaines on hatches stode vpright
And cride, Androdamus beholde and succour me thy friend,
That shamefully, vnles thou helpe, am like my life to end.
I Captiue am to Hercules, and thus to Thæbes must goe:
Giue aide therefore. Androdamus deferres not doing so,
But setteth on Philoctes, that himselfe and shippe defendes,
And part of Calcedons he slewe, and part to Sea he sendes:
But where the number tripled there for them the Battell ends.
When Lycus was discharg'd of bands, and stout Philoctes bound,
He tolde what hath the Centaures late in Thessalie had found.

Amongſt the ſlaine he named ſome allied to the King:
For which the ſauage Tyrant ſwore reuenge on Thæbes to bring.
And ſailing thence preuailed there by comming vnawares:
And putteth all to ſacke and ſword, nor olde nor yong he ſpares.
He ſlaieth Creon, and in holde fair Megara was caſt:
And leauing Lycus King in Thæbes, from Thæbes the Tirant paſt.
Whilſt Lycus thus did Lord it there, the error of his eye
Did vexe his heart: but Megara his luſt did chaſtly flie.
And Hercules by now had newes how things at Thæbes fell out,
And how that Lycus there was Lord, and none for him durſt route.
Diſguiſed then he thether comes and to the Pallace went:
Whome, when the Porters would haue ſtaide, his ragges he of did rent,
And ſhowes himſelfe like to himſelfe, no bloe in vaine he ſpent
that ſets nor breath or blood abroch. This vprore Licus heard:
And thinking that ſome priuate Fray had falne amongſt his Garde,
Preſuming that his preſence would appeaſe the growing heat,
Did caſt his haughtie armes abroad, as who would ſay, be queat,
Or here am I that can aſwell commaund it as intreat:
Which Hercules ſo ſodenlie chopt off, that (yet vnmiſt)
He thinking to haue vſed Armes, was armeles ere he wiſt.
Then Hercules, our Hercules is come, all Thæbes it cride,
Now ſhake we of our ſeruile Yoke and followe him our Guide:
And ſo they did, till none were left to holde on Lycus ſide.
The medly ended, Hercules did bring the Centaure bound
To Priſon: whereas Megara in miſerie he found:
For Lycus, ſpeedles in his luſt, againſt her ſo had frownde.
Yea (more reuengefull) ſeeing her imbraced by his Foe,
And hoping nothing leſſe then life, to vex them ere he goe
He ſaide: thou doateſt ouermuch to entertaine that Whore,
The falſeſt Ladie vnder Heauen: for let me liue no more,
If Megara (I ſpeake by proke) imbraced ſo of thee,
Hath not offended diuers waies, and common ben to me.
Then Hercules ſuppoſing that his ſpeeches had bin true,
Sweept of the lying Centaurs head, and in that choller ſlewe
(Too credulent) his guiltleſſe wife: but dead, her death did rue

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

For losse of her, and slaughtered friends, he vexed at the heart
did then from Thæbes (an heauie man) to Foraine lands depart,
Distressed in the Troyan Rhode he succour sought for pay:
To which (his peoples triple plague) Laomedon said nay:
And to prouide their second scourge saild Hercules away.
And comming backe with Iasons Prize from Calchos he complaines
of churlish king Laomedon, and so an Armie gaines.

At Troy the Greekish Peeres and he did land their armed men:
Whom to resist Laomedon did range his Battailes then.
The Troyans they bestird them well, the Grecians stood not still,
Laomedon fights valiantlie, and manie a Greeke did kill:
Till Hercules (disgesting ill to see his Foe pursue
such good successe) encounters him, whom easilie he slue.
And hauing slaine the traiterous king he ceaseth not to die
his Thæbian Club in Phrigian blood, till all began to flie.
But with the Troians, Telamon, and Hercules both twaine,
And by their valour all the Greekes the gates and Citie gaine:
And kill who so of Troy they caught, and rased to the ground
the Citie, whilst that house by house, or stone on stone they found.
And ventrous Telamon, for that he entred first the gate,
For Prize had faire Hesione, of Troy the latest fate:
For Priamus to quit her Rape, long after sent his Sonne
To rauish Hellen from the Greekes. So thirdlie warre begonne:
Hesione the cause to Troy, and Hellen to the Greekes,
And all did worke that Troyan Brute the Albian Climate seekes.

THE

THE SECOND BOOKE OF ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. VII.

The twise-sackt Towne the Grecians then did
merrilie forsake,
And Hercules for new affaires, did lande in Æ-
gypt take.
There in a Porte hee did espie a Fleete of
Shipps from farre,
Well fraught with men, Munition, and what
els pertaines to warre.
When Affer (he chiefe Captaine was of that
same Fleete) did spie
the Enlignes of the famous Greeke, he knew them by and by:
And entertayning on his knees the Owner of the same,
Reioyced to behold the man so honoured by fame.
With Affer sailed Hercules to Lybia, to put downe
the Gyant king Antæus, that had aided to the crowne
of Ægypt, gainst th'Egiptians willes, Busiris latelie slaine
by Hercules, in whose conduct they doubt not to obtaine.
They taking land in Lybia now, and hauing in their sight
the threatned Citie of the Foe, his Tents did Affer pight,
And girts it with a sodaine Siege. The Giant then did shake
his hideous head, and vow'd reuenge, yea sharpe reuenge to take.
But issuing out his Citie gates he found the Foe so hot,
That, notwithstanding such his braggs, the worst Antæus got:
For Hercules did canuase so his carkas, that at length
he did retire himselfe and men, as trustlesse of his strength.
His Libians slaine, and he not sound, Antæus Truce did craue:
For graunt whereof vnto his Foes meane time he victuals gaue:
And whilst the Monthy of Truce did last, the Giant, brused sore,
Did heale his wounds, and to his part sollicites Aiders more,

Meane

Meane while the Greekes to Mauritan did passe vnknowne of all,
and there in king Antæus aide he found supplies not small:
And for he looked souldier-like, they brought him to the King,
who offered pay: not so quoth he) I meane another thing,
Discharge these Bands, or els will I discharge thee of thy breath,
That all alone to thee and thine oppose me to the death.
When Atlas knew him Hercules, that conquered of late
The Iland which his daughters held, and brought to latest fate
His Giant that defended them, and captiuated than
His friend Philoctes, he twixt feare and fiercenesse waxed wanne.
And looke how fast the ratling haile vpon an house doth fall,
So fast they lay on Hercules, that holdeth wag gainst all.
and as the Smith with Hammour beats his forged Mettall, so
he dubs his Club about their pates and fleas them on a row.
And whilst (not daring to looke downe) by heaps on him they flie,
Some stumbling on the bodies dead are smoldred so and die:
Some sliding in their slipperie blood, wherewith the place did swimme,
where strangled so: some others whilst disordredly at him
They freat and foyne, are crowded on by those that hindmost be,
and with their weapons spoyle themselues and fellowes two or three:
Some others with the wounding points of broken weapons die:
and others daring with their Foe their bootles force to trie,
were in a moment slaine by him: and thus in little space,
Without resistance Hercules had Lordship of the place
And maugre swords or studied Starres brought Atlas to the Seas,
whereas Philoctes did in time his pensiuenes appease:
And to his friend commends the Foe for bountie, which at last
himselfe did finde: and when as time his griefe had ouerpast,
The same that for Astrologie the Skies Support was said,
In such his Science Hercules a perfect Artist made.

The Month of Truce by this had end, and Hercules returnes
To Affer, that incamped at the Lybian walles soiournes.
A second battell then begonne Antæus like a Baer
Beskires himselfe amongst his Foes: whilst Hercules did faer
as roughlie with contrarie blooes till none to fight did daer.
But humblie all submitting them subdued by his might,

He

He gaue them grace, and staied there, to doe them law and right.
Meane time Anteus, lately fled, returnes from Mauritain,
And with a mightie Troupe of Moores renewed fight againe.
And all the Fields with Carcases of mangled men were filde,
And numbers failed to the Moores that Hercules had kild.
But when Anteus saw his men to lessen more and more,
Resoluing or to win the Spurres or lose himselfe therefore,
He makes a blodie glade vntill the Thæbane he espide,
And finding him: bestowe on me thy blowes, the Giant crie,
That am both able to endure, and to repay the same,
A Flie is not an Eagles praie, nor Mouse a Lions game.
My death might countenance thy deedes (if that it so would be)
But make account that I anon will triumph ouer thee.
In saying which he smites his Foe, performing wondrous might:
And bodie vnto bodie they with equall dammage fight.
But Hercules disdaining that so long Antæus standes
with him in combat, griping him betwixt his angrie handes,
Did crush his Carkasse in the aire that life did leaue him so:
And thus did reape a Monarchie, and rid a mightie Foe.
Then Hercules (Antæus dead) with ease he ouercame,
all Lybia, with the Prouinces and Kingdomes of the same,
And maketh Affer King of al that beares the domes name.

IN expedition of which warre when Hercules would dwell
no longer time, but purposes to bid his friends farewell.
A warlike Wench, an Amazon, salutes him by his name,
And said: knowe Hercules (if it thou knowest not by fame)
how that the Scythian Ladies, late expeld their native Land
by King of Ægypt, haue contriu'd amongst themselues a bande,
And with the same haue conquered all Asia, Ægypt, and
all Cappadocia. Now that for we Victors vnderstand
the Africanes are our Allies, we minding to proceed
In further conquests, tendring them, haue therefore thus decreed:
That you two Champions shall elect, and we will also send
two Ladies, that for victorie shall with your Knights contend.
And if your Champions vanquish ours, then we will tribute pay:

But if that ours doe vanquish yours, then you shall vs obay.
But hope not so, more profite giues our bountie then our bloes,
And vnenforced tribute may procure you friendlie Foes.

Then Hercules, admiring much the Chalengers, did yeeld
two aduerse Knights the morrow next should meet them in the field.
And mounted well on Coursers twaine next light by dawne of day
Into the Listes came Hercules and Theseus. Mid the way
vpon a brace of milke white Steedes the two Viragoes meete
the Knights: and each the other did with ciuill Congies greete.
Then either parte retiring backe began to make their race,
And couching well their valiant Speares did run a wondrous pace.
With Menalippe Hercules the fight did vndertake,
And Theseus with Hippolite did his Encounter make.
They meeting, either part both horse and load to ground were cast,
Whereat the Africanes did muse, and Scythians were agast.
Unhorsed thus, disdainfully each Knight defendant tooke it:
And either Ladie so disgrac'd as scornefullie did brooke it.
Then settle they to handy Armes, the which was long and fierce,
And with their cutting weapons did both Helms and Harnesse pierce.
But Hercules, though neuer matcht so hardie in his life,
Disarmes at length his Scithian Talk, and ended was their strife.
But Theseus with his Combatresse in doubtfull battell fights,
Till, blushing at the Maidens blowes, he checks his mending spyghts:
And laid so hardlie to her charge, not able to sustaine
his fresh-got force, that he also the second Prize did gaine.
Antiope, a third vnto those warlike Sisters twaine,
Beholding how sinisterly the double fight had past,
Makes sorrow, whilst the Africanes reioice for it as fast.

The Scythians to the Africanes did Homage then, and pray
their Ladies might be raunsomed. That sute did Theseus stay,
For he through Lance, his Foe through loue went Victorelle away.
And ther-fore when th'Athenian Knight and Amazon were matcht
in mariage, Menalippe then from Durance was dispacht.
And Hercules: (then which to him no greater Prize could be)
had Queene Antiope her Beait and Armour for his fee,
And sets the Dames of Thermodon from other ransome free.

And

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

And Theseus with Hippolite at Athens landing takes,
And Hercules to Calidon a Dismall viage makes.

THere did King Oeneus bounteously receaue so great a Guest:
Where scarcely had he any time from passed toiles to rest,
But that proud Achelous sent Ambassadors, to knowe
If that King Oeneus on him his daughter would bestowe,
If not to threaten weakfull warres: which much abasht the King,
Till Hercules, who then was come about the selfe same thing,
(For loue to Deianira both Competitors did bring)
Expelled feare by offring aide to backe him from the Foe,
By meanes whereof vnsatisfide away the Legats goe.
The Tyrant Achelous then, with all Epirus force
inuades the bounds of Calidon, and spoils without remorse.
But Hercules he leading forth his Armie got the day,
And well was he amongst his Foes that fastest ran away.

They and their King, with hard escape, inmure them selues at length within a Castle neere the Sea, an Hold of wondrous strength.
The Thæbane then as resolute to spoile both Foe and Fort,
Did burne his Foes forsaken shippes left riding in the Porte:
And with a fewe besets the Holde. When Achelous he
so slender watch about the walles of Enemies did see,
He scorned that so weake a siedge should pen him vp so straight,
Who hauing ten for one of them, did issue out the Gate
against the Greekes, that willinglie his comming did awaite.
Espying Hercules, he cride, lo yond same Diuell is he
that droue vs out of Calidon: who so of mine he be
that slaieth him, shall be inricht with great rewards by me.
But he that made such offers large, did offer them in vaine:
For when his men sawe Hercules approching them amaine
With fierie eies, and angrie lookes, and dreadfull Club in fist,
They thought it needles to assaile, and bootles to resiste.
And euerie man retired back into the holde againe,
Wheare many daies, attempting flight, they cowardly remaine.

From warre at length they fell to wiles. There lay vpon the shoare a broken Boy, that had not brookt the Seas of long before:

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

The Mast they boring full of holes, in euerie hole did sticke
a burning Torch, and lancht it out in night when cloudes were thick.
No sooner was the fire keele a float vpon the waues,
And that the Greekes espied it, but ech man rashlie craues
the viewing of so strange a sight. But Hercules did smell
the presupposed Stratagem, and raungd his armie well,
And marching neere the guilefull light, did finde ambushment theare,
That playing on aduantage thus (preuented though) appeare.
Occasion happning, Hercules would not omit the same,
But tooke them as he found them now, and fights it out by aime.
When Achelous he behild his guile by guile to faile,
Well might he chafe, but harder chaunce his courage might not quaile.
For looke how fierce and boistrouslie a chafed Bull doth fight,
So Achelous lustilie on either side did smite:
And by his only prowesse then a manie knights were slaine,
Whilst Hercules with like successe his Opposits did paine.
And now, by chance, amidst the brunt the valiant Moers twaine
doe single, and togethers tug, and as two Lions strong
ech one desiring others blood did hold a Combate long.
king Achelous minding her for whom began that broile,
To conquere where he did contend, annexed hope to toyle.
Alcmenas Sonne remembring too, whose cause he did defend,
Euen hers on whom his being and his verie soule depend,
So chargd his Contrarie with knocks, and vsd his Club so well,
That vanquished (though valerous) king Achelous fell.
Th'Epirotes when they saw their king a Captiue led away,
Their hearts were doone: and Hercules subdued them ere day.
And Achelous in exile did end his latter dayes:
And all Ætolia was filld with Hercules his praise,
To whom the king did giue to Wife faire Deianira, she
the pleasing prise of that his prowse, and dearelie earned Fee,
Who after, of her owne decay, and his, the meane should be.
The Centaure Nessus was the man that made her erre so much:
Of which her error, but his sinne, the circumstance is such.

CHAP.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. VIII.

WHen ouer deepe Euenus Foord the passage did not fit,
This Giant, of a Stature tall, did offer helpe to it.
And Hercules forgetting him (for at the Centaures Fray
The same vnslaine, but not vnskard, escaped then away)
Did pray him to the farther shoare with Deianire to waide,
And so he did, whilst Hercules this side the Riuer staid,
When Iunos Breed on farther bankes his Passenger had set,
Then lust and long conceaued grudge to foule reuenge did whet:
Not Deianira coulde auoid a Rape, or little lesse:
Or Hercules disioynd by Foord, giue aide to her distresse.
One while, contrarie to himself, full humbly he intreates,
Anon, like Hercules indeede, he did commaund with threats
But first nor latter might preuaile, for Nessus hald her thence:
I may not follow, nor in flight is (Centaure) thy defence
said Hercules. His deeds approue his latter saying true,
For letting flie a fatall Shaft the Rauisher he slue.
And though the arrow galled him euen at the verie heart,
Yet for a while he did indure the not induring smart.
And hauing brought his trembling Rape into a vallie, said:
See Deianira how thy Loue an end of me hath made.
Yet is my death lesse griefe to me, then that thou shouldst bestow
thy selfe on such a changing Churle as Hercules: I know
(sweet Wench I know) he doth preferre contrarie Loues to thee,
Wherefore my graue (the lesse my griefe) in this thy good shall be.
Take this (he gaue a folded cloth, and to the bane therein
he mixed somewhat of his blood) this same (quoth he) shall win
To thee again thy Husbands loue, when he shall it estrange:
For out of doubt, I know it I, he takes delight in change.
When thou suspectest such a wrong, doe boyle a shirt with this:

No sooner shall he weare the same(herein such vertue is)
but that his nouell Loue will change and fall whence it did flie:
Meane while doe not the vnction touch,least so the vertue die.
In all this time betwixt his armes he did the Ladie claspe,
And hild her so,as Hawke a Pray,vntill his latest gaspe.
Then leauing him a liueless Coarse,mistrusting nought his drift,
She meaning simply,tooke with her the traitours poisned gift.
And Hercules by this had past the Riuer deep and wide:
Who(Deianira first imbrast)drew from the Centaures side
the fatall Shaft that should the death of braue Achilles proue,
In Phœbus Church,by Paris hand,for Polixenas loue.

THE Centaure left vntoombed there,Hee,Shee,and all their traine
are come to Lerna,whom the king did noblie entertaine.
There had he from their common teares the cruell hauock made
by Lernan Hydra,whom in Fenne not armies durst inuade.
His vper parts had humane forme his nether Serpentine,
The whole was monstrous, yet his wit more monstrous,but most fine,
(For wit is monstrous when the same from vertue doth decline.)
Such were his subtill arguments,and still supplies therein,
That he by often losse of heads was fained heads to winne.
And wittie thus to others wrong confounded all he found,
Propounding questions,and a word vnanswered was a wound.
The Scourge of Tyrants hearing this,did promise death or aide,
Whilst fearefull Deianira did the contrarie perswade.
But womans speech from weapons vse might not withdraw him then,
Till entring Palus,he had rousd the Monster from his Denne.
Disdainfullie did Hydra take the presence of his Foe,
And after subtill arguments to sturdie fight they goe.
Two blowes at once with Glaue and Taile made Hercules to reele:
Who since he first had vsed armes the like did neuer feele.
Not long he borrowed had the Loan,but Hydra had the like:
So either twaine repaie their debt,and neither faintlie strike.
But who might stand with Hercules? By him the Monster fell:
Who burning vp his vgly shape did passe his soule to hell:
Which happie fate of Hydras fall left Lerna glad and well.

From

From whence to Athens, and from thence to Lycia did he saile,
Then to Hesperia Gerions Realme his outrages to quaile.

HE by his triple tyrannie (for Gerion he was said
three-headed, in respect that him three other Giants aid)
So spoild and plag'd the neighbour Realmes with daily wrongs and war,
That all the force of Africa his furie could not barre.
In Gadira when Hercules his Pillers reared had,
The which (our Westerne world not knowne) men farther land forbad,
Then with victorious ships he sets on Gerions chased Fleet:
And secondly at Megida did either armie meete.
There Gerion with his brothers twaine the Cittie did beset,
And scornefullie aduaunce themselues as men not to be met.
Prouiding therefore murall workes, they threateng hot assault:
Whilst Hercules contrarie warres vnto his souldiers taught.
The Gates wide opened, out he comes vnto the Giants three,
Your men he said are well at worke, well met are also we.
This lesse then Monster, more than man, a Fiende in humane shape
the Spanyard said, is he from whom I made so hard escape.
Yet hardlier shalt thou now escape, said Hercules, and than
betweene them foure, three to one, A cruell fight began.
And euery of the Giants thought himselfe an ouer-match
to Hercules, who almost gaue to one a quick dispatch,
The second he dispatcht in deed, who fell his latest fall.
Then thousands came to rescue them, yet one, he fights gainst all:
Till Theseus with the other knights did march their Armie out,
And ioyne to him, their Foes with them, and all make battaile stout.
Then Gerions brother fights againe, and both did bath in blood,
It was no fighting where they fought, or standing where they stood.
King Meleus, Theseus, Hispan, and Philoctes did no lesse:
But soueraignlie the Sonne of Ioue bestird him in the presse.
The Giant Gerions brother then by him did breath his last,
And Gerion did retire his men into their Gallies fast,
But where they land, there Hercules wonne landing, though hee past
The Pikes: withstanding thousand Swords, and warding thousand slings
himselfe alone, ere that his men to fight on Shore he brings.

Then

Then Geryon, curſing heauen and earth: beſtirre ye friends he criue,
Now is the time to liue or die, let good or bad betide,
Doe liue as men, or die as men, ſee tenne we are for one,
What lets vs then from victorie, that victors haue beene knowne?
Reuenge your ſelues, reuenge your friends, reuenge our common mone.
Nor did he ſhrinke from what he ſaide, or ſaid not as he wrought:
His onely deeds were manies death. Till Hercules he ſought,
Whome ſingling, after combat long, of him his end he cought:
So to ſubiection Heſpera by Hercules was brought,

NO better Spaniſh Cacus ſped for all his wondrous ſtrength,
Whom Hercules from out his Realme rebelled at the length.
A richer King or Tyrant worſe liu'd not in any Land,
Nor any one gainſt Hercules in hardier fight did ſtand.
Yet chaſed by his Conqueror he was inforc'd to flie
vp to a Mountain in thoſe parts: where as at point to die
through famine, by his Magicke Arte he made the Mountaine flame,
And by that ſhift eſcapt his Foe, long wondring at the ſame.
Then fled the Giant night and day (for feare did lend him wings)
And as about from place to place the wandring Tyrant flings,
He on a Mount in Italie cal'd Auentine did light,
Where laboured Cacus did repoſe his wearied limmes all night.
In this ſame Hill he found a Caue: which fitting place eſpide,
He did reſolue in ſecrecie thenceforth himſelfe to hide
in that ſame Mount from ſight of men: and being there alone,
That words at leaſt might vent his woes he maketh thus his mone.
Ah wretch (quoth he) no longer King, that title now muſt change,
Thou late wert fearfull vnto all, now fearing all muſt range.
This ragged Caue muſt now ſuffiſe in ſtead of Royall ſeat,
And though (alas) the place ſhould pleaſe, yet want I what to eat.
Where be my ſolemne banquets now? where is my ſtately traine?
My Tributes? nay my proper Goods? or doe my friends remaine?
Not one I feare: proud wealth was ſuch, that now in time of need
I knowe not where to ſeeke a friend in any hope to ſpeede.
And yet deſpaire not, Picus liues, indebted much to me
for great good turnes: to him I will ere here I ſetled be.

Thus

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Thus roue he foorth the dismall night, and by by peepe of day
he sped him vnto Calabrie, for there king Picus lay.
His daughters three of long before, and still did loue him well:
And, whether with the kings consent, or not, it so befell
he tooke them all to Auentin, and there with him they dwell.
About his boisterous necke full oft their daintie armes they cast,
Still plying him with kisses sweet, no sport was ouer-past
That Cacus would, and they might worke: and more, their custome was
by pleasant tales in order told the wearie times to passe.
And once especiallie it was concluded on a row
That each of them should tell her tale, the first beginning so.

CHAP. IX.

KIng Aganippus ere his death had with his Lords decreed
his only daughter Daphles should in Empire him succeed.
A fayrer Ladie liu'd not then, and nowe her like doeth lacke,
And nature, thinke I, neuer will a second She compact.
The King intombed, Daphles of his Scepter was possest:
And one there was, a Noble man, that could it not digest.
Who (for he was of fame and force) did bid her battaile, and
In doubtfull end of victorie their ciuill quarrels stand.
At length the Argiue Maiden Queene the Oracles subdued:
But (Cacus) of this Stratagem a Tragedie ensued.

Now Loues, not Launces came in vre, the man that lost the day,
and lies in Chaines, left her in cares: her Conquest was his pray.
Full often did she blame her selfe for louing him her Foe,
But oftner thought she it more blame not to haue erred so.
Thus whom in Campe she loathed late, in chaines she loued now,
And thought him sure, because so sure. To Princes prisoners bow
Thinks shee: and watching fitting time, vnto the Prison went,
Where at the doore of such his Lodge a many teares she spent.
But entring, when her eyes beheld the Image of her hart,
To her still peereless, though his bands had altered him in part,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

She casting downe her bashfull eies stood senslesse then a space,
Yet what her tonglesse loue adiornd was extant in her face:
And now the Gaoler left to her the Prisoner and the place.
Then cheering carefull Doracles let it suffice (quoth she)
That I repent me of thy bands, and franklie set thee free.
And let that Grace grace-out the rest, for more remaines behind
then, being said, may decent seeme to such as faults will find.
My selfe, my Land, my Loue, my life, and all what so is mine
possesse: yet loue, and saue my life, that now haue saued thine.
Then sownes She at his sullen feet, that yet abode in thrall:
Which to auoid, he faintly rubbs his Liuer on his gall:
And with his hand, not with his heart, did reare her sinking downe,
And faining to approoue her Choise, had promise of the Crowne.
But neither Crowne, nor Countries care, nor She (worth all the rest)
nor grace, nor dutie, reconcile whom enuie had possest.
No sooner was he got at large, and wealth suppli'd his lack,
But he to seeke her ouerthrow to forren aids did pack.
Demaund not how the wronged Queene disgested such her wrong,
But aske if she, the tidings tolde, to heare them liu'd so long.
She liu'd in deed, yet sowned oft, and sowning ouerpast,
From her mistempered head she teares her louely Tresses fast.
And beateth on her Iuorie breasts, and casts her on the ground,
And wrings her hands, and scricheth out, and flingeth vp and downe.
Her Ladies pittying her distresse had got their Queene to rest:
From whencefoorth outward signes and sighes her inward griefe exprest.
Her sparing Diot, seldome sleepe, her silence, and what not?
Had framd her now right Louer-like, and hild her so, God wot:
Who hearing where he made abode these lines to him she got.

WHat fault of mine hath causd thy flight doth rest in cloudes to me,
But faultles haue I heard of none, and faultie may I be.
Yet not my Scepter, but my selfe, haue kinglie Suters sought:
Did all amisse, saue thou alone, that settest both at nought?
At nought said I? Yea well I said, because so easlie cought.
But cite a Crime, and for it I will shed a million teares:
And to be penitent of faults with it a pardon beares.
Ah, Doracles, if our extreames, thy malice and my loue,

The

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

The formers euer ill shall not the latters good remoue.
I heare thou doest frequent the warres, and war thou wilt with me,
Forgetfull that my Argiue men impatient Warriours be:
Sweet, hassard not the same to sword that Loue doth warrant thee.
Ech Speare that shall but crosse thy Helme hath force to crase my hart:
But if thou bleed, of that thy blood my fainting soule hath part.
With thee I liue, with thee I die, with thee I loose or gaine,
Liue safe therefore, for in thy life consists the liues of twain.
Most wiselie valiant are those men that backe their armed Steeds
In beaten Pathes, ore boorded Tylthes to breake their staffe-like Reeds
Where not the dynt of wounding Launce, but some deuise of loue,
Sans danger, hath sufficient wait their manhoods to approue.
Where braue Aspects of louely Dames Tantara to the fight,
Whose formes perhaps are wedg'd in harts, when Fauours wag in sight.
Whereas the Victors Prize is praise, and Trumpets sound ech blow,
Where all is well that seemes but well, in courage or in show.
Where Ladies doffe their Champions Helmes, and kisse where Beauers (hid,
And parlie vnder Canapies how well or ill they did.
Retire therefore, sweet heart retire: or if thou wilt be arm'd,
Then fight as these where all things make that all escape vnharm'd.
Such manhood is a merriment: things present are regarded:
Not thousand drammes of blood in warre, one drop is here rewarded.
In few, the warres are full of woers, but here euen words of warre
haue brauer grace thē works themselues, for Courts from Camps be far.
Then are the valiant, who more vaine? Then Cowards who more wise?
Not men that trauell Pegasus, but Fortunes fooles doe rise.
Me thinks I see how churlish lookes estrange thy cheerefull face,
Me thinks thy gestures, talke, and gate, haue changd their wonted grace:
Me thinks thy sometimes nimble Limbs with armour now are lame:
Me thinks I see how scarres deforme where Swords before did maime:
I see thee faint with Sommers heat, and droup with winters cold:
I see thee not the same thou art, for young thou seemest old:
I see not, but my soule doth feare, in fight thou art too bold:
I sorrow lastlie to haue seene whom now I wish to see,
Because I see Loues Oratresse pleads tediouslie to thee.
If wordes, nor weepings, loue, nor lines, if ease, nor toyle in fight,

May waine thee from a pleasing ill, yet come thou to my sight:
Perchaunce my presence may dissuade, or partnership delight.
But wo am I, dead paper pleades, a senceles thing of woe:
It cannot weepe, nor wring the handes, but say that she did so:
And saieth so vncredited, or if, then thought of coyse:
Thus thus, because not passionate, to paper failes remorse.
O that my griefes, my sighes, and teares, might muster to thy viewe,
Then woes, not words, then paine, not pen, should vouch my writing true.
Yet fare thou well, whose farewell brings such fare ill vnto me:
Thy farewell lackes a welcome home, and welcome shalt thou be.

These lines subscribed with her name, when Doracles did viewe,
He was so far from liking them, that loathing did ensue.
And, least that hope should ease her heart, or he not seeme vnkinde,
In written Tables he to her returned thus his minde.

The Bees of Hybla Honnie beare, but with their honnie stings,
And beautie doth not want a baite that to repentance brings.
Content thee Daphles, Moles take mads, but men knowe Moles to catch,
and euer wakes the Dawlian bird to warde the sloe-worms watch.
I haue perus'd, I wot not what, a scrole forsooth of loue,
As if to Dirus in his Tent should Cupid cast his gloue.
A challenge proper to such Sottes as you would make of me,
But I disdaine to talke of loue, much more in loue to be.
Nor thinke a Queene in case of loue shall tie me to consent,
But holde the contrarie more true, and it no consequent.
For persons must in passions iumpe, els loue it moueth lame:
Nor thinke I of a womans graunt, but as a woers game.
Your Sex withstands not place and speach: for be she base or hie,
A womans eye doth guide her wit, and not her wit her eye.
Then senceles is he, hauing speach, that bids not for the best:
Euen Carters Malkins will disdaine when Gentrie will digest.
The better match the brauer mart, and willinger is sought:
And willing sute hath best euent: so Vulcan Venus wrought.
I argue not of her estate, but set my Rest on this,
That opportunitie can win the coyest She that is.
Then he that rubs her gamesome vaine, and tempers topes with Arte,
Brings loue that swimmeth at her eyes, to diue into her hart.

But

But since the best at best is bad, a Shrow or els a Sheepe,
Just none at all are best of all, and I from all will keep.
Admit I come, and come I then because I come to thee?
No, when I come, my comming is contrarie sights to see.
My leasure serues me not to loue till fish as haggards flie.
Till Sea shall flame, till Sunne shal freese, till mortall men not die.
And Riuers climing vp their bankes shall leaue their channels dry.
When these shall be, and I not be, then may I chance to loue:
And then the strangest change will be that I a louer proue.
Let Beuers hide, not busses hurt my lips, for lips vnfit:
Let s'karred limbes, not carefull loues, to honor, honor get.
I s'korne a face effeminate, but hate his bastarde minde
That borne a man, preposterously by Arte doth alter kinde:
With fingers, Ladie-like, with lockes, with lookes, and gauds in prime,
With fashions barbing formeles beards, and robes that brooke no lint,
With Spear in wrest like painted Mars, from thought of battaile free
With gate, and grace, and euerie gaude, so womanly to see,
As not in nature but in name their manhood seemes to be.
Yea sooner then that maiden heares bud on his Boyish chinne,
The furie of the fierie God doth in the foole beginne.
And yet to winne, whome would be wonne, these woo with lesser speed,
Then might be wun a towne of warre: the croppe not worth the seede.
But let them trauell till they tire, and then be ridde for Jaides,
If Gamesters faire, if Souldirs milde, or Louers true of Maides:
Who loue in sporte, or leaue in spight, or if they stoupe to luer,
Their kindnes must haue kindely vse: faultes onely make them suer.
Did fancie? no, did furie? yea, hang vp the Thracian Maide.
The wonders seuen should then be eight, could loue thee so perswade,
But loue or hate, fare ill or well. I force not of thy fare:
My welcome which thou doest pretend shall proue a thankelesse care.
When Daphles heard him so vnkind, she held her selfe accurst:
And little lacked of so well but that her hart did burst.
And where she read the churlish scrole, she fell into a sownе,
But, brought againe, vpon a bed her selfe she casteth downe,
Not rising more: and so her loue and life together end:
Or (if I so may gesse) in death her soule did liue his friend.

The Queene enterr'd, and Obbit kept (as she in charge did giue)
A Knight was shipt to Calidon, where Doracles did liue,
To offer him, as her bequest, the Argiue Throne and Crowne.
Not that we force, or feare, (quoth he) thy fauour or thy frowne
We moue this peace, or make thee Prince, but Daphles swore vs so,
Who louing more then thou couldst hate, nor liu'd nor died thy Foe.
And is she dead (quoth Doracles) that liued to my wrong?
I gladlie doe accept these newes expected-for of long.
The Lord and Legate were imbarkt, and Ship ran vnder saile,
Untill into the Argiue Strond the Mariners did haile.
To Daphles by adoption there inthronized a King.
Ye diuers yeares good fortune had successiue in each thing,
All friends, no Foes, all wealth, no want, still peace, and neuer strife.
And what might seeme an earthly heauen to Doracles was rife.
A Subiect but a Noble man, did ritchly feast the King:
And after meat presented him with many a sight and thing.
There was a chamber in the which, portraied to the quick,
The Picture of Queene Daphles was: and deepely did it prick
The King his conscience, and he thought her like did not remaine:
So, whome her person could not pearce, her Picture now did paine.
A Killing Cupid, breathing loue into her breast did hide
Her wandring eies, whilst to her heart his hand a death did guide.
Non mœrens morior, for the Pott, inchased was beside.
Her curtesie and his contempt he calleth then to minde,
And of her beautie in himselfe he did a Chaos finde.
Recalling eke his late degree, and reckning his desart,
Ye could not think (or faintly thought) his loue to sterne her harte:
And to the Maker of the feast did such his thoughtes impart.
And doubtes your Grace the Feaster said, if Daphles lou'd or no?
I wish (I hope I wish no harme) she had not loued so,
Or you not loathed as you did: then she had liued yet:
To what her latest speach did tend I neuer shall forget.
My selfe, with diuers noble men whose teares bewraid our care
was present, when her dying tongue of you did thus declare,
My hap (quoth she) is simple bad that cannot haue, nor hope:
Was euer wretch (I wretch except) held to so skant a scope,

I see him roue at others marke, and I vnmarkt to be:
I finde my fault, but followe it, whilst death doth followe me.
Ah death (my Lords) dispaire is death, and death must ransom blisse,
Such Ransome pleaseth Doracles, and Daphles Pliant is.
Not bootlesse then (since breathles strait) sweet Loue doth flames contriue
The which shall burne me vp at once that now doe burne aliue.
Alas (then did she pause in teares) that Doracles were by,
To take it from his eyes, not eares, that I for him doe die:
At least, perhaps, he would confesse my loue to be no lie.
But (Want-wit I, offensiue sights to Doracles I craue:
Long liue, deare Hart, not minding me, when I am laid in graue.
And you (my Lords) by those same Goddes, whose sight I hope anon,
I coniure, that ye him inuest your King when I am gon.
Alonely say I liu'd and died to him a Louer true,
And that my parting ghost did sound, sweet Doracles adue,
A sigh concluding such her words, she closed vp her eye:
Not one of vs beholding it that seemed not to die.
Thus to your Grace I leaue to gesse how tragick Daphles died:
In loue, my Lord, yea louing you, that her of Loue denied.
The Picture, and this same discourse affoyd sufficient woe
To him, that maimed in his minde did to his Pallace goe.
There Doracles did set abroch a world of things forgot,
What meanst thou man? ah frantick man, how art thou ouershot
(He said) to hate the substance then, and loue the shadow now,
Her painted board, whose amorous hart did breake whilst I not bow?
And couldst thou, churlish wretch, contemne the Loue of such a Queene?
O Gods, I graunt for such contempt I iustly bide your teene.
Her onely beautie (worthy loue, that now on me hath power)
was worthie of farre worthier loue, without a further dower,
But gaze thou on her senceles Signe, whose selfe thou madest thy pray,
And gazing perish: for thy life is debt to her decay.
Time going on, greefe it grewe on: of dolour sprung dispaire,
When Doracles to Daphles Tombe did secretly repaire:
There (teares a preface to the rest) these onely words he spake:
Thy Loue was losse, for losse my life in recompence doe take,
Deare Daphles. So a daggers stabbe a Tragedie did make.

Well did this Tragicke matter ſort to Cacus tragicke vaine:
But merier matter did behoue ſuch humour to reſtraine.
That knew the ſecond Siſter well, who ſmiling ere ſhe ſpake,
Began her turne, and of her Tale the next repoze I make.

CHAP. X.

A Proper Lad made Loue (quoth ſhee) vnto a pretie Laſſe:
In ſelf-ſame houſe, foz-woxne with age, this Maydens Grandame was.
Her eyes were ſuncke into her head, her cheekes were leane and lank.
Out ſtood her chin, into her mouth her bloodleſſe lips they ſanke,
Her toothleſſe chappes diſgraſt her tongue in telling of a Tale,
And ſucke ſhe might a Teat foz teeth, and ſpoonage too did faile,
Her haire, ſince ſixtie yeeres not blacke, was now oz white oz none,
The ſubſtance of her wrinkled face was only ſkin and bone,
Dimme were her eies, deafe where her eares, ranke ſmelt it ſhe could ſent,
A Palſie made her feeling ceaſe, downe taſteleſſe food it went.
Sight, hearing, ſent, touch, taſt, and all, thus failing with her ſtrength,
She to her chamber, bed, and chaire, betooke her at the length.
But gold is lou'd till graue hath lodg'd, her bags and ſhe were one:
And ſhe muſt giue the Maidens Dowze, oz els her Dowze is none.
The young man though he lou'd the Maid, on whom no loue was loſt,
Yet did he loue to liue, and knew that marriage aſketh coſt.
The olde wiues bags did let the Banes: with whom he ſmoothed ſo,
That flattered, ſhe fantiſed, her moldie braines did ero.
What Diuell I wote not made her dote, ſhe doted on the man:
Her rotten trunke and ruſtie face ſhe finiſed than:
And ſeeth what ſhe could not ſee, her ſenſleſſe Senſes woxke,
And vnderneath a wrinckled hide a wanton heart did lurke.
Unkindlie too ſhe kiſſes gaue, which he did kindly take,
Supposing that her kindnes was but foz the Maidens ſake.

Her

Her crooked ioynts, which long ere then supported scarcely stood,
She brought vnto a wallowing pace, dissellowing so her blood:
And all for loue (surreuerence Loue) did make her chew her cudde.

Young Battus from his Omphida (for they were named so)
Dislodged by the Grandame long, to worke did roundly goe:
Desiring both the Maiden, and to marrie her a Dower.
The olde-wife, netled at his words, for all her loue, did lower,
And dying vp what drained out in belching, thus did say:
The thing (friend Battus) you demaund I gladly not denay,
But well you wot that I am old, and yet not all so old,
But that the remnant of my life may spend the wealth I holde.
As all are neerest to themselues, so to my selfe am I:
And all shall lacke ere I will lacke: store is no sore we trie
If you doe like of Omphida, I not mislike the match:
Loue hath no lacke, ye both are young, wealth comes to such as watch.
You louing her, she to her selfe a dowrie is, if not.
My money shall not sell the Maid: a sinfull sale God wot:
For money shall not sell my selfe. And yet I cannot see,
But that a comfort to mine age an honest match would be.
My Goods besides doe want a Guide and often did I knowe
Your pongers vpon elder wiues then I themselues bestow,
And liued well and loued well. But as I doe not care
for mariage, so an honest match I neuer will forsweare.
Well, Battus, take you Omphida: but if you money craue,
My bagges must onely vent to him whome I my selfe shall haue.
Yet thinke not I mislike of you in that you haue not sped,
But thinke I wish no better match, if I my selfe should wed.

Thus cunningly she closde with him, and he conceaues her thought:
Unequall was the Combat then that Loue and Lucar wrought.
The one was in her flowring age, the other too too old:
The first with beautie did allure, the latter with her Gold.
But stormes (thought Battus) haue their stops, not long the Crone can liue,
Or if my kindenes length her life, my kindenes God forgiue.
Resoluing therefore on such hope, with easie sute he got
Assurance to be wedded to the old deformed Trot.

Medea charmed Æson yong, Battus Medea-like,

Did worke no lesse a cuer vpon this vaine vnweldie Tyke.
Now on the byvell played she: yet as she laughes she lookes
With ielious eyes, if Omphida be blotted out his bookes.
Yea she that could not moue before, now crauleth euery wheare.
To pype if Battus play not false, and cause there was to feare.
But all this while no mariage was, nor witnesse of their match:
And well he knewe that widdowes chynke, if men forslowe dispatch.
So hasting what she hinored not, come was the wedding day:
The Morning thawde the eauening frost, and slippzie was the way:
Yet hobling on her rustie ioynts, to Churchward goes the Bzide:
Whose feete (her harts vnequall gides) could nothing els but slide.
Then Battus kindly leadeth her, and euer as she trips,
God blesse thee Mouse the Bzidegroome sayd, and smakt her on the lips.
The oftner stumbled then his Beast, the oftner to be kist:
And thinketh in her gentle Choyse her self not meanly blist.
But when the Pziest had done his part, and that they homeward come,
The Bzide, for Battus, might salute the Pauement with her bomme.
She reeled oft, and looked backe: he sawe, but would not see,
At length she stumbled headlong downe, hoyst vp againe, quoth hee:
The second tyme she did the like, hoyst Bzock, her good-man sayde:
And thirdly falling, kindly bad her breake her necke, olde Jade.
The old-wife tooke it to the hart, and home she went and dyde:
But Battus, ere his first was sicke, had owed his second Bzyde.

THis Iest from Cacus straynde a smyle, but quickly was it donne.
Then turning to her Sisters twaine, the pongest thus begonne.
Ye, Sisters, seuerally haue tolde how foes in loue did fall,
And age with youth: but I doe say that Loue can all with all.
Examples we, whom Loue hath brought from Court to liue in Caue,
And were there neede of further prooke, a thousand prookes I haue.
Could Latmus speake, it might accuse euen Phœbe of a kis:
And of a Votarie of hers to speake my purpose is.
But first she cheared thus her friend (for Cacus sadly sits)
Be merrie man, thy pensiueneste or pastimes badly fits.
Be as thou art, not as thou wouldst, it will be as it is:
Learne then to lacke, and learne to liue: for crosses neuer mis.

Thinke

Thinke Fortune newly hatcht is fledge, and waggeth wing to flye:
All suffreth change: our selues, new borne, euen then begin to dye.
Be resolute, not desperate: the Gods that made thee poore,
Can, if they will (doe waite their will) thy former state restoore.
At least let patience profite thee, for patience is a thing
Whereby a Begger gayneth of a discontented King.
Knowe Destinie is Destinie. This Epitaph I reede.
Though commen-booked Poetrie, yet not vnworthie heede:
Vnborne to knowe what I should be to Gods my mother prayde.
A Male quoth Phœbus, Female Mars, and Iuno neither sayde:
An Hermaphrodit was I borne. My death then alst she after:
By Sword quoth Iuno, Tree quoth Mars, and Phœbus sayd by water.
A Riuer-shadowing tree I climb'd: out slipt my Sword: I slidd:
By feete I hung, stabd with my Sword, my head in water hidd:
Male, Female, neither, hanging, Sword, and drowning I abidd.
Thus Cacus, howsoeuer things from likelihoodes discent,
In birth, life, death, the Gods are first, the middell, and Euent.
And not what they can doe they will, but what they will they can:
And that they doe, or doe it not, behoues not vs to skan,
And saying so, and kissing too, her tale she thus began.

CHAP. XI.

I Speake not of the Argiue Nimph that had the ielious Syer,
To whome, shut vp in brasen Tower, Ioue passage had for hyer.
Not of Europa, Semele, or Maia, will I dwell:
Not of your Foe his bastardie, or Lædas rape I tell:
Not of King Ceus Daughters fault, or other freake of Ioue
I speake: saue of th'Arcadian Nunne with whom he thus did roue.
Calysto was a faire a Mayde, as faire as one might bee,
Her father King Lycaon fled, Ioue chaunced her to see:
And seeing liked, liking lou'd, and louing made it knowne
To her (sweete Lasse) for fathers losse that maketh then her mone.
Take patience wench, sayd Iupiter: with thee shall all be well,

Thy fathers deeds haue their deserts, but thou in peace shalt dwell.
I am his Victor, but thy selfe art Victoresse of me:
Doe graunt me loue, my zeale is more than fatherlie to thee.
The restlesse cloudes that mantling ride vpon the racking Skie,
The scouring windes that sightlesse in the sounding aire doe flie,
The thriftie Earth that bringeth out and broodeth vp her breed,
The shifting Seas whose swelling waues on shrinking shores doe feede,
Shall fall, and faile, ere I be false (Lycaons Impe) to thee:
Of heartie Loue this kisse (he kist) an happie hansell be.
But hapelesse termes are these, quoth she, vnfitting to a Thrall:
Yet, in respect of that I feele, I heare them not at all.
A friend (ah friendlesse name I Friend:) it being as it is,
A friend I say, much more a foe (and more, and worse then this.
The sonne of Saturne) should, and shall, that speed and hearing misse.
Doe rid, ah rid mine eyes of teares, and set my heart at rest,
By taking life, not making Loue: the former likes me best.
Or if that poore Calistos life shall lengthen to her wo,
Graunt that among Dianas Nunnes a votarie I go:
For neither fits it now to loue, or euer shall it so.
What viewed Iupiter this while, not pleasing to his sight:
Or what vnuiewed did he gesse, not adding to delight:
Not excellent, but exquisite, was all to minde and eye:
Saue she, the hansell of this loue, did him of Loue denie.
It greeues that Natures Paragon in Cloister, not in Court,
Should loose the beautie of her youth, and he thereby his sport.
But constant in her chast pretence, be graunts that would gain-say:
And seated in Religion now, with Phæbe did she stay.
Blame Iupiter of other Loues, of this doe set him cleere:
It was his first, and first is firme, and toucheth verie neere.
He did forgoe, but not forget Calysto in hir Cell:
When setting higher thoughts apart, the Frithes did please him well:
He takes his Quiuer and his Bow, and where she hunts, hunts he:
And sacrificed to his eyes that day he did her see.
About the Quarrie, Chase, and Toyles, Dogs, Bowes, the Stand, and all
he vseth double diligence: so often did befall,
Not onely sight of her his Saint he got, but also talk,

Whilst

Whilſt thus for his Caliſtos loue, he haunted Phœbes walke.
But ſight and talke accrew to loue, the ſubſtance muſt be had:
And for to bring his drift about, he virgin-like is clad.
His nonage kept his Beard from bloome, no Wench more faire then he,
Whome at her Nunnarie a Nun Diana takes to be,
And with his Siſters brotherly doe geſſie him to agree.
Thus faines Lycoans Conquerer a Maid, to winne a Maid:
His hands to wooll, and Arras worke, and womans Chares he laid,
That not ſo much as by the tongue the Boy-wench was bewraid.
Yet thought is free, he ſees, and ſmiles, and longs perhaps for more:
No maruell, for that Siſter-hood had goodlie Ladies ſtore:
Scarce one for birth and beautie too was there vnworthie him,
Yet chiefflie to Caliſtos vaine he formed life and limme.
And Siſter-like they ſingle oft, and chat of manie things,
But that Caliſto mindeth loue no likelihood he wrings.
So loue not once durſt mention loue, and force was ſinne and ſhame;
But loue is hardie. Thus it hap: by long purſute of game.
She wearie reſteth in the Thicks, where ſitting all alone,
He ſeeing her, is reſolute or now to end his mone,
Or for ſo ſweet a bodies vſe, to leaue his ſoule in loue.
And Nymph-like ſits him by the Nymph, that tooke him for no man:
And after ſmiles, with neerer ſignes of Loues aſſaut began.
He feeleth oft her Iuorie breaſts, nor maketh coy to kiſſe:
Yet all was well, a Maiden to a Maiden might doe this.
Than ticks he vp her tucked Frocke, nor did Calyſto bluſh,
Or thinke abuſe: he tickles too, no blab ſhe thinks the Buſh.
Thus whileſt ſhe thinks her ſiſter Nunne to be a merrie Laſſe,
The Wanton did diſcloſe himſelfe, and told her who he was.
Away the Virgin would haue fled, whom he withhild by force:
Thy loue (ſweet Nymph) hath vrg'd this ſhift, well worthie thy remorſe
he ſaid: nor ſcorne with me a King to ioyne thy ſelfe a Queene:
Or doe but Loue, and I will liue in Phœbes Celles vnſeene:
And there in beds, in buſhes heere (My Fainings fit ſo well)
we may enioy, what Loue enioynes, and none our ſcapes ſhall tell.
She would not loue, he could not leaue: ſhe wrangleth, and he wooeth:
She did reſiſt, he did perſiſt, and ſport denied dooeth,

That done, which could not be vndone, what booteth discontent?
As good be pleased, as not be said: away Calysto went
To Cloyster, Iupiter to Court: nor much she did repent,
Untill her growing wombe disclos'd an ante-cedent fault,
Then in the Chapter house she told of Iupiters assault.
Diana, and her virgins all, admyring that escape,
Did gird at her, maligning Ioue for such his subtill Rape.
And who more ready to controule, then Athalanta was?
Whome shortly Meleager brought vnto the selfe same pas.
The Lady Abbesse vio discharge Calysto from her Cell:
And, silly Nymph, she great with child some otherwhere must dwell.
Pelasgis it was Iupiters, and he her cause of blame,
The King her father in exile, her selfe in this defame,
What then remain'd: euen secrecie, to hyde her selfe from shame.
Keepe close (quoth she) from world yee woods mine error, Ioue his crime:
And setling there in simple Caue, vio waite her childing tyme.
At length was hairy Arcas borne: no sooner could he go,
But that his wildnes eiked to his wretched Mothers wo.
No beast so strong that he would shunne, and man he neuer sawe,
Nor yet his vexed mother could from fearcenes him withdrawe.
Seauen peres, the Daughter of a King, she liued thus in Caue,
Not wanting griefe, but wanting all that poorest wretches haue.
And (worst of all) her sauage sonne, whose manners did agree
Unto his birth-place, howerly threates his mothers death to be:
And angrie once, pursued her so long from place to place,
That euen into the Cittie gates he followed her in chase.
The people when they did behold so fayre a Nimph in flight,
A Bear-like Arcas in pursute, (for being naked quite,
His skinne was swart and hairie) they did wonder at the sight.
And some that would his passage stop, he rudely casteth downe,
And spares no people: vntill the fight was noysed through the towne.
Then out came Iupiter in Armes, whome when Calysto knewe,
Helpe Ioue (she cryde) for loe thy sonne his mother doth pursue.
He knewe his Leiman at the first, and ioyed of her sight:
Then kille they, when the Sauage boy by force did leaue to fight.
Calysto liued Lady-like, yea Iunos Riuall now:

And Arcas, nobly mannaged, such vertues him indowe,
That (Ioue consenting) him to King Pelasgis did Allowe.
A Sonne well worthy such a Syer: and for his prowes and fame,
Pelasgis then, of Arcas, tooke Arcadia to name.

BUt neither might these Ladies fayre by any pleasant tale,
Or dazeling rope of mashing loue, (sweet Consorts to preuaile)
Dill wade outragious Cacus from vnpatientnes of minde:
Who in his greatest tyrannies did chiefest pleasures finde.
He fleas the harmles Passengers, from eldest soule to childe,
He burnes and spoyles the neighbour parts, and women he defilde:
And to his Caue (Troponius Caue) did bring the spoiles he gaynes.
In which (except to doe more harme) he secretly remaynes.
Whilst non did passe, that did repasse vnspoyled or vnkild
(None knowing how) all Italie with feare thereof was fild.
But, lo and helpe: when Hercules had slaughtered out-right
Tenne Giants of Cremona Kings, and put th-eleauenth to flight,
From thence the Worthy did ariue with his victorious band
At King Euanders Cittie, that by Auentin did stand.
Amongst a many richer Spoyles, thought none to him so rare,
He brought a sort of Spanish kyne. Euander taking care
(Because the like misfortune oft had hapned there before,)
Least Hercules should loose his Kyne, of which he made such store,
Gaue counsell that within the walles they might be kept all night.
And better to approue his words) with teares he did recite
The murthers, thefts, and cruelties, without compassion made
Upon his Subiects, and their gods: by whom could not be said,
But that the Gods (for so they gesse) for sinne them so inuade.
I am resolu'd, quoth Hercules, where gods doe vengeance craue,
It is not strong or fensiue walles that any thing can saue:
My Kyne shall therefore grase abroade: if mortall man it be,
Then know, a Tyrant is my Taske, his blood the Taskers fee.
The Cattell grasing then abroade (as was his vse alwaies)
The Gyant left his cruell Denne, to seeke his cursed praies,
The Moone not wanting of her light, the Kyne he did espye:
And knowing them, he also knewe his feared Foe was nye.

And

And far much better feare had bin, then mallice at that tide:
But hardly shunneth pollicie, what destinies prouide,
He might haue lurkt a while in Denne: but of a peeuish spight,
Eight of the Kine with fastned cords, by pollicie and might.
He dragged backward by their tailes into his diueliſh Nest:
Then stopping vp the subtill hole, did lay him downe to rest.
Now Hercules (the rather prickt by king Euanders talke)
Into the fieldes to see his Kine by prime of day did walke.
Where missing eight, he could not gesse which waie they should be gon:
A many therefore had in charge, to search them out anon.
The Searchers following euery signe, great store of footings found.
Discending from Mount Auentine, into the lower ground:
But for the footings did discend, and not ascend, they thought
of no such cunning as in deed, in Auentine was wrought.
Alcæus Grand-sonne searching long the Thefts he could not finde,
Was much disquieted in himselfe, and angrie in his minde:
And chasing when he should depart, he twise or thrise did shake,
A Tree that grew on Auentine: which rooted vp did make
So large a vent, that one might view the hollowe Caue belowe,
And Cacus with his Leash of wiues, they were discloſed so.
Whome, when the Greeke espied there, O graceleſſe King he said,
Whose Tyrannies haue made the Realmes of Hespera afraid,
Whose cruelties haue beene the cause of all the losse thou hast.
What moueth thee in Italie to prosecute such waste:
Thinkst thou, whom neither mightie Realmes, nor royall Gards of men
Could late defend, now to escape, inclosed thus in Den,
The iust reuengement of the Goddes: no, no, the Heauens we see,
Haue brought to light a wretch so lewd, euen by a senceles Tree:
And sincethat neither wealth nor want to goodnes may thee win,
A greeuous death, condignly shall cut off thy grounded sinne.
To it did Cacus aunswer thus, doest thou pursue me still:
Who onely art the chiefest cause of these my doings ill.
Not suffring me to liue the rest of my vnhappie daies
Among the fruitleſſe Rocks, a wretch in miserie alwaies.
Cease further prate; said Hercules. in troth it greeueth much,
To see a King in this Distresse, but since thy life is such

As

As neither in aduerſitie, nor proſperous eſtate,
Thou canſt afford one iot of good, I purpoſe to rebate
Thy wicked dayes by worthy death, prepare therefore to dye.
When Cacus ſawe he muſt perforce ſo harde a combate trye,
He by inchanted flames againe endeuored to flye.
But Hercules deluded once by that deuiſe before.
Had learned now for being ſo deceiued any more:
And caſting feare aſide, did leape into the flaming Caue,
And there by Arte did conquer Arte. The Gyant then to ſaue
Himſelfe, did take his Axe in hand, where Hercules and he
Couragiouſly beſtirre themſelues, vntill they did agree,
To trye it out in open ayer. So doubtfull was their fight,
That Lookers on could not diſcerne to whether beſt ſhould light.
The frighted Ladies did their beſt to helpe their fighting friend:
But Hercules had victorie, and Cacus had his end.

CHAP. XII.

FOr Gyants of Cremona ſlayne, and Cacus ridded ſo,
The Latine Princes, prayſe on him and preſents did beſtoe.
Where Rome is now, Pallantia then, Euander he did frame
A Temple, and to Hercules did dedicate the ſame:
And he (intreated thereunto) in Italie did ſtay:
To honour whome did Princes come from farre and euery waye.
King Faunus had affaires abroad, when from Laurentum came
His wife Marica, Facua ſome this louely Queene doe name.
From liking, did ſhe fall in loue with Hercules, and he
More ready to haue made demaunde, then like to diſagree,
Conceauing her by circumſtance, ſo coupled by contract,
That, had King Faunus neuer liu'd, Latinus had not lackt:
Yet home came Faunus, fathering his late Corriuals act.
But whether gotten lawfully, or thus in loue forbod,
Latinus, Brute his Gran-dams Syer, was ſonne vnto a God.

WHilſt that in loue of this ſame Queene, and laude of all beſides,
The banquiſher of Vulcans ſonne in Italy abydes,
Of Calabries a mightie hoſt King Picus he prouides.

And in reuenge of Cacus, swore his Slayer should be slaine:
But he, ere long, that so did sweare, vnsweared it againe:
When, chased home into his holdes, there sparred vp in gates,
The valiant Thæbane, all in vaine, a following fight awaites.
He, for dispatch, did fayne himselfe a Legate to the King,
And him the Porters, as the same, before their Tyrant bring.
Then, shaking of his ciuill Robes, his shining Armes appeare:
And renting downe an Iron sparre, both Prince and people feare.
Some ran to Armor, other some did fight with him their last:
Both Court and Cittie in the ende did lay vpon him fast.
There Picus, worthely, did winne of valiantnesse a name:
Yet Hercules more valiantly by death doth Picus tame.
And to attend their King his ghoste, he sendeth flocke by flocke:
His furie was as fier to Ferne, his foes as waues to Rocke:
Nor did his Lyons Spoyle giue place to darting or to knocke.
Meane tyme his men assault without, whil'st he assayles within:
Then fightes he to beate downe the Gates, and so the Goale did win.
Within the King his ransackt Court he Iole espyes.
Whose teares, then mounting from her hart, dismount them from her eyes.
King Picus (now a lifeles corse) was father of this mayde:
In vaine therefore did Hercules her pensiuenesse disswayde.
Nor could he but lament her fate, and loue so sweete a face,
Whose person also did containe the type of female grace.
At first she was so farre from loue, she rather seem'd to hate,
Yet could she not so giue the Checke, but that she tooke the Mate.
Then eithers loue, was eithers life: poore Deianira she
was out of commons, yea of thought: an other had her fee.

With this so faire and portly wench, he sayled into Thrace:
And heares how Diomedes did tyrannise in that place.
No Straunger scapes vnraunsomed: but Raunsome wanting, then
He casteth them, as prouendor, to Horses eating men.
A Garde of Tyrants like himselfe, attending on him still,
Who richly did maintaine themselues, by such their doings ill.
The Scourge of such was moued, not to be remoued now
by Iole, whose louing teares such laboures disalow.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

With Diomedes and his Garde in Forrest did he meete:
Who with the common Stratagem the Straunger thinke to greete.
Hands of, commaunded Hercules, for Horse I am no hay,
All Straungers Raunsom once for all, my comming is to pay:
Which sayd, himself against them all began a noble fray.
The sturdie Thracians, mightie men, did hardly loose their ground:
But, then the King, a mightier man not any where was found.
These all at once assayle, and strike, and thunder on his Sheeld:
But number fitted to his force, vnwanted so to yeeld.
For with his Club he skuffles then amongst their Curets so,
That speedie death was sweeter dole, then to suruiue his blo.
Well mounted comes the King himselfe, whom he dismounts anon,
But, rescued, to his Horse againe, away he would be gon.
Lesse haste, he sayd, I Harts out runne, nor shalt thou me out ride:
Out stripping so the man-lead horse, he topled ore his side
The Monstrous King, that resculesse to flying people cride.
Who, lying all to brushed thus, the sonne of Ioue did bring,
His cruell Jades, that soone deuoure their more then cruell King.
The Thracians all submit themselues, and iope their Tyrants death:
And thinke some God had left the Heauens, to succour men on earth,
From such, as what they would they will, and what they will they can
And what they can they dare and doe, and doing none withstan.
Nor thought they better of the man then did his deedes approne,
That neuer was a Conqueror vnto his owne behoue,
But to establish vertuous men, and Tyrants to remoue.
This common Soldiour of the world with Iole did land
in Lycia: and, the earth in peace, discharged there his band.
Sweete busses, not sharpe battells, then did alter man and minde:
Till he, as others, sorrowe in securitie did finde.
From Assur when the Empire then, when Tonos he had tyme
To court his Trulles: Arbaces so espying place to clyme.
Secure in Tomyris her slight, was valiant Cyrus slaine.
From Capua, not from Cannas, grewe the braue Carthagians baine.
The same to whose victorious Sword a second world was sought,
That Macedon in Court, not Campe, to traytrous end was brought,
A Louer, not a Soldiour, went Achilles to his graue.

And Cæſar not in ſteele, but ſilke, to Rome his farewell gaue.
Euen ſo, this ſecond vnto none, ſuperiour vnto all,
To whome did ſoner Cauſes ceaſe, then Conqueſts not befall,
This Monſter-Maſter Hercules, this Tyrant-Tamer, he
Whoſe high Exploytes did leaue the Earth from ſpoyle & Spoylers free,
In pleaſures did he periſh now, that did in perills thriue:
A greeuous Taſke I vndertake, his dying to reuiue.

CHAP. XIII.

WHen Deianira vnderſtood her huſbands back returne,
She thought it ſtrange, that hee from her ſo ſtrangely did ſoiorne:
Exploxers ſent to ſearch the cauſe, returne was made that he
Did loyter in a Strangers loue: and Iole was ſhe
That euer hanged at his lips, and hugged was of him,
And that, his armor layd a-part, in ſilke he courts it trim.
The daughter of th'Ætolian King did little leſſe then raue:
And can the churle (quoth ſhe) preferre in loue a captiue Slaue
Before his wife? whome late he ſaynd inferiour vnto none:
Ah Hercules thou art a man, thy manhood thus is knowne.
Fye, may a forren Strumpets armes ſo faſten on his necke,
As he (the Rector of the Earth) muſt bowe if ſhe doe becke?
Oh how vnlike to Hercules, is Hercules in this?
But, leauing men to natures fault, in her the lewdnes is:
No man ſo chaſte, but ſuch as ſhe may worke to doe amis.
Thus whilſt her ouerplus of loue to Ielouſie did growe,
She ſimply mynds the ſpightfull gift that Neſſus did beſtowe.
And, for he dying ſpake the words, ſhe held it as her Creede
That it could winne him to her ſelfe: of which (now hauing neede)
She vſeth part: and ſent a Shirt ſo boyled as ſhe bad
To Hercules: and Hercules was of the Preſent glad:
Confeſſing her his onely Wiffe: And whilſt he did repent
His breach of loue, on Oeta Mount to ſacrifice he went.
Philoctes Pæans valiant Sonne, and Lychas he that brought

The poysned Shirt, were present there: but of no treason thought:
Nor Deianiras selfe (good Soule) till tryall made it playne,
When as his body and the fire gaue moysture to the bayne.
His stoutnes bid such torments long, as els could none abyde,
Yea till the baine his Bowels and his verie Marrow fryde.
But when his torments had no meane, the Altar downe he throes,
And from his martred body rents the gory smoking clothes,
And striuing to strip off the Shirt he teareth flesh from bone,
And left his breathing Synoes bare, his Intrailes euery one
Did boyle, and burst, and shew themselues where lumpes of flesh did lack,
And still the murdrous Shirt did cleue vnto his mangled backe.
Espying Deianiras Squire, that quaking stoode, he sayde,
And art thou wretch the Instrument of my distruction mayde?
Whome swinging then about his head, he slinged downe the hill:
And so did silly Lychas dye, that purposed no ill.
Then running downe from hill to Playne, from Playne to hill againe,
He rents vp Rockes and mightie Hils in error of his paine:
Till, sadly leaning on his Club, he sighing, vowes that none
Should be the death of Hercules, but Hercules alone.
And to his friend Philoctes tooke his Arrowes and his Bow,
And gladly to the hallowed fyer, as to his bed did go.
Where lying downe, and taking leaue with reared hands to skye,
The Earths Protector so, in peace, amidst the flames did dye.
Philoctes, neere orgone with greefe, his Asshes did conuaye
To Italy, inshrined in his Temple there to staye:
And wofull Deianira heares of Hercules decay.
His Ghoste she voucheth, and the gods, to witnes, that her minde
Was giltles of a traitrous thought: nor thinke me so vnkynd,
(Sweet Husband) as to haue the will to ouerliue thee heer,
But that my ghoste, before thy ghoste it selfe of guyle shall cleer:
And now I come, ah now I come, forgiue yee gods the deed
She sayde: and pearsing so her breast, a breathles Corse did bleed.

AS Greekes lament their Champions losse, so did the Phrygians ioy:
And Priamus did fortifie his stately Cittie Troy.
Twise Hercules had rased it, and thirdly was it reard

By Pryam, ſtrong in wealth, and walles, through Aſia lou'd and feard,
He cald to mynd Laomedon whome Hercules had ſlayne,
His Siſter too Heſione, that Captiue did remayne
in Salamis with Telamon: and well he was apayde,
In that the doer of the ſame liu'd not the Greekes to ayde.
His Siſter therefore not reſtorde, his Legates aſking it,
By ſtealing of the Spartane Queene did Paris crye them quit.
Twelue hundred fiftie fiue war-Shippes, with men & Armor frought,
By ſeauentie Kings & kingly Peeres, frō Greece to Troy were brought,
To winne her thence. King Priamus (beſides his Empire greate)
Had ayders Princes thirtie three: leſſe Lords I not repeate,
Nor Sagitar, that in this Warre did many a valiant feate.
Tenn yeres, tenne monthes, and twiſe ſixe daies, the ſiege they did abide:
Eight hundred ſixtie thouſand Greekes, by Troian weapons dyed:
Sixe hundred fiftie ſixe thouſands of Troians fighting men,
Beſides the ſlaughtred at the ſacke, by Grecians periſht then:
And (if that Hector, Troilus, and Paris, ſo we name)
Fell fortie Kings: omitting more, of little leſſer fame.
Miſlike, and ciuill quarrells, when the Grecians homewards drewe,
Did well neere waſte the remnant Kings that Phrigia did ſubdewe.
Thus ſecure Troy was ouer-ſet, when Troy was ouer ſtoute,
And ouer rich, was ouer-runne, and tardie lookt aboute
The Greekiſh Ships with Phrigian Spoyles through Xant & Samoes (roe:
For now Antenor had betrayde Palladium to the foe,
And with Palladium Priamus. Æneas ſought to hide
From Pyrrhus Polyxena, ſhe for whom Achilles dyde,
Wherefore vpon Achilles Tombe her ſelfe was after ſlayne,
What tyme old Hecuba diſcryde yong Polydor his bayne:
For which Æneas baniſhed did hoyſt his ſayles to winde,
And after many perilles, rule in Italie did finde.

ÆNeas dead, Aſchanius raign'd: Aſchanius dead, his brother
Poſthumus Syluius did ſucceede. Lauinia was his mother,
Her Syer Latinus, Faunus his, and Picus him begot,
And Saturne him. From mother thus Poſthumus lacked not
The nobleſt bloud, On Fathers ſide his petigree was thus:

Ioue

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Ioue had Dardanus: and the same begot Erictheus:
He Tros: Tros, Assaracus: he Capys: and the same
Anchises: he Æneas had: of him Posthumus came:
And he was father vnto Brute: and thus the Brutons bring
Their petigree from Iupiter, of Pagane Gods the King:
And adde they may, that Brute his Syer of Venus sonne did spring.
Thrise fiue degrees from Noe was Brute, and fower tymes fiue was he
from Adam: and from Iaphets house doth fetch his petigree.
Posthumus Syluius perishing in Chace amongst the brakes,
Mistooke for Game, by Brute his sonne: Brute Italie forsakes.
And to associate his Exile, a many Troians mo
At all aduentures put to Seas, vncertein where to go:
To whom did Fortune, Fortune-like, become a friend and foe.
Till Brute, with no lesse payne and praise then had his Grandsier late
Achiued Latium, landing here, suppressed so the state
Of all the Fiend-breed Albinests, huge Gyants fearce and strong,
Or race of Albion Neptuns sonne (els some deriue them wrong)
That of this Isle (vn-Scotted yet) he Empire had ere long.

THE

THE THIRD BOOKE OF *ALBIONS ENGLAND.*

CHAP. XIIII.

Dw, of the Conquerour this Isle had Brutaine vnto name,
And with his Troianes Brute began manurage of the same.
For raled Troy, to reare a Troy, fit place hee searched then:
And vewes the mounting Northerne partes: These fit (quoth he) for men
That trust as much to slight, as fight: our Bulwarks are our brests,
The next Arriuals heere, perchaunce, will gladlier build their nests.
A Troians courage is to him a Fortres of defence.
And leauing so, where Scottes be now, he South-ward maketh thence:
Whereas the earth more plentie gaue, and ayre more temprature,
And nothing wanted that by wealth or pleasure might allure.
And more the Lady Flood of Floods, the Ryuer Thamis, it
Did seeme to Brute against the foe, and with himselfe to fitt.
Vpon whose fruitfull bancks therefore, whose bounds are chiefly layd,
The want-les Counties Essex, Kent, Surrie, and wealthie Glayde
Of Hertfordshire for Citties store participating ayde,
Did Brute build vp his Troy-nouant, inclosing it with wall:
Which Lud did after beautifie, and Ludstowne it did call
That now is London: euermore to rightfull Princes trewe,
Yea Prince and people still to it as to their Storehouse drewe,
For plentie and for populous the like we no where dewe.
Howbe-it many neighbour townes as much ere now could say,
But place for people, people, place, and all for sinne decay.
When Brute should dye thus to his sounes he did the Isle conuay.
To Camber Wales, to Albana & he Albanie did leaue.

To

To Locrine Brutaine: whom his Queene of life did thus bereaue.

The furious Hun, that drowning there to Humbar left his name,
The King did banquish, and for spoyle vnto his Nauie came.
Where Humbars Daughter, Porragon for beautie, such a Dame
As Loue himselfe could not but loue, did Locrine so inflame,
That Guendoleyne, the Cornish Duke his daughter, Locrins Quéene,
Grewe in contempt: and, Coryn dead, his Change of Choyse was seene.
To Cornwell goes the wrothfull Queene to seaze her fathers Land,
From whence she brought, to worke reuenge, of warriours stout a band:
And bids her husband battell, and in battell is he slaine:
And for their some in Monage was, she to his vse did raine.
The Lady Estrild Locrins Loue, and Sabrin, wondrous faire,
Her Husbands and his Leiman impe, she meaning not to spare,
Did bring vnto the water that the wenches name doth beare.
There binding both, and bobbing them, then trembling at her pre,
She sayd: if Scythia could haue haue hild the wandring King thy Syre,
Then Brittish waters had not been to him deserued bayne:
But Estrild, snout-fayre Estrild, she was sparde, forsoth, to trayne
With whorish tricks a vicious King. But neither of you twayne,
Thou stately Drab, nor this thy Brat, a bastard as thy selfe,
Shall liue in triumph of my wrong: first mother and her Elfe,
Shall fish in Flood for Humbars soule, and bring him newes to hell,
That Locrins wife on Locrins whore reuenged her so well.
They lifting vp their lillie hands, from out their louely eyes
Powre teares like Pearles, and wash those Cheekes where naught saue (beautie lyes:
And seeking to excuse themselues, and mercie to obtaine,
With speeches good, and prayers fayre, they speake and pray in vaine.
Queene Guendoleyne so bids, and they into the Flood are cast,
Whereas amongst the drenching waues the Ladies breathe their last.
At this his Grandame, such appear'd Mempricius, Madans sonne,
Whose brother Manlius traytrously by him to death was done.
And since of noble Brute his line prodigious things I tell,
I skipping to the Tenth from him, will shewe what then befell.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

ABout a thirtie yeares and fiue did Leir rule this Land,
When, doting on his Daughters three, with them he fell in hand
To tell how much they loued him. The Eldest did esteeme
Her life inferior to her loue, so did the Second deeme:
The Yongest sayd her loue was such as did a childe behoue,
And that how much himselfe was worth, so much she him did loue.
The formost two did please him well, the yongest did not so:
Upon the Prince of Albanie the First he did bestoe:
The Middle on the Cornish Prince: their Dowrie was his Throne,
At his decease: Cordellas parte was very small or none.
Yet for her forme, and vertuous life, a noble Gallian King
Did her, vn-dowed, for his Queene into his Countrie bring.
Her Sisters sicke of Fathers health, their Husbands by consent
Did ioyne in Armes: from Leir so by force the Scepter went:
Yet, for they promise pentions large, he rather was content.
In Albanie the quondam King at eldest Daughters Court
Was setled scarce, when she repynes, and lessens still his Port.
His second Daughter then, he thought, would shewe her selfe more kinde,
To whom, he going, for a while did franke allowance finde.
Ere long, abridging almost all, she keepeth him so loe,
That of two bands, for betters choyse he backe agayne did goe.
But Gonorill at his returne, not only did attempt
Her fathers death, but openly did hold him in contempt.
His aged eyes powre out their teares, when holding vp his hands,
He sayd: O God, who so thou art, that my ewd hap withstands,
Prolong not life, deferre not death, my selfe I ouer-liue,
When those that owe to me their liues, to me my death would giue.
Thou Towne, whose walles rose of my wealth, stand euermore to tell
Thy Founders Fall, and warne that none do fall as Leir fell.
Bid none affie in Frends, for say, his Children wrought his wracke:
Yea those, that were to him most deare, did lothe and let him lacke.
Cordella, well Cordella sayd, she loued as a Childe:
But sweeter words we seeke than soth, and so are men begilde.
She only rests vntryed yet: but what may I expect
From her: to whom I nothing gaue, when these do me reiect.
Then dye, nay trye, the rule may fayle, and Nature may ascend:

Nor

Nor are they euer surest frends, on whom we most do spend.
He ships himselfe to Gallia then: but maketh knowne before
Unto Cordella his estate, who rueth him so poore,
And kept his there ariuall close, till she prouided had
To furnish him in euery want. Of him her King was glad,
And nobly intertayned him: the Queene, with teares among,
(Her duetie done) conferreth with her father of his wrong.
Such duetie, bountie, kindnes, and increasing loue, he found
In that his Daughter and her Lord, that sorrowes more abound
For his vnkindly vsing her, then for the others crime:
And King-like thus in Agamps Court did Leir dwell, till time
The noble King his Sonne-in-law transports an Armie greate,
Of forrie Gawles, possessing him of dispossessed Seate,
To whom Cordella did succeede, not raigning long in queate.
Not how her Nephewes warre on her, and one of them slew th'other
Shall followe: but I will disclose a most tyrannous mother.

CHAP. XV.

GOrbodugs double Issue now, when eightéene Kings were past,
Held toyntly Empier in this Land: till Porrex at the last,
Not tyed so by brotherhod, but that he did disdaine
A fellowe King, (for neuer can one Kingdome brooke of twaine)
Did leuie secrete bands: for dread whereof did Ferrex flye,
And out of Gallia bringeth Warre, in which himselfe did dye.
Then Porrex only raigned here, and ruled all in peace:
Till Iden, mother Quéene to both, her furie did increase
So fearcely, as she seekes reuenge euen in the highest degree.
Why liueth this (quoth she) a King: in graue why lyeth he:
Dye Iden, dye: nay dye thou wretch, that me a wretch hast made:
His ghost, whose life stood in thy light, commaundeth me of ayde.
Nor want I (Ferrex) will to ayde: for why the Gods I see
Deferre reuenge, nor with a Deuill the Deuils disagree.

The heauens, me thinks, with thunderbolts should prelle his soule to hell,
Or Earth giue passage, that at least with men he might not dwell:
But I my selfe, euen I my selfe, their slacknesse will supplye,
And mothers name and Nature both to such a Sonne denye.
Dead night was come, when Iden found the King her sonne a sleepe,
And all was still: not then as now did Gards their Princes keepe.
Admit they had, who would haue feard such mischiefe in a mother?
She whispring softly, sleepe thy last, yea sleepe as doth thy brother,
Did gash his throte: who starting vp, when strength & speech were gone,
Lifts vp his faynting hands, and knewe the Tyrannisse anone:
And maketh signes, as who would say, ah mother, thou hast done
a deede, as neuer mother earst did practise on her Sonne.
But name of Sonne, nor signes did serue: him still w wounds she plyes,
Nor (more then Monster) did it please that simply so he dyes,
But that his bodie, peecemeale tore, about the Lodging flyes.
And thus from noble Brute his line the Scepter then did passe:
When of his bloud for to succéede no heire surviuing was.

FOwer Dukes at once, in ciuell broyles, seiunctly after raine.
Néere when, the Scottes (whom some accuse by Ante-dates to gaine)
Did settle in the Northerne Isles. These people bring their line
from Cecrops and that Pharo, he that euer did decline
from Moses, seeking Hebers house from Ægypt to conuay.
His daughter Scota, Gathelus their Duke brought thence away,
When Pharos sinne to Iacobs Séede, did néere that Land decay.
And Cecrops sonne brought then frō thence (as Scottes inforce the same)
The Stone that Iacob slept vpon, when Angels went and came.
Of it was made their fatall Chaire: of which they beare in hand,
That wheresoere the same is found, the Scottes shall bruke that land:
At Westminster that Monument doth now decaying stand.
In Lusitania Gathelus did first his Kingdome found:
And of his race (of Scota, Scottes) when Spanish Scottes abound,
Arriue in Ireland, and in it a second Empier ground.
And thirdly, when their brodie Race that Isle did ouer-store,
Amongst the Islands Hebredes they secke out dwellings more.
These Irish, sometime Spanish Scotts, of whence our now-Scotts bée,

Within

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Within the Isles of Albion thus, whil'st Brutaines disagree,
Did seate themselues, and nestle too amongst the Mountaine groundes:
What time a Scythian people, Pichtes, did seaze the middle boundes
Twixt them and vs: and these did proue to Brutaine double woundes.
The Penthland people and the Scots alying, frendlie liue,
Untill the Pichts, by Brittish wyles, contrarie cause did giue.
Then from their Captaines fell the Scots, and chuse to them a King:
And Fergus out of Ireland did the Chaire of Marble bring:
In which, instal'd the first Scotch King in Albion, so he wrought,
That Pichts and Scots, then vp in Armes, were to attonement brought.
Three valiant people thus at once in Albion Empire hold,
Brutes, Scots, and Pichts: the latter twaine lesse ciuil, but as bold.
The Pichts were fierce and Scythian like: much like the Irish now
The Scots were then: couragious both. Nor them I disallow
That write they fed on humane flesh, for so it may be well.
Like of these men their bloudie mindes their natiue stories tel:
But to our Brittish busines now, to shew what there befell.
Not how the tri-partited Rule vnto his quartarne Rayne
Donwallo, after fortie yeres, did Monarchize againe:
Not what precedent Kings in France, and Denmarke did obtaine
Speake I. From Porrex fortie Kings in silence shall remaine:
Alonelie valiant Brennus, and his brother Beline, thay
Unpraysed for their warres and workes shall not escape away.

CHAP. XVI.

These Brothers, thristing amplier Raignes, did martiallie contend,
Till Brenn his force was not of force his brothers to defend.
To Norway sayles he, where he got an Armie, and a Prize,
The Prince of Norwaies Daughter: whom he winneth in this wise.
The King of Denmarke stood with him, vntill the States decreede
That both should plead before their Prince, and better Pleader speede.

And when the Norgane Prince and Péers were seated for their strife,
The King of Danes beginning first, thus pleaded for a wife.
Not yet a King, King Philips sonne with none but Kings would cope,
His reason was, inferiour strife of glorie giues no hope.
I am a King, and grant the Prize in question worthie me,
But grudge that my Competitor a banisht man should be.
Doe grant him, what he hath for-gon, and neuermore shall git,
Yet were he but a Demi-king, to challenge me vnfit.
Dunwallos yonger Sonne, that hath his Brother to his Foe,
And worthelie, his trecheries haue well deserued soe.
And yet (audacious that he is) he blusheth not to heare
The troth of his betroth, nor yet an héere Repulse doth feare.
Would she for whom I must contend, were not to me the same
She is, or he that stands with me a man of better fame.
But since in this vnequall Plea I must my selfe imbace,
Knowe, Norwaies, that my pleaded cause concernes your publique cace.
It is the King of Denmarke doth your Prince his daughter craue,
And note, it is no little thing with vs Allie to haue.
By League, or Leigure, Danske can fence, or front you, friend, or foe,
Our Neighborhood doth fit to both, your wel-fare or your woe.
Combine therefore in néedfull League our neere conioyned States:
I may your good, nought lesse can he that thus with me debates.
He is a Bruton (if Exile allow we call him so)
And farre from aiding you, that knowes himselfe not to beSoe.
Admit he were receiued home, what Empire doth he sway?
A sorrie Ilands Moyetie, and farre from hence away.
Her Dowrie is your Diademe: what Ioynter can he make?
Not anie: giue not then to him, from whom ye cannot take.
And Ladie (She for whom they stroue was présent) well I wot,
My loue doth claime a greater debt, than so to be forgot.
I wish (mine Opposite his want) that Armes might giue the right,
It is not Mead, but dom'd (sweete wench) that thus with tongue I fight.
Proude Bruton (frowning so on Brenn) disclaime in her my dewe,
Els thou repining shalt repent: doe make thy choyce a newe.
At least amend thine Error, and mine Enuie shall haue end:
I néede not force so weake a Foe, seeke thou so strong a frend.

Norwaies

Norwaies conſent, and Ladie, be no Counter-mand to this:
Diſcent not Brenn: conclude her mine: els my Concluſion is,
If not for worth, by force perforce to winne her from you all,
Yea though our baniſht Copel-mate could his Britiſh Succours call.
The King of Danes concluded thus: and after ſilence ſhort,
The Brutaine Heros vailed, and did anſwere in this ſort.
Moſt gracious Norgane Peeres, you heare the ouer-learning taunts
Of this Appelant, that himſelfe, and Scepter ouer-vaunts.
If leſſer greeueth he ſhould grudge that I with him co-riue,
Than this ſo peremptorie ſpeach in your deſpight to wiue.
It greeues, in troth, not for my ſelfe, but for he dearteth you,
And ſeemes diſdainfull of your aide, that doth ſo proudlie woo,
How captiouſlie he derogates from me, and mine eſtate?
And arrogates vnto himſelfe, to bring me ſo in hate.
How daintelie his eyes endure ſo base an Obiects view?
How deſperatelp doth he conclude, and threatneth me and you?
Well, barke he, byte he, braggs nor blowes ſhall dare me to defend
A Challenge, where ſo braue a Prize ſtands for the Victors end.
Nor thinke (vain-glorious that thou art) me leſſer than a King,
Or greater than by ſute, or word, to prize ſo rare a thing.
Vpbrayd me not with banishment, nor Belyns quarrell touch,
Nor yet my Petite Signorie: nor more than troth by much.
Theſe preſent Nobles knowe the cauſe for which I hether come:
Not as an Exile, but for aide, and they aſſure me ſome.
Then knowe, the cauſe is honeſt when their Honors giue ſupplies:
As capable are they of troth, as thou art apt for lies.
My Brothers Kingdome ſeemes, forſooth, an Ouer-match to mine,
My Kingdome, Cutlake, therefore is an Vnder-match to thine?
Nay, giue (and ſo I hope ye will) the Prize to me, and than,
Let Cutlake with his Crowne of Danske vn-crowne me, if he can.
Then he, diſabling me to make a Joynter, happelie,
With Denmarke ſuch a Joynters want (if wanting) ſhould ſupplie.
But neither haue I ſuch a lacke, nor holde I ſuch a loue,
As that her Dowrie (not in queſt) before her ſelfe doth moue.
He harpeth as himſelfe would haue, that maketh loue his Staile:
Els would he ſue in milder ſort, and, ſuing, feare to faile.

For.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

For, Ladie, see your Louers Plea: your loue, saith he, is debt:
And if not words, nor worthines, then Armor shall you get.
Braue words, and fit to feare, not feede, a courted Ladies vaine.
But say he cannot woo in print, but Soldior-like and plaine:
Nor I, in sooth, more loues my heart than can my tongue explaine.
Conclude we therefore Souldior-like, and let a Combate yéeld
Unto the hardier of vs twaine the honour of the field.
If not: then, if my Lords so please, or she thereto agrée,
Although thou should'st by force of Armes subdue her hence to thée,
Yet from thy strongest Holde in Danske I woulde thy Conquest frée.
Loe héere my Gage (he terr'd his Gloue) thou know'st the Victors meede:
(So did he pause, his Pledge vntoueht, and then did thus proceede)
Then fret thy fill, and worse thy worst: deliuer, Lords, your willes:
Ye haue experience how this same with brags, not battell, killes.
He threatneth onelie, I intreate, he claimeth her of dew,
I wish, and hope for to deserue. The Counsell then withdrewe
Themselues apart; and soone for Brenn a verdict did ensewe.
The Dane inraged sayled thence, and rigged out a Fléete,
And did with Brenn, resayling home, at great aduantage meete.
Their Shippes did grapple, and their swords did sunder life from lim:
So fought they, as their Shippes did seeme in Seas of blood to swim.
But multitude oppressed Brenn, he hardlie did escape,
His Ladie will he, nill he, left the King of Denmarkes Rape.
Not meanelie insolent the Danes hoyst vp their home-meant Sayles:
But after manie crabbed Flawes, and long contrarie Gayles,
The Kings and Norgane Ladies Shippe was tossed to the Coste
Of Brutane: where, imprisoned, King Belyn was their Hoste:
Untill, sufficient Pledges had that Denmark it should pay
Continuall Tribute to the Brutes, he them dismist away.
Meane while King Brenn (receiued now amongst the Gawles) did threate
For Norgaine Ladie him with-held his Brothers selfe and Seate:
(For Time, alaying Loue, did add vnto domesticke hate.)
And with the Cenouesean Gawles, whose Prince his heire of late
He had espoused, did inuade the Empier of his Brother:
And almost did their Battels ioyne, when thus intreates their Mother.
I dare to name ye Sonnes, because I am your Mother, yet

I doubt to tearme you Brothers, that do Brotherhod forget.
These Prodigies, their wrothfull Sheilds, forbodden Foe to Foe,
Do ill beseeme allyed hands, euen yours allyed soe.
O, how seeme Oedipus his Sonnes in you agayne to striue?
How seeme these Swords in me (aye me) Iocasta to reuiue?
I would Dunwallo liued, or ere death had lost agayne
His Monarchie, sufficing Fower, but now too small for Twayne.
Then either would you, as did he, imploy your wounds elswhere:
Or for the smalnes of your Power agree, at least for feare.
But pride of ritch & rome-some Thrones, that wingeth now your darts,
It will (I would not as I feare) worke sorrowe to your harts.
My Sonnes, sweet Sonnes, attend my words, your Mothers words attend,
And for I am your Mother do conclude I am your frend:
I cannot councell, but intreate, nor yet I can intreate
But as a Woman: and the same whose blod was once your meate.
Hence had ye Milke (She baerd her Pappes) these Armes did hug ye oft:
These fyled hands did wipe, did wrap, did rocke, and lay ye soft:
These Lippes did kisse, or Eyes did weepe, if that ye were vnquiet,
Then plye I did, wth Song, or Sighes, wth Dance, with Tung, or Teate.
For these kind Causes, deere my Sonnes, disarme your selues: if not,
Then for these bitter teares, that now your Mothers Cheekes doe spot:
Oft vrge I Sonnes and Mothers Names, Names not to be forgot.
Send hence these Souldiers: yée, my Sonnes, & none but ye would fight:
When none should rather be at one, if Nature had her right.
What comfort, Beline, shall I speede? sweete Brenn, shall I preuaile?
Say yea (sweete Youthes) ah yea, say yea: or if I needes must faile,
Say noe: and then will I begin your Battell with my baile.
Then then some Stranger, not my Sonnes, shall close me in the Earth,
When we by Armor ouer-sone shall meet, I feare, in death.

This sayd, with gushing teares eftsones she plyes the one and other,
Till both did shewe themselues at length Sonnes worthy such a Mother:
And with those hands, those altred hands, that lately threatned blocs,
They did imbrace: becomming thus continuall frends of foes.

Glad was the Quéene: and Beline hild sole Empier: more he had
From Denmarke Tribute: and to this a greater honor add,

His daughter Cimbra, wedded to the Almayne Prince, gaue name
Vnto the Cimbrians, holding Rome so long and warlike game.
Some (if no Error) giue to him for forraine Conquests fame.
His Valour, Warre, and Peace ore-past: now speake we of the Knight,
That this side and beyond the Alpes subdewed all by fight.
The stateliest Townes in Italie had Brenn their Builder, and
Euen Rome, the terror of the World, did at his mercie stand.
The Senate, giuing to the Earth ear-while both warre and peace,
Could not themselues, their Citie, scarce their Cappitoll release.

Their Gander Feast, what Manlius and Camillus did therein,
How This the Cappitoll, & That from Brenn his Spoyles did win,
I pretermit. The three-topt Mount Parnassus had beloe
Apollos Temple, whether men for Oracles did goe.
This, with the God and Goods the Gawles did put to sacke and spoyle:
And whil'st, incamped here, they kept such sacriligious coyle,
The God, or rather Deuill, whom th'Almightie did permit,
His Deitie prophaned, to deceiue the world in it,
With Tempests, Earth-quakes, Stench, & Sights, so cryde the Spoilers quit,
That most did perish, fewe disperse, and all were out of harte,
Yea Brenn himselfe discouraged did chaunge in euery parte.
He loking after and vpon the scattered, and the slayne,
Did seeme a second Cadmus, saue lesse patient of his payne.
And, shaming to be seene to weepe, deuoured sightles teares:
And, in these words, his heartie greefes did number to their Eares.
Sweet Soldiours leaue me to my selfe, it likes me that ye leaue me,
More takes your tarriãce frõ my health than can these plagues bereaue me:
Each of these Masse of Corpses dead, hath bin a death to mée,
Deliuer then mine Eyes of you, too many deathes I see.
Suruiue, and tell the Westerne World what we erployted haue:
How that to Rome, amidst her Rwfe, the mayden Sacke we gaue.
Tell of our Battels, Booties, and our Buildings: lastly tell
(An honor to our Duerthrowe) that we at Delphos fell
By wounds deuine, no humane Armes. But God, who so thou be,
Lesse is thy courage than Commaund, els would'st thou cope with me,
As Pluto with Alcides did, and Mars sometimes with men:

Do me like honor, and these Graues shall lightly greeue me then.
But thou full little darest so. Nay, I do dare too much,
That with my so vnhallowed tongue thy Deitie dare touch.
Ah, see these Slaughters, and reserue aliue this small Remayne,
Let lastly me, and only me, ieke number to the slayne.
But bootlesse to a ruthles God I see my prayers spent,
As haughtelie doest thou reuenge, as humblie I repent.
Well (God of Delphos) since our teares, this Incence, nor these Graues
Appease thyne yre, parsist to plague this flesh, that henceforth craues
No pitie: to the Hebrewe God, of power exceeding thyne,
(Men say) appeale I, and bequeath the Soules of me and myne:
Accept my simple Legacie, O Godhood most deuyne,
Sayd Brenn. And with a selfe-wrought wound did perish: and his men
Departing, wonne, and left the name to Gallo-Grecia then.
The righteous Gorboman might add fresh Subiect to our Muse,
But skipping to his Fathers Sonnes, of them it thus ensewes.

FIue yéares had Archigallo raign'd, when hated doing wrong,
He was depriued of his Realme, and liued vagrant long,
And fearing all that frended none, kept close the Woods among.
There Elidurus hunting found his wretched Brother, and
They gasing each in others face, with sighes and weepings stand.
A King, as Elidurus is, once was I thinkes his brother,
A wretch, as Archigallo is, I may be thinkes the other.
The lowlie King alights anon, and when they had imbrac'd,
Then Archigallo secretly in Ebranks Towne was plac'd:
In which, the King commaunding so, the Nobles did conuent,
To whom did Elidurus thus informe of his intent.
If Fortune had bin crosse (my Lords) to me, or any feare
Of Armor were approching vs, I should perchaunce appeare
Faint, and false-hearted in my charge, but euer lackt the one,
Nor hath the other likelihood, for quietlet ruleth none.
Yet Kings may thinke their heads too weake their Dyademes to sustaine,
For endles cares concurre with Crownes, a bitter sweete is Raine:
Howbeit, Subiects falsely iudge their Princes blessed are,
When both of peace and perills they containe the common care,

And yet for this they grudgingly from Pounds a Penny ſpare.
Not theſe, my Lords, make me diſclaime in it which all purſue,
But Juſtice bidds my Brothers right I ſhould commend to you.
This one Requeſt includes, I knowe, exceeding dangers twayne,
To me, if for a priuate life I change a publique Rayne,
To you, if whom ye haue depriu'd ye ſhall reſtore agayne.
But for I haue done right, no wrong, though Juſtice wants not foes,
And though vnto a Magiſtrate diſgrading bringeth woes,
Yet to the bad a conſcience good may ſafe it ſelfe oppoes.
Nor beye fearefull of reuenge, that did no more then right:
Euen Archigallo will confeſſe his ſinne, and cleare your ſpight:
Whoſe reſtitution (were he wrongd) at leaſt ſhall you acquite.
You haſſard leſſe, re-kinging him, then I vn-king'd to bee,
And Danger ouer-dares, if it from Juſtice diſagree.
Then, good my Lords, do right his wrong, at leaſt-wiſe do him right,
Whoſe ſmarte, no doubt, hath wrought in him a reconciled ſpright.
Juſt Gorboman his brotherhood ſucceeding in their Line,
Then Archigallo ſhould be King, to him let me reſine.

So much the King did vrge this Text, that Archigallo rayn'd,
And Elidurus willingly in priuate life remaynde:
The one reſtored, for his late depriuing nothing mou'd,
The other (wonders tell I now) diſ-crowned yet belou'd.
Tenne yeares did Archigallo raigne, beloued well, and dyed:
And Elidurus once againe the Kingly Throne ſupplyed:
Untill his Brothers ſecondly depoſe him of his raine,
But they deceaſing, thirdly he was crowned King againe:
And ſo, vntill his Dying day, with honor did remaine.

A many Kings whoſe good or bad no Writer hath diſplaide
Did followe. Lud, and Hely, for their ſtately buildings made
Reſt chiefly famous. Nor forget King Bledgrabed I ſhall,
Whom Brutons did their Glée-god for his ſkill in Muſike call.
The next whoſe dayes gaue famous deedes, Caſsiuelan is ſayde:
Whom Caius Iulius Cæſar did with Armor thus inuayde.

CHAP.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XVII.

THis Conquerour of Gallia, found his Victorie prolong'd
By Brittish Succoures, and for it, pretending to bee
wrong'd,
Did send for Tribute: threatning els to bring the Brutons
Warre.
The former going forward first, the Albinests to barre
A common foe, concurr as friends: and now was come the Spring,
When Cæsar out of War-wonne France victorious Trowpes did bring.
But earlier wonne the Grecians land at Pargama by much,
Than got the Latines footing heere, their Contraries were such.
Yée might haue seene of Hectors race, ten thousand Hectors heere,
With pollicie on either part, the Romanes buying deere
The bloodie Shore: the water yet lesse deerer than the land
To them, whom valiantlie to proue the Islanders withstand.
Oft battell they, the Brutons still victorious, and in vaine
Their foes were valiant: onelie heere was Cæsars force in waine.
And as our men vnto his men were as tempestcous Thunder,
So did his ankred Shippes on Seas by Tempest dash in sunder.
But twice (quoth Cæsar) Fortune, thou wert opposite to mine,
But thirdlie heere, to Cæsars selfe thou (wontles) dost decline.
Conuaying then his wearie men into his wasted Shippes,
To Gallia, there to Winter them, he miscontented slippes.
Of this same Victorie did spring securitie and strife,
The Scottes and Pichtes did sunder hence, the Brutons, ouer-rife
In Largesse, making frollike Cheere, a quarrel then aroes
Betwixt the King and Luds false Sonne, & they dis-ioyne as foes:
That Cæsar slippes Aduantage such were errors to suppose.
Euen of the Brutons some there were recalling backe the Foe,
And Winter past, with dubled power he backe againe did roe.
The Romaines more, the Brutons they farre fewer than before,
Offend, defend, fight for, fence from, to winne, and warde the Shore.
But Cæsar landed: and ensew'd continuall cruell fight,
Thrice put the fierce Cassiuelanes the Cæsarines to flight:

And still the King incouraging in euerie wing appeares,
So giuing needlesse spurres to fight, his Souldiours brooke not feares:
Nor little did the Cornish Belles offend the Romaine eares.
When Cæsars oft successes fight had tyred him and his,
Inringed with his mayhmed Campe, the Romane speaketh this:
Are these same Bands, those selfe-same Bands, that neuer faught in vain?
And ye the men, that following still my Standard, still did gaine?
Euen these, and ye, are verie those: nor can I discommend
Your manhoodes, that with lesser worke, brought greater Warres to end.
But not, as was my wont to wight, the Senate now shall reede,
I came: I sawe: I ouer-came: such Foes forbid such speede.
Nor let the Senate muse, for Troy with Troy doth here contend:
This warlike people (fame is so) from whence sprong we discend.
Yea, if Æneas had not left the Phrygian Gods to vs,
And Greekes Palladium shipt to Greece, this Fortune foyling thus,
I would haue thought those very Gods had followed our anoy:
But them haue we, these onely haue vndanted harts from Troy.
But what? shall Cæsar doubt to fight against so braue a Foe?
No, Cæsars Tryumphes with their Spoyles shall giue the brauer shoe.
Ye Gods that guide our Capitoll, Mount Palatin thou Throne
Of stately Rome, ye Followers too of her affayres each one,
Delay not, but depriue me quite my Triumphes now in hand,
Nor let me liue, if so I leaue vnconquered this Land.
This Land, the last of Westerne Illes, an Ille vnknowen ere this,
Which famous now, through Cæsars fight, and our misfortune is.
Enough, my fellow friends in Armes, enough we Romaines haue
To seeke reuenge: your Conquest is a Countrie rich and braue:
And (which perswadeth Victorie) in Troynouant there bee,
That hold that Citie to our vse: the Brutons disagree,
No Scot or Pichte assisting them in these our Warres I see.
Their ciuell strife will proue their scourge, how stout soere they seeme,
And perpetuitie doth faile in euerie thing extreeme.
Not Fortune still is good or bad, and now let be our day:
Too long we liue, if that so long we shall on trifles stay,
Said Cæsar. And with such his words did so inflame his men,
That with lesse patience did they liue, than linger battell then.

The

The Romainis bid the Race, and then did cruell Warre begin:
And little wanted, that the Brutes the better did not win.
But Cæsar so foresawe Supplies, and Succors here and theare,
Perswading this, dissuading that, controuling flight and feare,
That, after manie Romaines slaine, the Brutons tooke their flight
To Southerne Shores: whereas to prowse Cassiuelan did fight
With oft Eruptions out of Woods: vntill the traitrous Knight,
The Earle of London yeelds his Charge and Citie to the For,
Through which dissopall president did other Cities soe:
And then with hard-won Tribute hence the Conquerour did goe.

BUt he, that wonne in cuerie Warre, at Rome in ciuell Robe
Was stab'd to death: no certentie is vnderneath the Globe.
The good are enuied of the bad, and glorie finde disdaine,
And people are in constantie as Aprill is in raine:
Whereof, amidst our serious penne, this Fable intertaine.
An Asse, an Old-man, and a Boye, did through a Citie passe,
And whil'st the wanton boye did ride, the old-man led the Asse:
See yonder doting fole, said Folke, that crauleth scarce for age,
Doth set the baye vpon his Asse, and makes himselfe his page.
Anon the blamed Boy alightes, and lets the Old-man ride,
And, as the old-man did before, the boy the Asse did gide:
But passing so, the people then did much the old-man blame,
And told him, Churle, thy limbes be tough, the Boy should ride for shame.
The fault thus found, both man and boy did backe the Asse and ride,
Then that the Asse was ouer-charg'd each man that met them cride.
Now both a-light, and goe on foote, and leade the emptie Beast,
But then the people laugh, and say, that one might ride at least.
With it they both did vndershore the Asse on either side,
But then the wondring people did that witles pranke deride.
The old-man seeing by no waies he could the people please,
Not blameles then, did driue the Asse and drowne him in the Seas.
Thus whil'st we be, it will not be, that any pleaseth all:
Els had bin wanting, worthely, the noble Cæsars fall:

CHAP.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XVIII.

AVgustus quayling Anthonie was Emperour alone:
In whose vn-foed Monarchie our common health was knowne.
The Bruser of the Serpents head, the Womans promis'd Seede,
The Second in the Trinitie, the Foode our soules to feede,
The Vine, the Light, the Doore, the Way, the Shepheard of vs all,
Whose Manhood ioyn'd to Deitie did Raunsome vs from thrall,
That was, and is, and euermore will be the same to his,
That sleepes to none that wake to him, that turnes our Curse to blisse,
Whom, yet vnseene, the Patriarkes saw, the Prophets haue foretold,
Th'apostles preacht, the Saints adore, and Martirs doe behold,
The same (Augustus Emperour) in Palastine was borne,
Amongst his owne, and yet his owne did crosse their Blisse in skorne:
Bi-formed Ianus then in Mewe: so would this Prince of peace,
That Cæsars Edict euerie where should Mars his enuie ceace.

Then raigned here King Cymbelin, King Theomantius sonne:
Next him Guiderius, that with-held the Tribute Cæsar wonne.
The Romaines that, in our respect, neglected Misia, Spaine,
Armenia, France, and Siria, then Recusants of their Raine,
Not by their Captaines, but himselfe the Emperour of Rome,
Into relapsed Brutaine with imperiall Ensignes come.
Then hotter than the Punicke Warres to Romaines did begin:
And Claudius loseth valiantlie all that the Brutons win.
But Romish Hamo, from whose death Southhampton had that name,
In Brittish Armes salutes the King, and slewe by guile the same.
Duke Aruiragus vsing then the Armor of the King,
Maintained fight, and wonne the field ere Brutons knewe the thing.
This hardie Knight, his Brother slaine, was Crowned in his place:
And with his winnings, also wonne the Emperour to grace:
Who sending for his Daughter, faire Genissa, so did ende
The Warres in Wedding: and away did Claudius Cæsar wende.

But

But Aruiragus after this reuolted, and to ſtay
The hauocke made of Romaines here came ſuccors euery day.
His Quéene Geniſſa childing died, when his Reuolt ſhe knew:
And Voada, deuorſed late, became his Quéene of new.
Then he that at Ieruſalem the fatall ſiege begonne,
Was ſent from Rome: and warring here, the wonted Tribute wonne:
And through his gentle Victorie, bound Aruiragus ſtill
A friend to Cæſar, whome the King adopted heire by will.
I here omit the diſmall Warre in Iſle of Mona made
Againſt the Romaines, whome the Prieſts the Druides inuade
With banning words, and women, with their haire vntruſſed, ſtand
With brands of fire in furious wiſe about their deſperat Wand.
The King deceaſed, Voada and her two daughters, they
Abuſed by the Romaine Lords, doe hotter warres allay.

THe noble Scot King Corbred be confederats with the King
of Pichtes: and they, and Britiſh Péeres to field their Armies bring,
To aid the Queene of Brutes, that like the Amazonian Dame
That beating downe the bloodie Greekes in Priams ſuccour came,
Had pight her Iauelin at her feete, when entred in among
The fearce confederates, thus ſhe ſpake amidſt the ſylent throng:
My ſtate and ſex, not hand or heart, moſt valiant friends, with-hild
My wretched Cauſe of your repaire, by wicked Romaines ild,
From that reuenge which I do wiſh, and ye haue cauſe to worke:
In which, ſuppoſe not Voada in female feares to lurke.
For loe my ſelfe, vnlike my ſelfe, and theſe ſame Ladies faire
In Armor, not to ſhrinke an inch where hotteſt doings are.
Euen we do dare to bid the Baſe, and you your ſelues ſhall ſee
Your ſelues to come behind in Armes: the Romaines ſo that be
Such Conquerors, and valiantly can womankind oppreſſe,
Shall know that Britiſh women can the Romiſh wrongs redreſſe.
Then arme ye with like courages as Ladies ſhall preſent,
Whom ye, nor wounds, nor death, the praiſe of Dint ſhall preuent.
Nor enuie that our Martiall rage exceeds your manly ire,
For by how much more we endure, ſo much more wee deſire
Reuenge on thoſe in whoſe default we are vnhallowed thus,

Whil'st they forget themselues for men, or to be borne of vs.
Ye yeeld them Tribute, and from vs their Legions haue their pay:
Thus were to much, but more then thus the haughtie Tirants sway
That I am Quéene, from being wrong'd doth nothing me protect:
Their Rapes against my Daughters both I also might obiect:
They Maydes deflower, they Wiues enforce, and vse their wils in all,
And yet we liue deferring fight, inferring so our fall.
But valiant Brutons, ventrous Scots, and warlike Pichtes I erre.
Exhorting, whom I should dehort your fearcenes to deferre.
Lesse courage more considerate would make your foes to quake:
My heart hath ioy'd to see your hands the Romaine Saudards take,
But when as force, and Fortune faild, that you with teeth should fight,
And in the faces of their Foes your women in despight
Should fling their sucking Babes, I hild such valiantnes but vaine:
Inforced flight it is no shame, such Flyers fight againe.
Well, here ye are that with the King my valiant Brother dead
the Latines, wondring at your prowes, through Rome in triumph lead:
Ye Mars-stard Pichtes of Scythian bréed are here Coleagues and more,
Ye Dardan Brutes, last named, but in valour meant before:
In your conduct, most knightly Friends, I superseade the rest:
Ye come to fight, and we in fight to hope and helpe our best.
Scarce did this braue Bellona end, when as the Battailes ioyne,
And life and death was bought and sould with courage, not with coin.
Aboue the rest the Quéene of Brutes through blood did cut her way,
Sixe thousand Ladies Lyons-like exploiting like Afray:
Till Cattus with his Romaine Armes subdewed, fled away.
Of Romaines seuentie thousand died, of Brutons then were slaine
Twise fiftéene thousand, and the rest their ceased frédome gaine.
When valiant Plancius, President, in Gallia heard such newes,
He wafftes an Armie out of Fraunce, and Voada pursues,
The Albinests to aid the Queene assembled at her call,
And then began a second Warre, nor was the slaughter small.
The Brutons, barring flight, had closde themselues with waines about
In which the awles women stood suruaying who was stout,
Controuling Towards, and among did fill the aire with dinne:
But, valiant though the Brutones were, the day the Romaines winne.

In

In vaine the furious women then on Sonnes and Husbands call,
Themselues with Sonnes & Husbands did by aduerse weapons fall.
Quæne Voada past helpe, and hope, betooke her selfe to flight:
Till looking backe, vnfollowed then, and hauing in her sight
The senseles Tronks of slaughtred friends, she leaning on her Lance
Did powre foorth teares, and grew at length impacient of the chance,
And said: my selfe, my trusty friends, wil with my dearest blood
Keepe Obite to your happie Goastes, that for your Countries good
Be as you be, and I will be: no Romaine sword shal boast
Of my dispatch. Soon her Lance she yéelded vp the Goste.
Her Daughter then, for to reuenge her friends vpon her foes,
Assisted by the vanquished, against the Victors roes,
And slaughtring through the Romaine Tentes the braue Virago
Til Plancius, euer prouident of perils, brought supplies, (goes.
What time Vodicia, vrging wounds, with constant courage dies.

SUch businesse hanging, Lucius here the first baptized King
Died issuelesse: and for the Crowne did long contention spring.
At length Constantius Cæsar (for the Brutons yéelded so)
Did Helen, Colis daughter wed. Of her doe praises go
For finding of the holie Crosse, and for deuotion rare.
From these procéeded Constantine, the most vndoubted heire
Both to the Romaine Monarchie, and this his Parents Reame.
He turn'd the Empires ebbing pompe into her flowing streame,
And was a Prince religious: yet (with reuerence be it said)
If lesse religious, then not he the Empire had decaide,
By largesse to a pompeous Priest, Apostolique ere then,
But now intruding euen on God, insulting ouer men.
Nor sparest thou his natiue Realme that seazed thée of Rome,
Admit his frankenesse were a fault (as is their common dome,
That say he made a Paule a Saule, that made a Priest a Prince,
And in that grace the Empires grace disgraced euer since)
Find thou no fault with such a fault whereby be fitted thée:
But if thou wilt vngratefull prooue, vngracious ceasse to be,
A Traytors Tutor is a .B. nor force we such a .T.
Let such a Prelate blesse or banne, with Candle, Booke or Bell,

He cannot raiſe himſelfe to heauen, nor rid a knaue from hell.
Vaine are his Bulles engendring Calues, ſent hither from his Stals,
To feed (mad Sots) the Foule that by his name the Sendor cals.
Nor thinke he dreamed this in vaine, that dreamed thus of late:
One ſeemed to haue paſſed Stix, and entring Plutos gate,
Saw Hecat new canonized the Sourantiſſe of hell:
And Pluto bad it holliday, for all which there did dwell.
Sterne Minos, and grimme Radymant, diſcend their duskie roomes:
The Docke was alſo cleare of Goſts, adiorn'd to after-doomes:
The Furies, and the deadly Sinnes, with their inuectiue Scroles
Depart the Barre: the Feends rake vp their euer-burning Coles:
The Elues, and Fairies, taking fits, did hop a merry Round:
And Cerberus had lap enough: and Charon leaſure found:
The airy Sprights, the walking Flames, and Goblins great & ſmall,
Had there good chære, and company, and ſport the deuill and all.
To Tantalus the ſhrinking flood nor ſtarting fruit were ſuch:
Nor Titius his bowels did the hungrie Vultur touch:
Vpon his Stone ſat Ciſaphus: Ixeon on his Whéele:
The Belides vpon their Tubs: no wonted toile they feele.
Till, in this anticke Feſtiuall, theſe laſt recited fiue
Of dignities for dueties theare they earneſtly did ſtriue.
And then the quarrell grew ſo hot that hell was hell againe,
And flocking Goſts did ſeu'rally their Fautors part maintaine.
With Ciſaphus tooke part the Goſts of minds that did aſpire,
And by ambicious climing fell, deſarts vnlike deſire.
With Tantalus hild ſtarued Goſts, whoſe pleaſure was their paine,
Whoſe euer Hords had neuer vſe, and gettings had no gaine.
To Belides aſſiſted Soules of Vnthrifts, whoſe ſupplies
Did paſſe from them as Sea through Clues, whoſe waſts no wealths (ſuffice.
Vnto Ixeon ſtood their Sprights that had their luſts for law,
Rebellants to a common good, and ſinning without awe.
To Titius laſtly ioyned Goſts, whoſe hearts did emptie hate
As Todes their poiſon, growing when it ſeemeth to abate.
About ſlie Apples, Stones, and Tubs, the whéele was tumbled down,
The Vultur girds, no Goſte but had at leaſt a broken crowne.
This ſkuffling and confederacie in hell made ſuch a reare,

That

That (wontles of such braules and blowes) Proserpine did feare.
But Pluto, laughing, told his Bride to Ela it was Fa:
To morrowes dinne should prooue that same to be a ciuill day.
In peace these were their practises on earth, and here in hell
(Saue that their Soules haue neuer peace) we finde them as they fell.
They worke to me, each of these fiue, though dailie count I aske,
Doe newlie number Millions Soules, whose torments is their taske.
The Queene of such, not free of feare, replied thus againe,
And yet, me thinks, that Pluto should haue pitie on their paine.
He lowers: and Feast with Fray had end, & drinke did euery soule
Of Lethe: who, their ioyes forgot, euen yet in torments houle:
Nay Pluto must be Pluto still, and so I will (quoth he,)
For this same onely day the Gotts indebted are to thee:
For as the like shall neuer come, so neuer like befell,
But henceforth all, yea Prince, and Pope, shall euer find it hell.
So dreamed one; but ouer-long on fantazies I dwell.

CHAP. XIX.

THe Cosen of great Constantine, in Rome and here succeeds:
Betwixt the Brutes, the Scots, ane Pichtes continuall trouble breeds:
And long the reg'ment of this Lande the Romaines did inioy,
Transmitting Captaines euermore as Foes did here anoy.
But Rome it selfe declined now, and Brutaine was oppressed,
No longer were the Scottish Spoiles by Romaine swords redressed.
Then ends the Tribute, then began new troubles, worser farre
Then Tribute: for the *Scots* and Pichtes inferre consuming warre.
The Brutons, vnder Rome secure, as men that did relie
On others, were disabled now by Martiall meanes to trie
The fame of fight: but Captaineless, confusedly they deale,
And giue a wretched instant of an headles Common-weale.
And whom so many Romaine Peers, grand-Captaines of such might,

Of whom nine Emperours themselues in persons here did fight,
Could hardly foyle, were fronted now euen of a barbarous Foe:
And at the point (a wondrous change) their Country to forgoe.
Such fruit hath ease, such pollicie did serue the Romaines turne,
Who, wayning Martial minds, themselues the quietlier here soiorn.
The Brutons thus dispoyl'd of Armes, and courage in effect,
Of Prince, of Captaines, and aduise, their busines to direct:
Dispatch their Legate to the Land Diminutiue in name
To Brutaine: where the Legate thus his Ambassie did frame:
The back-slide of our helpelesse friends, the down-fall of our state,
Our lacke of Prince, of people, and our wealth, not now as late,
The sauage dealing of our Foes, consuming ours and vs,
Is cause (right mightie King) that we approch thy presence thus.
Not for we are in blood allied, or that whil'st Fortune smil'd,
Your Ancestors had rule from vs, not for the Dames defil'd
At Cullin, who notwithstanding lust for it did lose their liues,
That els to Conon and his knightes had liued noble wiues,
We are emboldned in our suit: though all of these might moone:
But for our former wants, O King, and for thine owne behoue,
Great Brutaine doth submit it selfe thy Subiect (if thou please.)
Or els dispose it at thy wil. Prouided we haue ease
Against such Foes, as would not saue our liues to haue our Land:
Whom to conclude (except thou helpe) we neuer may withstand.
The King Aldroen pittying much the cause of his Allies,
Arm'd thence his brother Constantine, a Captaine stout and wise.
He chasing hence the Scottes & Pichtes, with glorie wore the Crowne,
And through his vertue stayed vp a Kingdome sinking downe.

WIthin a while did Vortiger the Duke af Cornwalle raigne,
When Constans sone of Constantine he traitrously had slaine.
The Scottes did raffle then anew, nor did the king affye
In Brutones, for they hated him, and reason had they why:
And Saxon Fleetes from Germanie in Armor here arriue,
Through whose support ỹ king in wars against the Scottes did thriue

The

The Foe by Hengeſt foiled thus, he and his brother gat
The chiefeſt credit with the King, but few gaine-ſaying it,
Neceſſitie of Souldiers here ſo well for them did fit.
And Hengeſts Daughter intertain'd King Vortiger ſo well,
That to miſliking of his wife, and liking her he fell:
And dotted thus in forren loue, did wed the *Saxon* Wench:
Which wrought vnto the Saxons weale, but to the Brutes offence.
For whatſoere the Quéene did aſke, the King would not deny,
Untill his Subiects ran to Armes, and made the Saxons flie:
They putting downe the Father, then did ſet vp Vortimer,
He poiſoned by hys Stepdame, they reſtored Vortiger:
With this condition, that he ſhould no *Saxons* intertaine.
But Hengeſt (hearing from the Quéene that Vortimer was ſlaine,
And Vortiger his Sonne-in-law re-kinged) did reſaile
With Saxon forces: though with fraud, not force he did preuaile.
For thus by pollicy he did the Brutons circumuent,
He craued Parlie, as a man that were to quietnes bent:
The place appointed, Parlantes him in ſimple meaning méet
Farre from their Armie all vnarm'd, whom *Saxon* Traitors greet
With deadly wounds by hidden knines, and held the King with them:
Confounding ſo the Brittiſh Vſe. Nor ceaſe they to contemne
Both Chriſtian rights, and ciuill Rule, ſubuerting either twaine:
And what they would of Vortiger through fearefull threats they gain.
And plant themſelues in Southfolke, Kent, and elſewhere at their will:
And ruffling runne throughout the Land oppreſſing Brutons ſtill.
The King and Brutons fled to Wales. and Feend-got Marlin theare
Welwraied more then I beleeue, or credit ſeemes to beare:
As ſhewing how the Caſtell worke rear'd daily fell by night,
By ſhaking of two Dragons great that vnderneath it fight,
With other wonders, tedious if not trothleſſe to reſight.
Aurelius Ambroſe, brother to King Conſtans murdred late,
From either Bruton hauing aid, wonne to the kingly ſtate:
And, ere that Hengeſt or his ſonne ſtout Octa he ſubdew'd,
Firſt to reuenge his Brothers death he Vortiger purſew'd.

In

In vaine the Welsh wild Mountaines fence the Flier frō his Foe,
Or Gerneth Castell, when as flames throughout the buildings go:
In midst whereof the wretched King did end his daies in woe,

THe Brutons thus had peace a while, till Vortigerus Sonne,
And Guillamour the Irish King, in new Conflicts begonne:
Whom, whil'st that Vter valiantly in Wales to wracke did bring,
His brother Ambrose did decease, and Vter then was King.
What Vter did by Marlins Art, in compassing his will
Upon the wife of Garolus, transfigured by skill
Into the likenesse of her Lord, on whom he got a sonne,
Renowmed Arthur: or to name the Acts by Vter donne,
Were much and needlesse: onely note he was a valiant Prince,
But such as was his noble sonne, was not before or since.
Yet blazing Arthur, as haue some, I might be ouer-seene:
He was Victorious, making one amongst the Worthies neene,
But (with his pardon) if I vouch his world of Kingdomes wonne,
I am no Poet, and for lacke of pardon were vndone.
His Scottish, Irish, Almaine, French, and Saxone Battelles got,
Yeeld fame sufficient: these seeme true, the rest I credite not.
But Bruton is my taske, and to my taske I wil retire:
Twelue times the Saxon Princes here against him did conspire,
And Arthur in twelue Battels great went vanquisher away:
Yolwbeit Saxon forces still amongst the Brutons stay.
This King to entertaine discourse, and so to vnderstand
What Accidents in after-times should happen in this Lande,
He with the Brutish Prophet then of Sequelles fell in hand.
Of six long after-Kings the man, not borne of humane seede,
Did Prophesie, and many things, that came to passe in deed.
Now Arthur, chiefe of Thiualrie, had set his Crowne at stay,
And to his Nephew Mordred did commit thereof the sway,
When with his Knights, the wonders of the world for Martial deeds,
Beyond the Seas in forren fights he luckely proceedes:
Till faithlesse Mordred cal'd him backe that forward went with fame,
For at his Uncles Diademe he traiterously did aime.
T'wise Arthur wonne of him the field, and thirdly slewe his Foe,

When

When deadly wounded, he himselfe victorious died so.

INterred then with publique plaints, and issules, ensewes
A drouping of the Brittish state: the Saxon still subdewes,
Howbeit worthy Kings succeed: but Destiny withstood
The auncient Scepter to inure in Brutes succeeding blood.
Unlou'd Careticus was he that lost the Goale at length:
Whenceforth, in vaine, to win their losse ỹ Brutons vse their strength.
Yea God, that as it pleaseth him, doth place or dispossesse,
When foes, nor foiles, nor any force, their courage might suppresse,
Seem'd partiall in the Saxon Cause, and with a Plague did crosse
The Brutons, that had els at least rebated from their losse:
For Cadwane, and Cadwallyn, and Cadwallader, the last,
But not the least for valorous of Brittish Princes past,
Brought out of Wales such knightly wars as made their foes agast.
The Plague (worse spoiler then ỹ Wars) left Cambre almost waste,
Which to auoid, the remnant Brutes into their Ships did haste.
Cadwallader, in leauing thus his native Shore he first
His eies from whence his bodie should, and with his sighes he mixt
His royall teares, which giuing place, he speaketh thus betwixt.
Sweet Brutaine (for I yet must vse that sweet, and ceasing name)
Adew, thy King bids thee adew, whose slight no weapons frame:
But God commaunds, his wrath commandes, all counter-maund is vaine,
Els, for thy loue, to die in thee were life to thy remaine.
Thus tymes haue turnes, thus Fortune still is flying to and fro:
What was not, is: what is, shall cease: some come, and others goe:
So, Brutaine, thou of Nation and of name endurest chaunge,
Now balking vs whome thou hast bread, and brooking people strange
Yet (if I shot not past mine aime) a world of time from me,
Part of our blood, in highest pompe, shall Englands glorie be:
And chiefly, when vnto a first succeeds a second She.
But leauing speeches ominous: Cadwallader is woe,
That seeing death determines griefe, he dies not on his foe.
Ah Fortune faileth mightie ones, and meaner doth atuaunce:
The mightiest Empier Rome hath chaunge, then Brutaine brook thy chance:
Let it suffice thou wert before and after Rome in fame:

And to indure what God intends were sinne to count a shame.
Nor vaunt, ye Saxons, of our flight: but if ye néeds will vaunt,
Then vaunt of this, that God displac'd whom you could never daunt.
This said, ỹ tears contrould his tong, & sailes wrought land from sight
When (saue a Remnant small) the Isle was rid of Brutons quight.

CHAP. XX.

THe Brutons thus departed hence, Seuen Kingdomes here begonne:
Where diuerſly in diuers broyles the Saxons loſt and wonne.
King Edel and king Adelbright in Diria iointly raigne:
In loyall concorde during life theſe kingly friends remaine.
When Adelbright ſhould leaue his life, to Edell thus he ſayes.

By thoſe ſame bondes of happie loue, that held vs friends alwaies,
By our by-parted Crowne, of which the Moyetie is mine,
By God, to whome my ſoule muſt paſſe, and ſo in time may thine,
I pray thee, nay I coniure thee, to nourith as thine owne
Thy Neece my Daughter Argentile, till ſhe to age be growne,
And then, as thou receiueſt it, reſigne to her my Throne.
A promiſe had for this Bequeſt, the Teſtator he dies:
But all that Edell vndertake, he afterward denies.
Yet well he fosters for a time the Damſell that was growne
The faireſt Lady vnder heauen: whoſe beautie being knowne,
A many Princes ſeeke her loue, but none might her obtaine:
For grippell Edell to himſelfe her Kingdome ſought to gaine,
And for that cauſe, from ſight of ſuch he did his Ward reſtraine.

By chance one Curan, ſonne vnto a Prince in Danske did ſee
The Maid, with whom he fell in loue as much as one might bee.
Vnhappie Youth, what ſhould he doe? his Ioint was kept in Mewe;
Nor he, nor any Noble-man admitted to her vewe.
One while in Melancholy fits he pines himſelfe away,
Anon he thought by force of Armes to win her, if he may,

And still against the Kings restraint did secretly inuay.
At length the high Controller Loue, whom none may disobay,
Imbased him from Lordlines, vnto a Kitchin Drudge:
That so at least of life or death she might become his Judge.
Accesse so had to see, and speake, he did his loue bewray
And tells his hearth: her answere was she husbandles would stay.
Meane while the King did beat his braines his booty to atchieue,
Not caring what became of her, so he by her might thriue:
At last his resolution was some Pesant should her wiue.
And (which was working to his wish) he did obserue with ioye
How Curan, whom he thought a drudge, scapt many an amorous toy
The King, perceiuing such his vaine, promotes his Vassall still,
Least that the basenesse of the man should let, perhaps, his will,
Assured therefore of his loue, but not suspecting who
The Louer was, the King himselfe in his behalfe did woo.
The Lady, resolute from loue, vnkindly takes that he
Should barre the Noble, and vnto so base a Match agrée:
And therefore shifting out of dores, departed thence by stealth,
Preferring pouertie before a dangerous life in wealth.
When Curan heard of her escape, the anguish in his hart
Was more then much, and after her from Court he did depart.
Forgetfull of himselfe, his hearth, his Country, friends, and all,
And onely minding (whom he mist) the Foundresse of his thrall.
Nor means he after to frequent or Court, or stately Townes,
But solitarily to liue, amongst the Country grownes.
A brace of yéares he lined thus, wel pleased so to liue,
And Sheapherd-like to fede a flocke, himselfe did wholly giue.
So wasting loue, by worke, and want, grewe almost to the Waene:
But then began a second Loue, the worser of the twarne.
A Coūtry wēch, a Neatheards maid, where Curan kept his Sheep,
Did fed her Droue: and now on her was all the Sheepheards kéepe.
He borrowed on the working daies, his holie russets oft:
And of the Bacons fat, to make his Startops blacke and soft:
And least his Tarbor should offend, he left it at the Folde:
Sweete Growte, or Whig, his Bottle had as much as it might hold:
A Sheéue of bread as browne as Nut, and Cheese as white as snowe,

And

And Wildings, or the Seasons fruite, he did in Scrip bestow:
And whil'st his py-bald Curre did sleepe, and Sharp-hooke lay him by,
On hollow Quilles of Oten strawe he piped melody.
But when he spied her his Saint, he wipte his greasie shoores,
And clear'd the driuell from his beard, and thus the Shepheard woes.
I haue sweet Wench, a peece of Cheese, as good as tooth may chaw,
And bread, and Wildings souling wel (and therewithall did drawe
His Larder) and, in eating, see yon Crumpled Ewe (quoth he)
Did twinne this fall, and twin shouldst thou if I might tup with thee.
Thou art too eluish, faith thou art too eluish, and too coy:
Am I (I pray thee) beggerly, that such a Flocke enioy?
Iwis I am not: yet that thou doest holde me in disdaine
Is brimme abroad, and made a gybe to all that keepe this Plaine.
There be as quaint (at least that think themselues as quaint) that craue
The Patch, that thou (I wot not why) maist, but mislik'st to haue.
How wouldst thou match? for well I wot, thou art a Female) I,
I know not her that willingly with Maiden-head would die.
The Plowmans labour hath no end, and he a Churle will prowe:
The Craftsman hath more worke in hand, then fitteth vnto loue:
The Marchant traffiquing abroad, suspects his Wife at home:
A Youth will play the Wanton, and an olde-man prowe a Mome.
Then chuse a Shepheard. With the Sun he doth his Flocke vnfold,
And all the day on Hill or Plaine be merrie chat can hold:
And with the Sun doth folde againe: then iogging home betime,
He turnes a Crab, or tunes a Round, or sings some merrie ryme:
Nor lackes he gleeful tales to tell, whil'st that the Bole doth trot:
And fitteth singing care away, til he to bed hath got.
There sleepes he soundly all the night, forgetting Morrow cares,
Nor feares he blasting of his Corne nor vttering of his wares,
Or stormes by seas, or stirres on Land, or cracke of credite lost,
Not spending francklier then his Flocke shall still defray the cost.
Wel wot I, sooth they say that say; more quiet nights and daies
The shepheard sleeps and wakes than he whose Cattel he doth graize.
Belæue me Lasse, a King is but a man, and so am I:
Content is worth a Monarchie, and mischiefes hit the hie.

As late it did a King and his, not dwelling far from hence:
Who left a Daughter, (saue thy selfe) for faire, a matchlesse wench:
(Here did he pause, as if his tongue had made his heart offence.)
The Neatresse, longing for the rest, did egge him on to tel
How faire she was, and who she was. She (quoth he) the bell
For Beautie: though I clownish am, I know what Beautie is,
Or did I not, yet seeing thee, I senceles were to mis.
Suppose her Beautie Hellens-like, or Hellens somewhat lesse,
And euery Starre consorting to a puer Complection gesse.
Her Stature comely tall, her gate well graced, and her wit
To maruell at, not meddle with, as matchles I omit.
A Globe-like head, a Gold-like haire, a Forhead smoth and hie,
An euen Nose, on either side stood out a graish Eie:
Two rosie Cheekes, round ruddie Lips, white iust set Teeth within.
A mouth in meane, and vnderneath a round and dimpled Chin.
Her Snowish necke with blewish Vaines stood bolt vpright vpon
Her portly shoulders: beating Balles her vained Breasts anon
Adde more to Beautie: wand-like was her Middle, falling stil,
And rising wheras women rise: but ouer-skippe I will,
What Males in Females ouer-skip: imagine nothing il.
And more her long and limber Armes had white and azure Mazills:
And slender Fingers aunswere to her smooth and lillie Fills.
A Legge in print, a pretie Foot: coniecture of the rest,
For amorous Eies, obseruing some, thinke parts obscured best.
With these (O thing deuine) with these, her tong of speech was spaer:
But speaking, Venus seem's to speake the Ball from Ide to baer.
With Phœbe, Iuno, and with both her selfe contends in face:
Where squall mixture did not want of milde and stately grace.
Her smiles were sober, and her lookes were chearefull vnto all:
And such as neither wanton seeme, nor waiward, mell, nor gall.
A quiet mind, a patient mood, and not disdaining any:
Not gybing, gadding, gawdie, and her faculties were many.
A Nimph, no tong, no heart, no Eie, might praise, might wish, might see
For life, for loue, for sonne, more good, more worth, more faire, then she:
Yea such an one, as such was none, saue onely she was such:
Of Argentile to say the most, were to be silent much.

I

I knewe the Lady very well, but worthies of such praies,
The Neatresse sayd: and muse I do, a Shepheard thus should blaze
The Cote of Beautie. Credite me, thy latter speech bewraies
Thy clownish shape a coined shew. But wherefore doest thou weepe?
The Shepheard wept, and she was woe, and both doth silence keepe.)
In troth, quoth hee, I am not such as seeming I professe:
But then for her, and now for thee, I from my selfe digresse.
Her loued I, (wretch that I am a Recreant to be)
I loued her, that hated loue: but now I die for thee.
At Kirkland is my Fathers Court, and Curan is my name,
In Edels Court somtimes in pompe, till Loue contrould the same:
But now. What now? dear heart how now? what ailest thou to weep?
(The Damsell wept, and he was woe, and both did silence keepe.)
I graunt, quoth she, it was to much, that you did loue so much:
But whom your former could not moue, your second loue doth touch.
Thy twise beloued Argentile submitteth her to thee:
And for thy double loue, presents herselfe a single fee:
In passion, not in person chaung'd, and I, my Lord, am she.
They sweetly surfeiting in ioy, and silent for a space,
When as the Extasie had end, did tenderly imbrace:
And for their wedding, and their wish, got fitting time and place.
Not England (for of Hengest then was named so this Land)
Then Curan had an hardier Knight, his force could none withstand:
Whose Sheepe-hooke laid a part, he then had higher thinges in hand.
First, making knowne his lawfull claime in Argentile her right,
He war'd in Diria: and he wonne Brenitia too in fight:
And so from trecherous Edell tooke at once his life and Crowne,
And of Northumberland was King, long ragning in renowne.

CHAP.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XXI.

THe Saxons that, in these Discents, deriue from
Gods and men,
Ioue, Minos, Geta, Flokwald, Flyn, Fredwolfe,
Frælosse, Woden,
Each as I name them others sonne, not onely
Conquer here,
But with their wandring Armies spoile the
World through-out welnere.
The English Saxon kings oppresse, the mightier ones the weake:
Each trifling cause sufficing here their loue and leagues to breake.
One seazeth of his Neighbours Realme, and is disseazd ere-long:
For Empier some, for Enuie some, and some to right their wrong
Contend vnto their common losse, and some like Monsters raine:
As Sigbert, who for tyrranie did bannishment sustaine.
He wandred vnbewailed long, a man whom men exempt
From house, and helpe, pursuing him with capitall contempt.
Forlorne therefore, with drouping limbs, and dropping eies, in vaine,
He frendles walks the fruitles Woods, and sodles did complaine.
A Swineheard meeting him by chaunce, and pittying his estate,
Imploy'd the Westerne King, vnknown, on his affaires to wait.
Nor did the needie King disdaine such roome, for such relieue:
An Under-Swineheard ship did serue, he sought not to be chiefe.
But when by speech, and circumstance, his Maister vnderstood
His seruant was the somtimes king: blood cries (quoth he) for blood:
My guiltles Maister in thy pompe, thou Tyrant diddest slay:
Nor vnrevenged of his death thou shalt escape away.
With that he tooke a Libbat vp, and beateth out his braines:
And dead (so odious Tyrants be) not one for him complaines.

NOt all so ill, yet cause of worse vnto the English state
Was Osbret of Northumberland: his loue did winne him hate.
Enamored on Lord Buerns wife, as tired in the Chace,
He left the Hounds, and with a fewe dismounts at Buerns Place.
Her Husband absent, heartely his Lady intertains

The

The King, and feasts him royally, not sparing coste or paines.
But he that fed on Fansies food, and hungred whilst he eats,
Thought Venus sparer in her loues, then Ceres in her meats.
The Traine and table voyded, then he taking her a-part,
Directs her by his tongue and teares, vnto his louing heart.
Delay, he layeth, breedeth doubts, but sharpe denial death:
Or do not long surcharge my blisse, or soone discharge my breath:
For if my praiers adde no edge vnto thy begged dome,
The Vintage of my thriftles loue is blasted in the blome.
Be fauourable to my fier: for thy sweet sake, be bold,
I durst attempt euen Hell (if hell so sweet a thing might hold.)
Doe thinke her coie, or thinke her chaste, my Censure I suspend:
Most Women yeeld not at the first, yet yeeld they in the end.
She gaue repulses to his lust, and he replies of Loue:
Not all the Wits Diana had might Cupids Plaint remooue.
She countermaunding his demaund, he ceased Courting now,
And did with her by violence, what vertues disalowe:
And then departed, leauing her in selfe-conceit disgraste:
More trespassed then some would thinke, and yet perhaps as chaste.
Home came her Lord, whose browes had buds, and found his wife in
And (foolish Thing) she told a troth: for which reuenge he swears. (teares
But so the man did prooue a beast: he better might haue hid it,
Some such are mistically domme, yet domly doe forbid it.
His Wiues escapes done secretly, if by the man detected,
Shews hilled büps (supposed büps) meere hornes, not hornes suspected.
At *Denmarke* in his Cosens Court, he telleth of his wrong:
And gaines against his soueraigne Lord of *Danes* an Army strong.
Hungar, and Hubba, and himselfe, Conductors of this Hoast,
Did with their forren Forces land, and spoile the Northerne Coste.
The vicious valiant Osbret, that had vanquished ere then
The King and kingdome of the *Scots*, though wanting armes & men,
Thought skorn his Foes should beard him so, & bar him vp in walles,
And therefore issuing out of Yorke, vpon the *Danes* he falles.
A bloodie Bargaine then begonne, no fight might fearcer be,
And of the *Danish* part were slaine for euery English three.
But manhood lost, and number wonne, the *Danes* they got the feeld:

And Osbret dyed valiantly, that not to liue would yeeld,

MEeane while the Danes with freſh ſupplies arriue at euery Shore
And warre almoſt in euerie Shire, infeſting England ſore.
With whome couragious Etheldred contended long in vaine,
By them was he, King Ella, and the holie Edmond ſlaine.
Nothing was done, but all vndone, till King Alured hee
In daunger of his royall ſelfe did ſet his Subiects free:
For euerie day, in euery place, the Danes did ſo increaſe,
That ye nor any Engliſh King enioy one day of peace.
Nor mightier men at Armes then they, might any where be found:
Who in their diuers Wars els-where did diuers Realmes confound:
For as the Gothes, the Vandales, Hunnes, and Saxons earſt did range,
So now the Danes did plague the world, as ſent by interchange.
This Weſterne and victorious king, and greateſt Monarke hers,
Perceiuin of this ſpoiled Iſle a toward Ruine neere.
Diſguiſed like a Minſtrell poore, did haunt the Daniſh Tentes,
And with his feats and melodie the Enemie preſents:
And of their ſloth, their gluttonie, and Counſels priuy ſo,
Ye tooke aduantage, giuing them a ſudden ouerthrowe.
And ſlayeth Hubba, Hungar, and the Cauſe of their repair,
And putteth all to Sword and Seas, that vnbaptized wair.
Yet to Northumberland return'd fearce Gurmond with the Danes,
Meane time did king Alured die, the Hatchet of their Tranes.
But Adelſtane (one king betwixt) not onely clear'd the Land
Of Danes, but of all England had ſole Empier in his hand.
Thus of this long diſmembred Realme was he the onely king:
In whtch, till Egelred his raigne, did proſper euery thing.
Ye raigning, much of England then the Lordly Danes did hold,
Exacting Tributes euerie yeare, and ſelling Peace for Gold.
And (which no doubt did hatch thoſe Plagues) the king a wicked one,
Did enter by his Brothers blood, extorting thus his Throne:

KIng Edgar that ſubdew'd the Scots, and ſlaughtered the Danes,
And of the Welch had tribut Wolffs: of whom it more remaines.
That, as it were in Triumph-wiſe, Eight Vnder-kings did roe

Him

Him, Sterns-man, on the Riuer Dee, with diuers honors moe,
This Edgar by a former wife had Edward, by another
This Egelred, a Sonne vnto a kinde and cruell Mother:
For as she labors to prefer her owne by well and ill,
So to destroy her Sonne-in-law she wanted meanes, not will.
And meanes did hit. King Edward hunts, and hunting lost his Traine,
Whom Man-les, at her Castle Corfe the Quéene did entertaine,
He hauing séene to whom he came in curtesie to sée,
Made haste away, in Quest of them that still a hunting be:
And when he mounted, should depart, to him his Stepdame drinkes:
Whom, pledging, him an Hierling stab'd, & life-les downe he sinkes.
Thus Egelred obtain'd the Crowne, but for his crowning so
His Subiects grudge, and he became a Preface to their woe.
For when this proud and vitious king, was neither lou'd of his,
Nor liued safely for the Danes, his secret Edict is,
That suddenly, in one selfe hower, throughout the Land should passe
A common slaughter of the Danes, which so performed was:
Hartfordian Welwyn (Wealth-wyn then, for promptnesse in that charge)
Beginning, other Townes as it themselues from *Danes* inlarge.

CHAP. XXI.

THis common Massacre of *Danes*, was common mirth to all.
The English, whom they did oppresse with slaueries not small,
Compelling men by grieuous Draught as Beastes to plough their Land,
Of whom the *English* as of Gods: or Fiends, in terror stand.
The Husband durst not vse his Wife, if liked of a *Dane*,
Nor House, nor Gods, nor aught be had, for who resists was slaine:
That frankes and fedeth daintely, This pines and fareth ill,
And of his Sweat that hath the swéete, and is imperious still.
Each house maintained such a *Dane*, that so they might preuent
Conspiracies, if any were, and grope how mindes were bent:

Lord Dane the same was called then, to them a pleasing name;
Now odiously Lur-dane say we, when idle Mates we blame.
When Swaine the Dacian King did heare his Danes were murdred so,
With bitter vowes, he shipt his men for Englands ouerthroe:
And landing, spar'd no Shrine, nor Saint, nor Ser, nor any State,
Not wanting Aiders English-men, that held their King in hate.
Especiallie false Edricus the Admirall deceiues
His King and Countrie oftentimes, and Bribes of Swaine receiues:
And Egelred his cowardise incouraged the Foe,
Til Swaine at length, by Malles great, was bribed hence to go.
But making short returne, the Péeres of England that disdaine
Th'indignities of such a King, that did so féebly raigne,
Submit them Subiects vnto Swaine: and Egelred did flie
Vnto the Father of his Quéene, the Duke of Normandie:
And Swaine, possessed of the Land, did shortly after die.
His sonne Canutus present here, had Season of the Crowne,
Till Egelred, returning backe, by Armor puts him downe.
Who scarcely giueth breathing time, but that he backe resailes
From Denmarke, & by force, by friends, and fortune here prenailes:
For in this Warre king Egelred did sicken, and decease:
And then the broiles (Canutus king) did for a time decrease,
Til Edmond, sonne of Egelred, did interrupt that peace.

COnferring Armes to Edmondes age, when Egelred did lie
On Death-bed, to his Sonne he said: not quite forlorne am I,
Whose life hath had so much of greeke, thus graciously to die.
Ad more, thy vertues glad my death, yet two things gréeue among,
To leaue my Kingdome so in Warres, & thée for Warres so yong.
So may these troubles weare to none, as thou doest war I pray,
And so possesse thy Fathers Seate, that all approwne thy Sway.
Not to be made a king (my Sonne) is so to make thée proude,
For mildnesse fitteth Maiestie, high mindes are disalonde.
Sée me thy Father, now a king, and by and by but earth,
Nor thinke that euerie king hath hap to die a happie death.

Let

Let Nature for perfection mold a Paragon each way,
Yet Death at least, on finest lumpes of liuing flesh will pray:
For Nature neuer framed it, that neuer shall decay.
The bravest are as Blossomes, and the longest Liuer dies,
And dead, the loueliest Creature as the lothsom'st Carrion lies.
Then thinke not but that kings are men, and as the rest miscarrie,
Saue that their fame or infamie continuallie doth tarrie.
Deeme past Examples Sentences, and (which did faile in me)
Make vse of those not now in vse, for now will cease to be.
Attempt not things beyond thy reach, ioine Fortune to thy will:
Least Phœbus Chaire doe els surcharge rash Phaeton his skill.
If Fortune helpe whome thou would'st hurt, fret not at it the more:
When Aiax stormed, then from him the Prize Vlisses bore.
Try friends by touch, a feeble friend may proue thy strongest Foe:
Great Pompeis head to Cæsars hand it was betrayed so.
Admit thou hadst Pactolian waues, to land thee Gold at will,
Know Crœsus did to Cyrus kneele, and thou maist spede as ill.
Abandon lust, if not for sinne, yet to auoid the shame:
So Hogges of Ithacus his men the Latian Witch did frame.
Be not too mody in thy wrath, but pause though fist be bent:
Oft Phillips Sonne did rashlie strike, and leisurely repent.
Content thee with vnthreatned Meane, and play not AEsops Dogge:
The Golde that gentle Bacchus gaue, was greedy Mydas clogge.
Be valiant, not too venterous, but fight to fight againe:
Euen Hercules did hold it ods, for one to striue with twaine.
Be not ambitiously a King, nor grudgingly decline:
One God did rote out Cis his stocke, and raise vp Iesses line.
Iest not with edge toles, suffer Saints, let mightie Fooles be mad:
Note Seneca by Neroes dome, for Precepts pennance had.
Haue care to whom, of whom, & what to speak, though speech be trew,
That Misse made Phœbus contrarie his Rauens Swan-like hew.
He frameth torments to himselfe, that fedes a Tyrants vaine:
Perillus was by Phalaris adiudg'd to self-taught paine.
Praise not the beautie of thy Wife, though thee of forme be sped:
For Gyges, moued so, did graft on Candaules his head:
Shunne Iealousie that hart-breake loue, if Cat will goe to kind.

Be ſure that Io hath a meane that Argus ſhall be blinde.
Commit not Treaſure with thy Childe to grædy minded men:
Thou leaueſt Polidor a Spoile to Polymneſtor then.
Occurrants giue occaſions ſtill of like, in which be ſure
To ſerue thy God, to ſaue thy ſelfe, and wel to all procure.
Be vertuous, and aſſure thy ſelfe thou canſt not then but thriue:
In onely vertue it is ſaid that men themſelues ſuruiue.
As for the vicious, ſuch they are as is the hædleſſe Flie,
That killes it ſelfe, and hurtes his ſight, that hath her in his Eie.
Farewell my ſonne: England farewell, thy neuer happie Prince
Doth take his leaue, an happie leaue, if taken ſo long ſince.
And, Edmond (burying not with me thy vertues, nor my ſpæch)
I bleſſe thæ in his bleſſed name whom I of bleſſe beſæch,
Said Egelred: and ſhortly gaue a quiet gaſpe or twaine,
And being dead, his noble Sonne ſucceæded him in Raigne.

THis like himſelfe, euen knight-like and an English-man in dæde,
Did quicken Englands quailing Prowes, & Mars-like did procæd.
A brauer Captaine then was he not any Band might haue:
And yet a Mars did match this Mars, Canutus was as braue:
Theſe Wonders of that Age for Armes, and Dirij of thoſe daies,
Did often battell, equally to eithers loſſe and praies.
Now after many bloody Fieldes, when none might eſtimate
The better or the worſer part, a Knight that ſaw the ſtate
Then preſent, and by likelihoods preſaged what might fall,
Said (hearing it the differing kinges and Soldiors almoſt all:)
We euer warre, and neuer winne, Edmund hath Fortitude,
Canutus Fortune, neither thus of other is ſubdude.
Death feares not vs, nor for their liues our Contraries doe care:
It followes then, that all muſt die, where all ſo deſpret are.
If all be ſlaine, then who ſhall ſerue our Princes that ſuruiue?
Or fence out Forrens: better one, then none of both ſhould thriue.
To thriue therefore, were not a-miſſe, that ſæing one of twaine
Wil Owner all, that onely they the quarrell doe maintaine.
Or if Combattanſie not pleaſe, the Land is rich and large,
And they Copercinors may liue, and vs of death diſcharge.

If Combat nor Partition be, then wil his Warre reuiue,
Till one suruiuing all of vs, wants one with whom to striue.
This sayd, the Kinges did marke and make a profit of the same,
And did conclude by Combacy to winne or loose the Game.
Within a little Iland nere, round which the Armies stand,
The kingly Champions trie their force, by fighting hand to hand.
They spur they' Horses, breake their Speares, and beat at Warriars (long
And then, dismounting, did renew a Battell braue and strong.
Whil'st either king thus Martially defends, and did offend,
They breathing, King Canutus sayd: we both I see shall end,
Ere Empier shall begin to one: then be it at thy choyce,
To fight, or part. With it their knights cry out with common voyce,
Deuide, most valiant Kinges deuide, enough ye haue of fight:
And so the Champions did embrace, forgetting malace quite.
Partition equally was made betwixt these Princes twaine,
And Brother-like they liue and loue: till by a deu'lish traine,
Earle Edricus, a Traitor to the Father and the Sonne,
Did murther *Edmund*: and his head (supposing to haue wonne
The fauour of Canutus so (presenting sayd (O king)
For loue of thee I thus haue done. Amazed at the thing,
Canutus sayd, and for that thou hast headed him for me,
Thy head aboue all *English* heads eralted it shall be:
The Earle was headed, and his head pold vp for all to see.
Of England, Danske, and Norway, then Canut was perfect Lord,
And in his triple Regment all with vertue did accord.
Harold, and Hardi-knought his sonnes, each the other did succeed:
of either which small certaine Fame of well or ill we reed:
Saue by their Raignes, to English-men did greuous thraldom breed.
But after Hardi-knought his death, the *Danes* were chased hence,
Not intermeding with the State of *England* euer since.

CHAP.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XXI.

OF foresaid Egelred his Sonnes, Alured, and his brother,
Was Edward King: (for Goodwins guile had made a way that other.)
Religious, chast, wise, fortunate, stout, francke, and mild, was he:
And from all Tares, wrongs, and Foes, did set his kingdome free.
By ouer-ruling of his Lords, intreating long the same,
Least, dying Issules, he leaue succession out of frame,
He tooke to Queene a Damsell faire: howbeit, by consent,
In vowes of secret chastitie their louing liues they spent.
The Father of this Maiden-wife, he sitting by the King,
And seeing one that stumbled, but not falling, vp to spring,
Did laughing say, the brother theare the brother well hath eas'd,
(His meaning was the Stumblers feet.) And hadest thou so pleas'd,
So had my Brother, quoth the King, bin easing vnto me.
The traiterous Earle tooke bread and sayd, so this digested be
As I am guiltles of his death: these words he scarcely spoke,
But that in presence of the King the bread did Goodwyn choke.
His sonne Harold, by Hardi-knoghts late daughter, him suruiues,
He, crossed by contrary winds, in Normandie arriues.
There Goodwyns sonne did take an oth, Duke William vrging so,
To keepe vnto the Duke his vse, when Edward hence should go,
The Crowne of England (claimed by Adoption, and by blood.)
But Harolde, after Edwards Death, not to his promise stood.
And for he was in wealth, in friends, in blood, and Armes strong,
And title had his Mothers right, he forced not the wrong:
But arming him against the Duke, so vrged vnto wroth,
Did seaze the Crowne vnto himselfe, contrary to his oth.
Whil'st William therefore works for War, King Harold had not rest,
For Harold Hare-foot King of Danes, and Norwaies, much oppresst
The English with his puissant Bandes. But Harold him assailes,
And after scarce and doubtfull fight, most valiantly preuailes:

And

And with the Norgayne Prince he ſtewe his people nimoſt all:
When, for deuiſion of the Spoyle, did much contention fall
Betwixt the King and Engliſh-men: and many a noble Knight
Not only murmor and maligne, but did forſake him quight.
Such mallice growing, William with his Normanes taking land,
Found hot-ſpur Harolde preſt in Armes, his puſance to withſtand:
And either Battell Marſhalled as either Captaine wild,
The King of England eagerly the Normane Dike behild,
And with his chearfull ſpeeches thus his men with courage fild.
See (valiant War-friends) ponder be the firſt, the laſt, and all
The Agentes of our Enemies: they henceforth cannot call
Supplies: for weedes at Normandie by this in Porches growe:
Then Conquer theſe would Conquer you, and dread no further Foe.
They are not ſtouter than the Brutes, whom we did hence exile:
Nor ſtronger than the ſturdie Danes, or Victorie erwhile:
Not Saxonie could once containe, or ſcarce the world beſide
Our Fathers, who did ſway by Sword where liſted them to bide.
Then do not ye degenerat, take courage by diſcent,
And by their Burgalls, not abode, their force and flight preuent.
Ye haue in hand your Countries cauſe, a Conqueſt they pretend,
Which (were ye not the ſame ye be) euen Cowards would defend.
I graunt that part of vs are fled and linked to the Foe,
And glad I am our Armie is of Traytors cleered ſo:
Yea pardon hath he to depart, that ſtayeth Mal-content:
I prize the mind aboue the man, like zeale hath like euent.
Yet troth it is, no well or ill this Iſland euer had,
But through the ill or well Support of Subiects good or bad.
Not Cæſar, Hengeſt, Swayn, or now (which nertheles ſhall fayle)
The Normane Baſtard (Albion true) did, could, or can preuayle.
But to be ſelfe-falſe in this Iſle a ſelfe-Foe euer is,
Yet, wot I, neuer Traytor did his Treaſons Scypend miſs.
Shrinke who will ſhrinke, let Armors wayte preſſe downe the burdned
My Foes, with wondring eyes, ſhall ſee I ouer-prize my death. (earth,
But ſince ye all (for all, I hope, a-like affected bee,
Your Wiues, your Children, liues, and Land, from Seruitude to free)
Are armed both in ſhewe and zeale, then gloriouſly contend,

To winne and weare the home-brought Spoyles, of Victorie the end.
Let not the Skinners daughters Sonne possesse what he pretends,
He liues to dye a noble death that life for freedome spends.
As Harold hartned thus his men, so did the Normane his:
And, loking wishly on the Earth, Duke William speaketh this.
To liue vpon, or lye within, this is my Ground or Graue,
(My louing Soulpiers) one of twaine your Duke resolues to haue.
Nor be ye Normanes now to seeke in what ye should be stout,
Ye come amidst the English Pikes to hewe your Honors out,
Ye come to winne the same by Launce, that is your owne by lawe,
Ye come, I say, in righteous Warre reuenging swords to drawe.
Howbeit of more hardie Foes no passed Fight hath spead ye
Since Rollo to your now Abode with Bands victorious lead ye,
Or Turchus, Sonne of Troyelus, in Scythian Fazo bread ye.
Then worthie your Progenitors ye Seede of Priams Sonne
Exployt this businesse: Rollons do that as ye wish be done.
Three People haue as many times got and for-gon this Shore,
It resteth now ye Conquer it, not to be Conqured more:
For Normane and the Saxon Blood conioyning, as it may,
From that consorted Stede the Crowne shall neuer passe away.
Before vs are our armed Foes, behind vs are the Seas,
On either side the Foe hath Holds of succour, and for ease.
But that Aduantage shall returne their Disaduantage thus,
If ye obserue no Shore is left, the which may shelter vs,
And so hold out amidst the Rough, whil'st they hale in for Lee,
Whereas, whil'st men securely sayle, not seldome Shipwracks bee.
What should I cite your passed Acts, or tediously incence
To present Armes: your faces shewe your hearts conceiue offence:
Yea euen your Courages deuine a Conquest not to faile:
Hope then your Duke doth Prophesie, and in that hope preuaile.
A People braue, a terren Heauen, both Obiects worthy your Warres,
Shall be the Prizes of your Prow's, and mount your fame to Starres.
Let not a Traytors periur'd Sonne extrude vs from our right:
He dyes to leaue a famous life, that doth for Conquest fight.
By this the furious Battells ioyne, a bloodie day to either,
And long they fight, the Victorie inclining vnto neither:

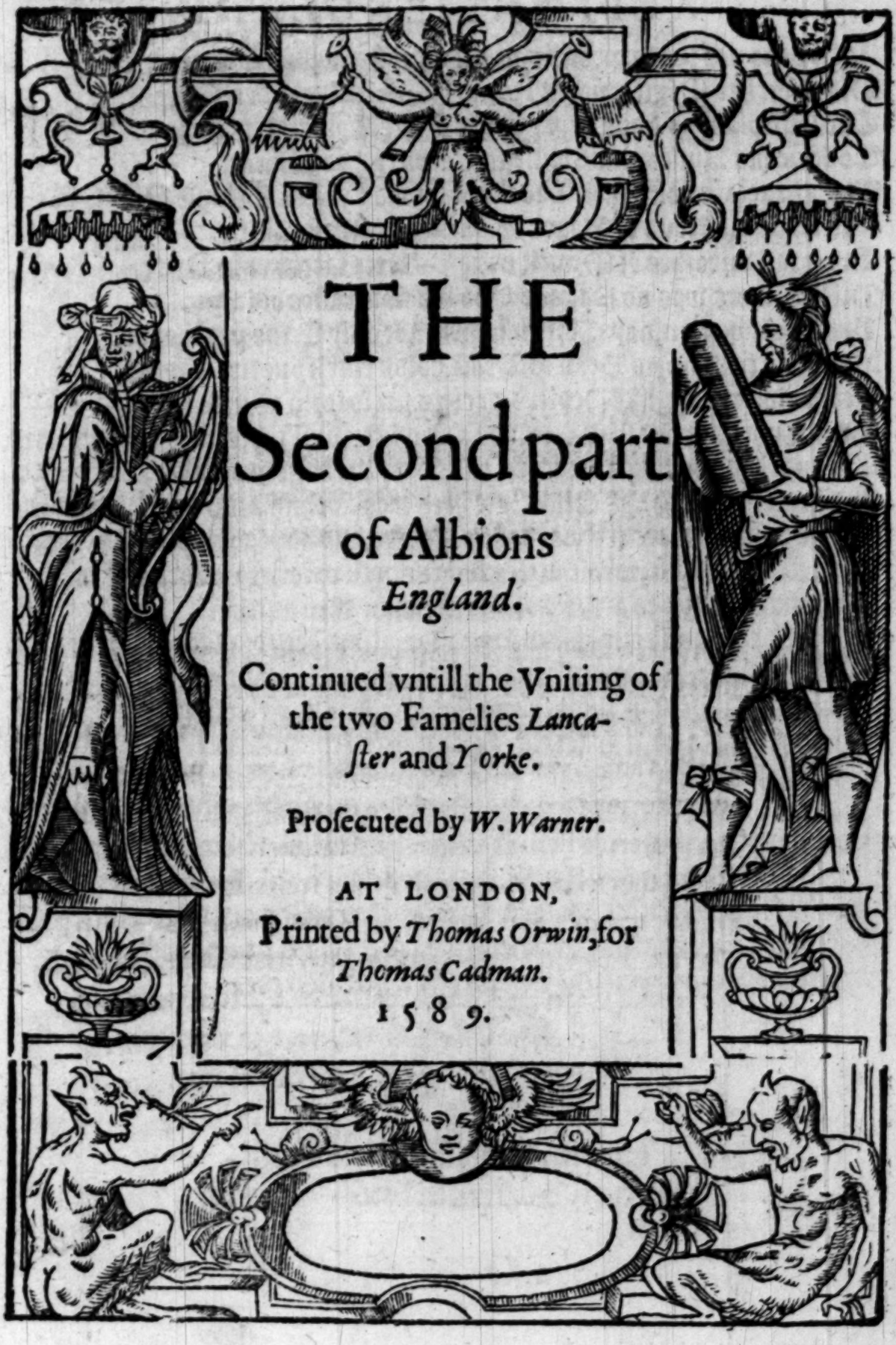
ALBIONS ENGLAND.

At length the English had the ods, who keeping close aray,
Unto the Duchie Forces gaue no entrance any way.
Who fayning feare, and Martially retyring as opprest,
The English so became secure, and followe on disperst.
To which aduantage, furiously the Normanes did returne,
And got a bloodie victorie. In vayne the English spurne
Amidst the Pikes agaynst the pricke: King Harold then was slayne.
From him began the Normanes sole, but soone conioyned rayne:
For second Henrie, Mawd her Sonne, freed Englands blood againe.
Since when (and euer may they so) that Of-spring ruled vs:
Of whose Coniunction in the Crowne, the Genalogue is thus.
King Edmund Irn-side Issue had Edward the Out-law: he
Had Margret: Mawd by Malcolme, (then the King of Scottes) had she:
Mawd to the Conqueror his Sonne, first Henrie, Mawd did beire:
This second Mawd, the Angeos wife, had second Henrie heire.

EDward, King Harolds Preregnant, of this same Change foretold,
Who present, and succeeding times thus, dying, did vnfold:
It is a World, to note (quoth he) the waies that men adore,
And how Hipocrisie hath bred of God-like Deuills store,
That speake to seeme, that seeme to shift, that shift to spoyle by gile,
That smooth, and sooth, and yet deceiue with Scriptum est meane while.
But let them heaue their hands to Heauen, they haue their hier in Hell,
That seeme deuoute to cloke deceipt, and say, but do not well.
The Rich are retchles in their willes, their liking is for lawe:
The Poore repine, and Goods, not theirs, by ydle Shiftings clawe.
The Lords and Landed ouer-rent, and cunningly the same
The Parasite doth ouer-reach, and beares away the game.
One riseth by an others fall, and some do clime so fast,
That in the Clowdes they do forget what Clymates they haue past.
But Egle-winged mindes that flye to nestle in the Sunne,
Their loftie heads haue leaden heeles, and end where they begun.
It is a common poynt on which the aged grosely ronne,
Once to haue dared, sayd, and seene, more than was euer done.
The Youth are foolish-hardie, or lesse hardie than they ought,
Effeminate, phantasticall, in fewe, not fewe are nought.

At Cyprus not the wanton Saint, nor yet her wylie Sonne,
Did want her Orgies: nor at Rome did Vesta lacke her Nonne:
The Lampsacens gaue Priapus his filthie Rytes: and Crete
To loue his Bulles: and Sicilie to Ceres tythed Wheat:
The Thracians with their Bacchanales did Lybers Temple fill:
And Italie did bloud of Babes on Saturnes Alters spill:
And fatall wreathes of Pyrtill boughes were sacred vnto Dys:
In fewe, there was no Pagane God his Sacrafice did mys.
But English-men, nay Christian men, not only seeme prophayne,
But Man to Man, as Beast to Beast, holds ciuell dueties vayne.
Yea Pulpits some, like Pedlers packes peeld forth as men affect,
And what a Synode shall conclude a Sowter will correct.
The rude thus bosting Litrature, one Schisme begets another,
And grosely though a Schisme, yet hath each Schismatike his Soother.
Meane while the learned want their Meede, and none with profite heares
The tedious Doult, whose artles tongue doth preach to wearie eares.
Here could I enter in a Field of Matter more then much:
But gesse that all is out of frame, and long time hath bin such,
And what shalbe let time disclose. This only will I touch:
A Greene Tree cut from withered Stocke, deuided Furlongs three
From proper Roote, it shall reioyne, and after fruitfull bee:
Thus sayd the King. And thus do some expound that Prophesce:
The Tree this Land, the Stocke and Roote the thralled English line:
King Harold, and the Williams twaine, the Furlongs some define:
Henrie the Normane that begot on Mawde his English Queene
Mawde, second Henries Mother, was the Trees Returne to greene.
King Stephen first, though not so firme, did in this Turne proceede:
But second Henrie perfectly restalled Wodens Seede.

FINIS.



THE Second part of Albions *England.*

Continued vntill the Vniting of the two Famelies *Lancaſter* and *Yorke.*

Proſecuted by *W. Warner.*

AT LONDON,
Printed by *Thomas Orwin*, for *Thomas Cadman.*
1589.

THE

Second part

of Albions

England.

Contained vnciſtche Vniting of
the two Kantones Lauca-
ſhaeand Zienſy.

Preſented by Iſ.

AT LONDON.

Printed by Thomas Orwin for
Thomas Cadman.

1589.

TO THE RIGHT HO-
norable my very good Lord and Maister, *Henry Carey*, Baron of *Hunsdon*:

Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter: Lord Chamberlaine of her Maiesties most honorable housshold: one of her Highnes Priuie Councell. &c.

With this second parte of our former Historie I continue (Right Honorable) towards your Lordship, a newe remembrance of mine old duetie. Most humblie beseeching your Honor to continue your self also a well-accepting Patron of this, that otherwise must and shall wander an Orphane: For where I would please rather than where I could profite, is, and euer hath been the Period of mine actions. Not to dedicate it at all, were contrarie to Custome: and to dedicate it to any other than to your Honor, whose Cognizance the former Part alreadie beareth, were (as I fancie) contrarie and not consonant to my duetie and decorum. Neither dispayre I, but, as the precedent, so this parte shall intertayne plausable Readers. At the least wise, meaning well, I presume not to haue merited ill: concluding, that if happelie it proue acceptable to your Lordship, only at such Acceptance I reare vp my Trophie.

Your Lordships most humble and duetifull Seruant. *W. Warner.*

To the Reader.

GEntlemen, and considerate Readers (for vnto yours & their courteſies and capacities, that alſo receiue and conceiue, commend I this brief Continuance of *Albions England*.) The former part, albeit Engliſh, yet by ſome of the too playne Plod hardly engliſhed, had (and that without iuſt accuſation) gone to execution, had not your Cenſures vouchſafed it Clergie. And yet ſuch impregnant and incapiable perſons, howſoeuer they ſhall now take me, did then miſtake, when they ſuppoſed that with *Orpheus* I harped to the *Thracian* women and Ruſticks. But that is paſt, and this to paſſe: which although I graunt to haue been my Burthen, and perhaps of ſufficiencie to prooue me not barraine, yet for ſome reſpects and imperfections do I accompt it but as an Obortiue: and by ſo much the leſſe do I loue it, by how much the more vnwilling I did labour it: as a thriftles trauell which the requeſt of Friends did importune me to performe, and I with ſmall or no fancie at all do now publiſh. Such neuertheleſſe as it is, I ſend it forth to courteous or contrarie Deuotions; with no better or other *Impreſa* than Fortune by-formed,

or *Matt* then W. W.

THE

THE SECOND PART OF ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XXIII.

Aſſiſted by thy former Bowne perſiſt, my Muſe, and tell
How by the Normaine Conqueſt here an other woꝛld befell.
New Lawes, not Laboꝛinths as now thꝛough wꝛeſted Quirkes, came in:
New Loꝛds alſo, at whome, foꝛ moſt, our aunciant Creſts begin.
The Engliſh ſinke, the Normaines ſwimme: all topſie tuꝛuie was,
Untill the Conqueꝛoꝛ had bꝛought his whole commaund to pas.
Then was one Edgar, ſonne vnto the out-law Edward: he
To holly Edward had been heire, had not King Harold be.
And William pleading tw by ſwoꝛd admits no milder law:
So Edgar in his ſweſt flight his ſafeſt iſſue ſawe.
Who with his mother (daughter to the King of Hungarie,
And Siſters) did attempt into his Grand-ſiers Realme to flie.
Thus Englands hope with Englands heire in one ſame Bark did ſaile:
When deſpꝛat from their villanage was Engliſh bloud of baile.
But God, that to the hopeles is not helpleſs, if he pleaſe,
Did dꝛiue the ſtoꝛme-beate Engliſh ſhip into the Scottiſh ſeas.
Where, caſt a ſhoꝛe, King Malcolme ſone had notice of the wꝛacke,
And did become a gracious Loꝛd vnto their pꝛeſent laꝛke.
And (Agatha a Uotariſſe) toke Margaret to Queene:
Pꝛoteſting Edgar, even by armes, againſt King Williams teene.
Untill by warre, and wiſe conuay, he ſo to paſſe did bꝛing
That Edgar reconciled was vnto the Engliſh King:

In credite, though withheld his Crowne: and thus at least did good:
His slight Scotch-queen'd his Sister, she regarded Englands blood.
For let we Edgar, gaynst the haer preserued as expresse,
And either William, luckie Kings at armes, interred rest:
And set first Williams pongest sonne, first Henry, on the Throne:
Through him the royall English and the Normaine bloods grewe one.
On Mawd, Scotch Malcolms daughter by the foresayd Margaret, hée
Had Mawd, that solie did suruiue her drowned brothers three.
Her, Empresse to the Emperour then newlie being ded,
Did Geffrey Plantaganet the Earle of Anioy wed.
And she vnto Plantaganet did second Henry beire:
Of England, Angeo, Gascoyne, and of Normandie the heire. (marrie,
Yet Stephen, first Williams daughters sonne, whom th'Earle of Bloys did
Did with the Empresse and her sonne now King, now Captiue, barrie:
But lastlie, tyred and inter'd all England by his death,
Was quietly second Henries: who was lawfullst heire by birth.
With Hengests blood our droupen Muse it also now reuiues:
For harshly sounds our Poeme, saue in matter where it thriues.
Let be our bitten Vine, we héere a blisfull Vintage gayne,
That did, and doth, and euermore vnblasted may remayne:
For this coriuall seede begot England English agayne.
From whence we note what Scepters, what discents, and turnes befell:
Lesse pleasing vnto some, perhaps, then toyes which many tell
That but of phanties, women, loues, and wantonnes can sing:
From which their tunes but pip their tungs and then they hang the wing.

THis second Henry, mightie both in Empyre and in Armes,
Was only by his Clergie crost with vnbeseeming harmes.
Perplexed therefore at th'apeales that waiward Becket made,
To some demaunding his disease at Normandie he saide.
Our Popes that seeme (they do but seeme) S, Peter to succéed
Who did denye, although deserue, high Styles to him decrée'd,
Are quite vnlike to Peter, and Popes thirtie three fore-past,
Who liu'd in miserie, and dyed by Martirdome at last.
Now need not Tyrants: Popes to Popes be Tyrants: and they all
Do wrest euen Principalities submissiue to their Pall.

Peter

Peter did sinne, and sinning to repentant teares did flye:
Popes sinne not, but to others sinnes giue pardon (els they lye.)
Christ washed feete, Kings kisse their feete, Christ gaue to Cæsar his,
They take, and say that either Sword in their subiection is.
The Pope did so our mothers Pheare the Emperour intreate,
As that his proude attempts I shame and sorrowe to repeate.
What cite I forraine matters: when our native Stories yéld
Of Pyters medling with our Sword an ouerplenteous feeld:
We offer Tapers, pay our Tythes and Vowes, we Pilgrimes goe
to euery Sainct, at euery Shrine we Offrings do bestoe,
We kisse the Pix, we creepe the Crosse, our Beades we ouer-runne,
The Couent hath a Legacie, who so is left vndone:
We fast the Eaue, we feast the day of euery Sainct they make,
Their howslings, Shrifts, and Sacraments most reuerently we take,
By tale we say Dirlones, and to words vnknowne Amen:
The Quier doth chaunt, we knocke our breasts we bowe & crosse vs then:
Their skaer-spright water, bored Boanes, their hostes, & what not brings
The Priest, the Frier, or Pardoner we count not holie things:
We seate them in our fattest Soyles for Pasture Wood and Spring,
We lodge them safe in stately walles, we sorrowing when they sing.
Their Belles call them from easie beddes to sing in gownes as warme,
But Larumes vs from restles Campes, by wounds to heale their harme.
And meete is so: but meete also that they, protected thus,
Be not vnquiet, but for their quiet pray for and further vs.
When our great Grandsier thought this Ile by Conquest cleerly wonne,
And entred Kent, what earst he did did seeme in Kent vndone.
A mouing Wood stole marching on, and hem'd his Armie round,
When all at once, their bonghes cast downe, was heard a warlike sound,
That to the Normaines did disclose an Armie ordred well,
Resolu'd to dye, rather then leaue the lawes where they did dwell:
(For so, in way of Parlie, did their mytred Stygand tell.)
Their Bishop, their Contriuer, and their cheefe Conduct was he:
By whose deuise the Conqueror, intrapped, did agree
To ratefie the lawes of Kent such as they were and be.
But, bearing in a common good with Crosiers crolling Crownes,
Proud Anselme in our Vncles raigne did farre exceede the bownes

Of Prelacie or pietie (for Church-men should be meeke:
Yet some in practise leaue what they of vs in preaching seeke:
For they that bid me do, and do themselues the good they bid,
Do leade me to the Substantiue, and leaue me not in *quid*.)
Yea, either of our Uncles thriu'd in forraine Conquests more,
Then gainst their Church-men, setting all their Kingdome in vprore.
One Prelate wrought the Pope to curse and crosse his Prince with foes:
Twixt others long ambitious Pleas for Primacie aroes:
And now, through Becket, to our selfe no lesser damage groes.
I haue had hardie Knights for warres, and helpfull friends in peace,
Yet helples friends, and hartles Knights, this Clergie-pride to ceace.
These words heard diuers present Knights, who vexed at the wrong,
Did, cleene vnwitting to the King, ariue in Kent erelong:
And at S. Bennits Alter, in the Minster of his Sea,
At sacring for a sacrafice the sawcie Clerke did slea.
That heard the Pope, canonizing the stir-strife Priest a Saint:
Insencing Kings against our King, till warres made Henry faint.
Then humbled vnto haughtie Priestes as Legates sent from Rome
He bacely bowes: and they to him for begged Pennance done
Purs-payne and heathen battells: and (which worser was decreede)
Barefoote he went, whom Monkes did whip till feete and bodie bleede.
Barefoote to Iurie fare the Knights, so dying for their deede:
Nor might they mend it, for as had euen Emperors did speede.

CHAP. XXIIII.

THe Kings fayre Leiman Rosamund, and how his Sonnes rebell
I ouer-passe. To Richard next the Dyadem befell.
He did in Cypris, Sycill, and in Syria warre and winne::
Whose glorie his confederate Peeres to enuie did begin:
And, warring with the Souldan, left the English King behinde:
Who left not fighting till he forst Conditions to his minde,
And of Ierusalem was King. But as he did returne,
The Austrich Duke, (whose reared flagge our wronged King did spurne

From

From Aconwalls, his victorie, did Richard intercept:
And him in easelesse prison for reuenge and ransome kept.
The Duke his daughter, as the King did there a Captiue lie,
Did labour stronglie in the loue she would but could not flie.
And sighing wept, and weeping spake, and speaking thus she said:
Richard through hate, through loue am I in diffring bands betraid.
My Harueſt hangeth in the grasse, and ere the proofe may blast:
Or Clew-led Theseus, from the denne of Minotaurus past,
To farre more harder starres than was poore Ariadne lefte
Leaue me he may: of all, yea, more than all, of him bereste.
Sweete Loue, Saint Loue, or rather I thy Saint and thou my God,
In such desarts let such decrite be, as should be, forbod.
The Gaylor, bribed, with his keies to stay or free him sent her.
Loue (louelie Richard) makes, quoth shee, that I this hell-house enter,
Hence make escape, remembring me that thus for thee doo venter.
Attentiue to her speech, but more retentiue of her shape,
The King, awaking to her forme, did sleepe his owne escape.
And giuing her a meeting kisse, quoth he, so God me keepe
As true desire to quit this good in me shall neuer sleepe.
Yet ransomlesse I will not hence: but fetching backe the lone,
When as thy Father shall repay to England tenne for one,
I bowe thy Loue a recompence: till when I liue to thee.
Thus seuer they: and ransome him ere manie weekes did free.
Soone after on the Belgicke towers he English flags did reare;
Austrich and all the Empire of his prowesse stood in feare.
Untill a desperate Stagler with an arrowe pierst his head:
And sent the wofull English home, their worthie Leader dead:
Thus Lyons-hart (his courage got that surname) lastlie sped.
To whom King Iohn, in courage not inferior to the other,
Succeeded: but in life and death more tragicke than his brother.

IN Scotland, Fraunce, Ireland, and Wales he warred, wearied leſſe,
Than by the Pope and English Priests wronged without redresse.
Nor was, saue from their Soueraignes death, their malice out of date.
Yet Iohn, saine they, but they, felt Iohn, did trouble Church and state.
When (for as Gaylers with Conuicts, so Popes deale with a falter:

Their sin-salue like the setting loose from Shackles to the haulter.)
When Masse, and all the Sacraments were Strangers many a day,
And that, so farre forth as it in the triple Myter lay,
Euen God himselfe was barred hence: and that, prostrate before
his Vassall Bishop Langtons feete, the King did grace implore:
When Peter pence were graunted, and the English Crownes to holde
By Rent and Homage of the Pope: and that for summes of golde
The French kings sonne was cursed hence, who els had wore the Crowne:
And that the reconciled King did seeme on surest ground:
Then he, whil'st he in progresse did at Swinshed Abbie lye,
Was poysoned by a Monke, that baend himselfe that Iohn might dye.
The Monke, more solemnely inter'd and long for then the King,
Was cause that diuers diuersly did constute of the thing.
Some charg'd the Popes of auerice, for that when Kings offend
They sell them peace: of pride, for that to them euen Monarks bend.
Of meere incharitie, for that to weake their priuate spight
Gainst Kingdomes Kingdomes they incense. And, worser, do acquite
Euen Subiects to allegiance sworne against their Lords to fight.
Of Treason, for that to intrap such as from them discent
With othes and all things they dispence. Some bid vs thus preuent.
Their sinnes and slightes, do not as they, nor deale with them, for why?
Who doth must liue their Vassall, or their Victorie must dye.
A merrie Mate, amongst the rest, of Cloysterers thus tolde.

THis cloystring and fat feeding of Religious is not olde
(quoth he.) Not long since was a man that did his deuoire giue
To kill the passions of his flesh, and did in pennance liue.
And, though beloued of the King, he liued by his sweate:
Affirming men that would not worke vnworthie for to eate.
He tolde the erring their amisse, and taught them to amend.
He councelled the comfortlesse, and all his daies did spend
In prayer and in pouertie. Amongst his doings well
High-waies he mended: doing which this accident befell.
A dosen Theeues to haue been hang'd were lead this Hermite by,
To whom he went, exhorting them as Christian-men to dye.
So penitent they were, and he so pitifull (good man)

As

As to the King for pardon of the Prisoners he ran,
Which got, he gaue it them. But this Prouiso did he add
That they should euer worke as he. They graunt poore soules, and glad.
He got them gownes of countrie gray, and hoods for raine and colde,
And hempen girdels, which, besides themselues, might burthens holde,
Pick-axe, and Spade: and hard to worke the Couent fell together,
With Roabes, and ropes, and en'rie toole for en'rie worke and weather.
So did they toyle as thereabout no Causie was vnwrought:
Wherefore new labours for his men the holy Hermit sought.
But at departure prayed them to fast, to watch, and pray,
And liue remote from worldlie men, and goeth so his way.
The holie Theeues (for now in them had custome wrought content)
Could much of Scripture, and in deede did hartelie repent.
But, when the countrie folke did heare of these same men deuout
Religiouslie they haunt their Celles: and lastlie brought about
That from the Woods to Building braue they wonne the Hermits crewe,
Who was from found-out worke returnde, and their Aposta knewe.
And going to their statelie place, did finde in euerie dish
Fat beefe and brewys, and great store of daintie fowle and fish.
He seeing their saturitie, and practising to winne
His Puples thence: Excesse, he said, doth worke accesse to sinne.
Who fareth finest doth but feede, and ouer-feedeth oft:
Who sleepeth softest doth but sleepe, and somtimes ouer soft:
Who clads him trimmest is but clad: the fairest is but faire:
And all but liue: yea, if so long, yet not with lesser care
Than formes, backes, boanes, and bellies that more homelie cherisht are.
Learne freedome and felicitie, Hawkes flying where they list
Be kindlier and more sound than Hawkes best tended on the fist.
Thus preache he promist abstinence, and bids them come away.
No hast but good: well were they, and so well as they would stay.
The godlie Hermit, when all meanes in vaine he did perceaue,
Departing said: I found you knaues, and knaues I doe you leaue.
Hence said this merrie fellowe (if the meriment be trew)
That Cloystring, Friers cloathing, and a Couents number grew.
This heard a simple Northerne-man, no friend to Monke, or Frier,
Or preaching Lymmer: for his speach disclosed thus his yre.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

A Fowle ill on their weazens, for they Carles garre syke a dinne,
That more we member of their iapes than mendes vs of our sinne.
At Ewle we wonten gambole, daunce, to carrole, and to sing,
To haue gud spiced Sewe, and Rosse, and plum-pies for a King.
At Fastl-eue pan-puffes: Gang-tide gaites did alie Halles bring.
At Palke begun our Morrise: and ere Penticost our May:
Tho Roben hood, liell John, Frier Tucke, and Marian deftlie play,
And Lard and Ladie gang till Kirke with Lads and Lasses gay.
Fra Halle and Eenlong sa gud cheere and glee on erie Greene,
As, saue our Wakes twixt Eames and Sibbes, like gam was neuer seene.
At Baptis-day with Ale and cakes bout bon-fires neighbors stood.
At Hartelmasse wa turnde a crabbe: thilke tolde of Roben hood,
Till after long time myrke, when blest were windowes, dares, & lights,
And pailes were fild, & hathes were swept, gainst Fairie-clues & sprites.
Rock, & plow Mondaies gams sal gang, with Saint-feast & kirk-sights.
Jis tell yee, Clearkes earst racked not of purpoe ne of pall:
Ylke yeoman fed moe poore toome wambes, than Gentiles now in hall.
Yea, ledge they were sa hally Writ, thilke tide was greater wrang
Than heretofore: tho words had sooth, na writing now so strang.
Jis na Wizard, yet I drad it will be warse ere lang.
Belyue doon lyther Kirk-men reaue the crop, and we the tythe:
And mykell bukish ben they gyf they tache our lakines blythe.
Some egge vs sla the Prince, and shewe a Bullocke fra the Pape,
Whilke, gyf it guds the sawle, Jis sure the craggie gangs till the rape:
Syke potion gyles the people, sa but syde gud Princes scape.
Sa teende our King his life, and song is *Requiem* for the Monke:
Gud King God rest thy sawle, but Feends reaue him bath sawle & tronke.
Such talke was long on foote, and still was quittance tale for tale.
Dunstone, quod one, made Edgar, earst an English Monarke, quale
For matter of lesse moment: euen for wedding of a Nunne,
Whom in her Cell the King espy'de, lou'de, wooed, and thus wonne.

THE same (quod he) that rules this Land, the same intreateth thee:
Thou maist, swéete Wench, vnto thy selfe deriue a Queene from me.
What lets, since none may loue thee more, vnles perhaps this Cell:
Too strict a place, wherein thy selfe, euen Beauties selfe, shouldst dwell.

Let

Let nature hide her barren formes and imperfections thus,
And in such Puritanes as thou commend her skill to vs.
Thou wrongest Nature, moldng thee to molde by thee as faer:
Thou wrongest men, that would beget the fruit which thou shouldst baer:
Thou wrong'st thy Countrie of increase: thou wrong'st me in like sort:
Thou wrong'st thy kinne of kindred: and thou wrong'st thy selfe of sport.
Shouldst thou but dreame what marriage were, thou would'st not liue a
One heart of two, two Soules to one, by Wedlocke is conuaide. (maide:
An husbands open kissings, and his secret coyings: nay,
The very Soule of Loue, more sweete than thou or I can say:
The ioy of babes which thou should'st beare: the Seruice at thy becke:
The swéete consorted common weale of household at thy checke:
Would make thee seeme a Goddesse. Who, because thou art not such,
Offendest God in hyding of thy Tallent. Too too much
Thou dotest on Virginitie, permitted, not impoes'd
On any, saue on such as for no such thy selfe thou knoest.
Els what should meane this penning vp, such vowing, and these Vailes,
Since Vessells only are of worth that beare in stormes their sailes.
The Seedsters of thine Essence had they béen as thou wouldst be
Thou hadst not béen. Then gratifie the same, thy selfe, and me:
And leaue these superstitious walles. Thou profitst not hereby,
Nor are we male and female borne that fruitlesse we should dye.
Then loue me: for, beléeue me, so will proue a Jubelie.
Her red, dispersd in shadowed white, did adde to either more:
To her of beautie, and to him Loue greater than before.
She claymes the places priuiledge, and faintly cytes a Text:
She pleades her birth too base, and playes the No-I of her Sex:
And fighteth as she would be foyld. But, prized, Dunstone makes
it Sacrilege: and for to wife the Recluse Edgar takes,
In twelue yeares would he not annoynt or crowne him King: and more,
Enioynes him seauen yeares pennance, and to edefie and store
Great Monestaries fortie, ere Indulgence could be got.
Thus Edgar for his Cloyster cheere did pay this costly shot.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XXV.

IOhns murther bred such murmur. But third Henry, Iohn his sonne,
Assisted chiefly by the Pope, his fathers Scepter wonne:
Who interdited Lewis, till he curst him into Fraunce,
And left to Henry prosperous raigne, till hapned this mischaunce.
A Parlament at Oxenford did derogate so much
From his prerogatiue, as that the Quarell grewe to such,
That ciuill warres betwixt the King and Barronage began:
Not ending, but with tragike ends of many a worthie man.
Brother to brother, sier to sonne, and friend to friend was foe:
All labouring (which they should vphold) their Countries ouerthrowe.
Now was the King a Captiue, and the Barrons by and by
His Conquest: and the ciuill strife too fast begot supplie.
My heart vnapts mine hand to write the troth of it too trew:
Euen warres Idea: more then tongue or eye can say or view.
But to conclude (which still concludes) the King he did subdue.
And shewes himselfe a gentle foe thus hauing wonne his peace:
And after liu'd in honor, and did happely decease.
Whose death (he warring with renowne in Syria) being knowne
To Edward, he resayled, and possest his fathers Throne.

THe hansell of his Scepter was, the Welchmen did rebell:
Of whom to Edward, though with losse, the Victorie befell.
Then on the French he warred, and a winner did resayle:
And for that Balioll, whom he made the King of Scots, did fayle
His homage, thence from Albanack to England due and done,
Against the Scots he greeuous, but a glorious warre begun.
Not Barwick, though for number bold vntill it flowed blood,
Nor any Scottish armes or hold, though infinit and good,
Might stay his awing prowesse, till he had their King his thrall,
And in that Land, by Conquest, made himselfe the Lord of all.
Then taking Scottish othes, which they did breake, and he reuenge,

With

With those Exploytes he French attempts as gloriously did menge.
Yea Paganes, French, Cambries, and Scots, remembring but his name,
Cannot forget their skarres he made, though enuious of his fame,
Matchles for Cheualrie: and yet his Iustice matcht the same,
Not partiall for the Prince his sonne, a rash vnbridled youth,
Whom he imprison'd, hearing of his outrages the truth:
And vnto whom he dying spake words worth report and ruth.
My life (quoth he) a warfare right in bodie and in soule,
Resignes my robed carkasse to be rotted in the moule.
If well I did well shall I do, if ill, as ill and worse:
And therefore (Ned) worke as I will vpon my blesse or curse.
When thou becom'st an earthlie God mens liues to ouersee,
Forget not that eternall God that ouerlooketh thee.
The least part of a King is his, all owing him, and none
Lesse priuate than a Prince, the weale or woe of euery one.
He and his people make but one, a bodie weake or strong,
As doth the head the liues, or liues the head assist or wrong.
Deriue thy lawes from wisest heads, to be vpholden still,
Not adding or abstracting as conceited Tier-braines will,
Be chéerefull, and in worke nor word be neither proud nor hot,
No sincere loue, but seruile feare, or neither, so is got.
Encourage good men by thy loue: reforme the bad by lawe:
Reserue an eare for either Plea: and borrowe least of awe.
Oppresse not rich men, seeking so to please the poore: for neither
Is to be doomed, but as right or wrong is found in either.
To loyter well deserued gifts is not to giue but sell,
When to requite ingratitude were to do euill well.
And (which saue for the ill-mist ill might els haue been forgot)
Be choyse, but chuse: for wiueless haue eth straunger, place, and shot,
Their heire, their home, and cost, which, saue the last, in deed are not.
Reforme thee euen to day: vnapt to-day lesse apt to morrowe:
Youth aptly offers vertues such as yeares vnaptly borrowe.
For he that plies the lappes and lippes of Ladies all his prime,
And falles to Armes when age fayles Armes, then also loseth time,
As if a Beare in Mone-shine should attempt the Mone to clime.
Well haue I driuen out my date, and well thy daies shall runne,

If thou proue not my Glories graue, nor I plange in my Sonne.
The ouer-weening of thy wits doth make thy Foes to smile,
Thy friends to weepe, and Clawbackes thee with Soothings to begile.
Yea, those thy purses Parrasites, vnworthie thine estate,
Do loue thee for themselues, nor will they leaue thee but too late.
I blesse thee; if thou banish them, and curse thee, if they bide:
My blisse and curse be at thy choyse. And so he shortly dyde.

FOrthwith as second Edward, sonne to Edward, wore the Crowne,
He to promote his Flatterers did put his Nobles downe.
So Robert Bruz, then King of Scots, found ingresse for his Armes:
Recouering Scottish forces, and did spoyle our men by swarmes.
Barwicke in fine, and all erst wonne, and more then all was lost:
Yet of more multeous Armies we than Scotland were at cost.
No Land deuided in it selfe can stand, was found too true:
To worser then the warres abroad the home-bred Quarells grewe.
Grange-gotten Pierce of Gauelstone, and Spensers two like sort,
Meane Gentlemen, created Earles of chiefe accompt and port,
Enuying all equalitie, contriue of many a Péere
The wrested death: those fewe that liue liu'd mal-contented héere.
God Thomas Earle of Lancaster, on whom the rest relye,
The chiefe and grauest of the Péeres, did ouer-warred flye
Into the Woods: whereas himselfe and state he did bewray
Unto an Hermite: vnto whom he, sighing, thus did say.
Happie are you sequestred thus from (so I may deuine)
Our common wracke of common weale: for how it doth decline
Through wilde and wanton Guydes in part I feele, in part I aime,
By Presidents too like, and fire too likelie here to flame:
Yeare (if you haue not heard) what fire, our leisure fits the same.

CHAP. XXVI.

THe Spartanes warre for rapted Queene, to Ilions ouerthrowe,
The Monarke of Assyria chang'd, and Latine Kings also
For Tarquins lust, yea how with vs a double chaunge did groe,

When

When Brittish Vortiger did doate vpon the Saxons daughter,
And Buerne for his forced wife from Denmarke brought vs slaughter.
I ouerpasse. Who knoweth not Ireland, our neighbour Ile?
Where Noe his Neece, ere Noe his flood, inhabited a while.
The first manured westerne Ile, by Cam and Iaphets race:
Who, ioyntlie entring, sundrie times each other did displace:
Till Greece-bred Gathelus his broode from Biscay did ariue,
Attempting Irelands Conquest, and a Conquest did achiue.
Fiue Kings at once did rule that Ile, in ciuill strife that droopes,
When fierce Turgesius landed with his misbeleeuing Troopes.
This proud Norwegan Rouer so by aides and armes did thriue,
As he became sole Monarke of the Irish Kingdomes fiue:
Erecting Paganisme, and did eiect the Christian lawe:
And thirtie yeres, tirannizing, did keepe that Ile in awe:
Nor anie hope of after helpe the hartlesse Irish sawe.
Alone the wylie King of Meth, a Prothew plying fauor,
Stood in the Tyrants grace that much affected his behauor.
For what he said that other soothde, so ecco'ing his vaine,
As not an Irish els but he a petite King did raine.
Turgesius frends that Vice-roy for his daughters loue the rather,
And therefore for his Leiman askt the Damsell of her Father.
Ill wot I what they know that loue, well wot I that I knowe
That that browne Girle of mine lackes worth to be beloued so.
I haue a manie Neeces farre more fairer than is she,
Yet thinke I fairest of those faires vnworthie you, quoth he,
But she and they are yours, my Lord, such Beauties as they be.
This Preface likte the Tyrant well, that longed for the play:
Not well contented that so long the Actors were away:
Oft itterating his demaund, impatient of delay.
Now haue I, quoth the King of Meth, conuented to your bed
My Neeces, and my daughter loath to loose her Maidenhead.
But doubt not Sir: coy Wenches close their longings in their palmes,
And all their painted Stormes at length conuert to perfect Calmes.
Alonelie if their beauties like (as likelier haue we none)
You may conclude them women, and the Goal therefore your owne.
To morrow, seuered from your Traine, vnlesse some speciall fewe,

Expect them in your chamber: where I leaue the game to you.
Yet when your eie hath strucke your heart of her that likes you best,
Remember they are mine Allies, vntoucht dismisse the rest.
Sweete also was this Scene: and now vnto an Act we goe.
The Irish Princesse, and with her a fifteene others moe:
With hanging Glybbes, that hid their necks, as tynsel shadowing snoe.
Whose faces verie Stoickes would Narcissus-like admire:
Such Semeles as might consume Ioues selfe with glorious fire.
And from the Smith of heauens wife allure the amorous haunt,
And reintise the Club-God Dys, and all his dinells to daunt.
And make the Sunne-God swifter than himselfe, such Daphnes chaced,
And Loue to fall in loue with them, his Psichis quite disgraced:
These rarer than the onely Fowle of Spice-burnt Ashes bread,
And sweeter than the Flower that with Phæbus turneth head.
Resembling her from gaze of whom transformde Acteon fled,
From Meth came to Tergesius Court, as Presents for his bed.
In secret was their comming, and their chambering the same.
And now the lustfull Chuffe was come to single out his game.
His Pages onelie and a youth or twaine attending him:
Where Banquet, Bed, Perfumes, and all were delicatelie trim.
Ye giues them curteous welcome, and did finde them merrie talke:
Meane while (the Harbengers of lust) his amorous eyes did walke.
Nore clogde with change of Beauties, than King Midas once with gold.
Now This, now That, and one by one he did them all behold.
This seemed faire, and That as faire: and, letting either passe,
A Third he thought a proper Girle, a Fourth a pleasant Lasse,
Louelie the Fifte, linelie the Sixt, the Seuenth a goodlie Wench,
The Eight of sweete Complection, to the Ninth he altreth thence,
Wildlie Maiesticall that seemes she: Tenth modest looke and tongue,
Th'Eleuenth could sweetlie intertaine, the Twelfe was fresh and yong.
The Next a gay Brownetta, Next and Next admirde among.
And eurie feature so intycte his intricate affection,
As liking all alike he bude confounded in election.
Sweete harts, quoth he, or Iupiter fetcht hence full manie a Thefte,
Or hether brought he Thefts, that heere their Leiman Children lefte.
Here wandring Cadmus should haue sought his missed Sister, wheare

Faire

Faire Leda hatch her Cignets, whilſt nor Cocke nor Henne did feare,
How manie view I fairer than Europa or the reſt:
And Girle-boyes, fauouring Ganimæde, heere with his Lord a Gueſt.
And Ganimædes we are, quoth one, and thou a Prophet trew:
And hidden Skeines from vnderneath their forged garments drew,
Wherewith the Tyrant and his Bawdes with ſafe eſcape they flew.
Of which yong Iriſh Gentlemen and Methean Ladies act
The Iſle was filled in a triſe: nor anie Iriſh ſlacke
To proſecute their freedome, and th-amaſed Norgaines fall:
Which was performed, and the King of Meth ertold of all.
Theſe Rouers (whoſe Originals, and others not a fewe,
As Switzers, Normaines, Lumbardes, Danes, from Scandinauia grewe:
A mightie Iſle, an other world, in Scythian Pontus Clyme)
Thus wracke, lefte Ireland free vnto our ſecond Henries time.
When, farre vnlike the Methes that earſt their Countrie did reſtore,
An amorous Quéene thereof did cauſe new Conqueſts and vprore.
Dermot the King of Leyniſter, whom all beſides did ſpight,
Did loue, belou'de, the Quéene of Meth to whom he thus did wright.

THy King, ſweéte Quéene, the hindrance of our hearts-eaſe is away,
And I, in heart at home with thée, at hand in perſon ſtay.
Now is the time (Time is a God) to worke our loue good lucke:
Long ſince I cheapned it, nor is my comming now to hucke.
But, ſince our fire is equall, let vs equallie aſſiſt
To finiſh what we fancie, ſay Maligners what they liſt.
No like immortall ſhe-Egge Chucke of Tyndarus his Wife,
The wracke of Dardane walls, ſhall moue to vs like coſtlie ſtrife.
Thy huſband no Atrides is: or were it he were ſuch,
The Idane ball-Iudge did not more, but I would doo as much.
For why? thy ſelfe, a richer cauſe of warre, art worthie ſo:
Whom to continue euer frend, I careleſſe am of foe.
My Kingdome ſhall containe thee, that containeſt me and it:
Yea, though we be condemned, Loue or armour ſhall vs quit.
Loues lawe, at leaſt, adiudgeth barres, cleere bookes to pleade in breefe
Preſcription to obiections how his paſſions be our cheefe:
For none doth liue not paſſionate of loue, yre, mirth, or greefe.

I wayte thee in the neereſt woods, and thether, watching watch,
Doe waite eſcape: of all things els my ſelfe doe care diſpatch,
Let onelie Loue (ſweete Loue) perſwade, if more remaine to woo:
I hope I wiſh not more be done, than what you meane to doo.
This read, and red her cheekes, and to his reede alreadie bent,
Not calling further doubts vnto her Paramour ſhe went:
Conueyed vnto Leyniſter. Not manie weekes enſewe,
When Morice King of Meth returnes, and what had hapned knewe.
A whirle-winde in a whirle-poole rooſt that paire of doues (quoth he)
The ſingle ſtate is double ſweete, at priſe too deere I ſee.
How woo we woe: and wonne, how loath we fowle, and doubt we faire:
And onelie then lacke women faults, when men their faults forbeare.
The diuell goe with her, ſo that I with credite might forgoe her,
But ſuch doth ſinne with fauour, he is flouted that doth owe her.
I may not put it vp, vnleſſe I put vp manie a mocke.
Fowle fall that Harrolde cauſing that my Geltrone is the ſmocke.
He wroth, and wronged, and his wrong a common quarrell made,
Aſſiſted by the Iriſh Kings did Leyniſter inuade.
King Dermote, whom his ſubiects then and long ere then did hate,
Was left defenceleſſe, deſpeat of his life, depriu'de his State,
And fled to England: where the Pope imbulled had of late
England for Irelands Conqueſt. So the Exile welcome was,
As apteſt Inſtrument to bring that Stratageme to paſſe.
For but to be reſeated was the Fugitiues requeſt,
And then to tribute part, and leaue to Engliſhmen the reſt.
King Henrie, yet in warre elſe-where, did freelie licenſe anie
To make aduenture for themſelues: ſo Dermot ſped of manie.
Earle Strangbowe, and the Geraldines, Fitz Stephans, Reymonde, and
Doe worthie Knights, of Wales for moſt, did take the taſke in hand:
And to the Crowne of Englands vſe, made Conqueſt of that Lande.
But ſhould you aſke how Dermot ſped (Father) he ſped too well:
And nothing els the Iriſh bookes doo of his Leiman tell.
Alone obſerue what changes heere through onelie luſt befell.
And note our England ſurfetteth in greater ſinnes than it,
The onelie cauſe that I an Earle an Exile heere doo ſit.
The Countie thus concluded, and the Hermit anſwered this:]

CHAP.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XXVII.

TO lose an Earldome, and to liue an exile, what it is
I cannot tell: but not to haue what may be lost were bliss.
I will not speake of Coiture, nor of Conception, naither
It fits I should, for neuer made I Grandsier of my father.
But mine experience at our birth begins it birth, I speake
How than do we no creature worlds lesse helpfull or more weake.
From birth our Infantie throughout we liue as not aliue:
To others diuersly a care, we senceles how we thriue.
No sooner we vncradell, be we females, be we boyes,
But we affect so many, and (God wot) such foolish toyes,
And are too apt for dangers, and so apt to shift the same,
As aptly vanities by terme of childishnes we blame.
Thence growe we to more strength and sence: still senceles howbeit
Of vice or vertue: bettring by correction, not by wit:
Gamesome, not caring who takes care: nor can we saue or get.
Next but demies, nor boyes, nor men, our daungerous times succeede:
For vanities erst aymed at we shortly act in deede.
Wilde roysting, wanton loue, or els vnthriftie shots and game
Do cuppell, ere we finde our fault, distresse vnto defame.
Perhaps experience beating vs doth bid vs lay to thriue:
The first degree to which (say some) is warelie to wiue.
But, wiued, if our Saint become (as not vnlike) a Shroe,
Then is that first degree to thrift the third degree in woe.
Or be it she be constant, wise, well intertayning, faire,
Do graunt her silence, patience, and what vertues els be rare,
Yet by how much more she deserues so much more we desire
To please and profite such an one: for whom and hers we tire
Our selues and sences: yea perchaunce, labour the most we may,
Much labour is too little that should houshold charge defray.
We aged carke to liue and leaue an ouerplus in store:
Perhaps for spendalls: so amidst aboundance liue we poore.
Our heires waxe sickish of our health, to long our here abod,
Meane while, the nearer to our graues, the further we from God.

Grippell in workes, teſtie in words, lothſome for moſt at length,
And ſuch at foureſcore as at foure for manners, witte, and ſtrength.
Our Infancie is feeble, and our luſtie youth vnſtayde,
Our manhood carking, and our age more lothed than obayde.
And thus from firſt to laſt our liues be fruitleſſe and vnquiate.
But you, perhaps, expect I ſhould of nouelties intreate.
I haue no tales of Robin Hood, though mal-content was he
In better daies, firſt Richards daies, and liu'd in Woods as we
A Tymon of the world: but not deuoutly was he ſoe,
And therefore praiſe I not the man. But for from him did groe
Words worth the note, a word or twaine of him ere home I go.

THoſe daies begot ſome mal-contents: the Principall of whome
A Countie was, that with a troupe of Yomandrie did rome:
Braue Archers, and deliuer men, ſince nor before ſo good:
Thoſe toke from rich to giue the poore, and manned Robin Hood.
Who fed them well, and lodg'd them ſafe in pleaſant Caues and Bowers,
Oft ſaying to his merrie men, what luſter life than ours?
Here vſe we Tallents, that abroade the Churles abuſe or hide,
Their Coffers excrements, and yet for common wants denide.
We might haue ſterued for their ſtore, and they haue dyeſt our bones,
Whoſe tongues, drifts, hearts, intice, meane, melt, as Syrenes, Foxes,
Yea euen the beſt that bettered them heard but alwſe our mones. (ſtones,
And redelie the Churles could prie and prate of our amis,
Forgetfull of their owne, when their reprowfes had prowſe as this:
*It was at midnight when a Nonne, in trauell of a childe,
Was checked of her fellowe Nonnes for being ſo defilde.
The Ladie Prioreſſe heard a ſtirre, and ſtarting out of bed,
Did taunt the Nouaſſe bitterly. Who lifting vp her hed,
Sayd, Madame, mend your hood (for why ſo haſtely ſhe roſe,
That on her head, miſtooke for hood, ſhe donde a Chamons hoſe.
*I did amis, not miſſing friends that wiſht me to amend:
I did amend, but miſſed friends when mine amis had end:
My friends therefore ſhal finde me true, but I will truſt no frend.
Not one I knewe that wiſht me ill, nor any wrokt me well,
To loſe, lacke, liue, time, frends, in pucke, an hell, an hell, an hell:

Then

Then happie we (quoth Robin Hood) in merrie Sherwood that dwell.
Thus sayd the Hermite. But no more of him I list to tell.
Grammarian-like, in order words significant to speake:
Logitian-like, to reason pro and contra am I weake:
Rhetoricall I am not with a fluant tongue to ster:
Arithmetike in nombring hath subtracted me from her:
Geometrie her Plattes, Bownes, and Proportions passe my strayne:
Not Musicke with her Concords or her Discords breakes my brayne:
Nor yet Astronomie, whose Globes doth Heauen and Earth contayne.
Let faire Mnemosine her bowde their thrise thrée selues explayne.
Expect not here Anotamies of Lands, Seas, Hell, and Skyes,
Such length, bredth, depth, and height I balke: nor would I be so wise,
Least, knowing all thing els, I should not knowe my selfe precise.
The Skyes contayne the fierie Lights: Clowdes moysture: and the ayre
Winds Birds and Vapors: men & beasts the vpper Earth doth beare:
Her Bowells Wormes and Mettalls: Seas to Fishes proper are:
Whom this Astrologie, and this Cosmographie misleeke,
Beneath the Earth, beyond the Mone, further then farre must seeke.
Signes workings, Planets Junctures, and the eliuated Poale,
With thousand topes and tearmes wherein our curious Artists roule,
Be straungers to my Cell: yet loe as sound a minde and harte
As theirs that calculate their times, eate, sleepe, and wake by arte.
What was the world before the world, or God ere he was God,
Why this he did, or doth not that, his bidden, or forbod,
I dare not thinke, or arrogate such Mysteries deuine:
Faith with her fruites significant suffice these wits of mine,
To loue God, and our neighbour as our selfe is all in fine.
One Law and Gospell was and is, and eithers drift is thus,
To shewe vs how the Law doth kill, and Gospell quicken vs.
Which Corasiue and Lenatiue of Simples made Compound
Do rather cure, he kindly heales that also feeles his wound.
This is my Rest: if more I knewe I should but knowe too much,
Or build in my conceited brayne too high aboue my touch,
Or els, agaynst the hare in all, proue topous: euen such
As be too many blockish Clerkes and bookish Clownes, extreeme
In all things saue in honestie, that haue no zeale but seeme.

As for the Court it is, you knowe, become a skittish Coult,
Of wise men hardlier mannaged than of the glorious doult:
Vice rides on horsebacke, vertue doth from out the saddell boult.
Where all deformities in forme in some one man we see:
More garded then regarded, franke not to continue free,
When as the Marchants booke the Map of all his wealth shalbe.
The Muses bacely begge, or bibbe, or both, and must, for why?:
They finde as bad Beskoed as is their Portage beggerly.
Yea now melancholie walkes and threedbare coates we gesse
At Clyents and at Poetes: none worke more and profite lesse:
None make to more, vnmade of more, the good of other men,
For those inricht our Gownests, these eternize with their pen.
Yet, soothly, nodds to Poets now weare largisse, and but lost,
Since for the Noddant they obserue no pen-note worth the cost:
For pallace Hermites liue secure obscure in roules imbost:
Their liues so left in Limbo, here from month to month vntost.
Some fewe there be much honored, well worthie of so much,
Once wanting, wealthie, then and now in either fortune such.
But many a braue bace blood there is more lordly then be Lordes,
Who where himselfe once coucht and bowde nor cappe or becke affordes.
But should we sinne (God shield we should in smallest sinnes offend)
What smaller sinne than skoffe such fooles so skornfull to no end?:
The Souldiers haue nor pay nor pray, but (if I may be bolde)
Themselues be prayd vpon by some that do it vncontrolde.
And whilst the same on shore or seas be ouerset or pine,
Or'e Cuppes, on Cushions, full secure we victorie define.
We cast what may be done, but keepe the helpes meane time away,
And diat thriftelie our friends to giue our foes a pray.
The Citizens, like ponned Pykes, the lessers feede the greate.
The rich for meate seeke stomackes, and the poore for stomackes meate.
And euery where no Gospell is more gospelled then this,
To him that hath is giuen, from him that hath not taken is.
Court, Citie, Countrie, Campe, and I, at odds thus euen bee,
I intermeddle not with them, they intercept not mee,
For still I tether thence mine eyes, so here mine heart is free.
Beleeue me, Sir, such is this world, this crosse-blisse world of ours,

That

That Vertue hardlie hides her selfe in poore and desart Bowres.
And such be best that seeme not best: Content exceedes a Crowne:
They may be richer, but more sweete my pennie then their powne.
For wrest they, cark they, build they, sport they, get they woulds together,
At first or last they die from all, and passe they wot not whether:
Then comes their pelfe in plea, them selues not prapsed at a feather.
And then (for so the Princes of great Alexander did)
Greedie of his, they striue and let the dead-man stinke vnhid.
Or he that had a Countrie hath, perhaps a Coffen now:
Perhaps lesse cost, a Sheete and corse: perhaps his heires allowe
The toombe him selfe aliue had build, els tombles might he lie,
As, saue for fashion, tearelesse. And it matters not: for why
Testators and Executors so giue and so receaue,
As doubtfull whethers isy or greefe is more to take or leaue.
For, as doe hogges their troughes to hounds, so these giue and get place:
Death, not the Dier giues bequests, and therefore but Graue-grace.
Nor all die testate: if they doe, yet wiles may wills preuent:
Or what by rigor was misgot, in ryote is mispent.
Then Churles, why are they Churles vnto them selues and others too:
The good that commeth of their goods, is good them selues shall doo.
But men doo walke in Shadoes, and disquiet them selues in vaine,
To gather Riches, ignorant to whom they shall remaine.
The world thus brooding Vanities, and I obseruing it,
Heere in the world, not of the World, such as you see me sit.
The Earle did well allow his words, and would haue liu'de his life,
Durst he haue staide, for whome pursute in eurie place was rife.
He reconuenting armes therefore, and taken Prisner so,
Died to his Countries frends a frend, and to her foes a foe.

CHAP. XXVIII.

NOR might the Queene & Kings owne Sonne escape the Spencers pride.
But, fearing, fled to France, & there as banished abide:
Till thence supplanted, safelie at Henaude they prouide.
Iohn, brother to the Earle, a knight of Chiualrie the cheefe,
With little, but a luckie band, was shipt for their releefe.
No sooner had the Zealand ships conuaide their men ashore,

But English Succors daily did increase their Standerds more.
Yet first the Quéene, Prince Edward, and the Nobles humblie craue
Theirs and their Countries enemies, but no redresse might haue:
And then Sir Iohn of Henaude shewde him selfe a warrior braue.
The King, his wicked Councellors, his big Upstarts, and all
Were ouercome. So Spencers both from heauen to hell did fall,
Put to a fowle and shamefull death: with others, that misled
The King in Out-rages more great than earst in England bred.
Polers, Blood-thirstie, Parasites, Make-shifts, and Bawdes did thriue:
Nor was an ancient English Peere vnbanisht or aliue.
For forreine and domesticke Swords, Plague, Famine, and Exile,
Did more than tythe, yea tythe the Tythe of men within this Ile.
Of Baldricks, Hoodes, Tabrides, & Furres, from Knights disgraced tore.
Attaintures of Nobilitie, and Armes reuersed store:
So manie Spurres hewen off the héeles, and Swords broke ouer head,
Were through a King so light, and lewde a Councell neuer read.
The King, in Prison, and deposde, tyrannised he dide,
By trecheries of Mortimer, that rulde the Roste that tyde,
Whilst Edward, in Minoritie, his Fathers throne supplide.
This third of that same Name, as yet in Nonage, for a time
Although a King, was vnder-kept by some that ouer-clime.
Queene Mother, and prowde Mortimer, familiar more than should,
Did and vndid more than they might, not lesse than as they would:
Till Edward, better counselled, hong Mortimer, the death
Of manie a Peere: who Earle of March, scarce worshipfull by birth,
Was Lord of nyne score dubbed Knights, his other traynes except,
For greater pompe than did his Prince this Lord of VVigmore kept.
But more he had béen happie, though lesse hautie in his Halls:
More honour in humilitie, than safetie in walls:
Prowd climers proue not monuments, saue only in their fals.
The senseless pride of Fooles therefore, whom reuerentlie we ride,
Should lessen, at the least because that earth their earth shall hide.
The Countrie purgde of Fleecers, and of Flatterers the Court,
The King became a Mars for Armes, and Iupiter for Port.
Th-Olympids, the Pythea, and the Prowesse of the Earth,

Did

Did seeme euen now, and not but now, to haue in him their birth.
East, South, and North, gaue ayme farre of, admiring so the West,
As if that Mars discarding them had set our Realme his Rest.
Philip Valois, and Dauid Bruz, of power and courage more
Than anie French or Scottish Kings, since or of long before,
Confederate with three other Kings, and Princes farre and neere,
Warre all at once on Edward: but did buy their warring deere.
Dauid, rebelled, left his land: but lastlie did returne:
And, whilst our King did warre in Fraunce, much did he spoyle and burne:
And prowde of mightie Troupes of men, of vnresisted prayes,
And Edwards absence, prosperouslie he on aduantage playes.
Untill, not sending hence for helpe, the Queene did muster Knights:
And with the Foe, though tripled twice, victoriouslie she fights.
The Scots for most did perish, and their King was Prisner taine:
And Scotland wholly for a pray to England did remaine.
Meane while was Paris scarcelie lefte, to rescue Philips Goale,
Whom Edward ferrits so from holde to holde as Fox from hoale,
That melancholie he deceast: and valiant Iohn his sonne
Was crowned King of Fraunce: and then the warres afresh begonne.
But after manie fields, vnto the Foes continuall wracke,
The French King, captiuated to the English Monarke, backe
His Victor sailes, the Prince of Wales, Edward surnamed black:
The flower of Chiualrie, the feare of France, and scourge of Spaine,
Where Peter, dispossest of Crowne, was crownde by him againe.
Fower peres the French, eleuen peres was the Scotch king prisners heere:
Whose, and the Dolphines ransomes were as great as good their cheere.

PRince Edward, Iohn of Gaunt, and all their Fathers sonnes might bost
Of famous Sier: and he of sonnes matchlesse in anie Coast.
Howbeit, King and Prince at last, misled by counsell ill,
Through Taxes lost a manie hearts that bore them earst good will.
Thence finding Fortune contrarie to that she was before,
Yet either dying seaz'd of French and Scottish Conquests store.
Yea Callice late, and Barwick yet of their Explortes is left:
Though Sonne before the Sier, and both of liues long since bereft.
When Barwick was besieged, and stood brauely at defence,

Sir

Sir Alexander Seiton, there cheefe Captaine, had pretence
To linger forth the Siege, till Scots should draw the English thence
To rescue of Northumberland: and therefore sent his sonne
As Pledge to treate a Truce: and when the guile-got Truce was done,
And Barwicke not relæued, nor resigned as it ought,
Two Sonnes of Seiton were before the walls besieged brought:
They readie for the Iybbet, and their Father for his Graue,
When either he must yeelde the Towne, or them he might not saue,
In greefe he then his Countries cause and Childrens case reuolues:
But, partiall vnto either, he on neither Choyce resolues.
To be a loyall Subiect and a louing Father too
Behoued him: but both to be was not in him to doo.
Nature and honour wrought at once, but Nature ouer-wrought,
And, but his Ladie it preuents, to yéeld the Towne he thought.
O what pretend you Sir, quoth she, is Barwick worth no more
Than error of such loue. I ioy that I such Children bore.
Whom cruell Edward honoureth with such a Cause of death:
For that especiall cause for which we all receaue our breath.
Euen for their Countries cause they die, whose liues for it be dewe.
Why sée their faces, (constantlie she did their faces viewe)
The same, my Seiton, seeme so farre from dreading anie woe,
As if they scorn'de that Barwick should redéeme them from the foe.
Full deere they were to me vnborne, at birth, and borne, and now,
And Mother-like I moane their death, and yet their death allow.
Moe Sonnes, and such, you may beget: your honour if you staine,
Defected honour neuermore is to be got againe.
Preuent not then your selfe, your Sonnes, and me so great a blis:
Adiew, and die, sweete Sonnes: your soules in heauen shall liue for this.
With such perswasions did she winne her husband from the walls.
And Edward executes their Sonnes: and to assault he falls
So long that Barwick yeeldes at length, and still vs master calls.

THESE were the daies when English armes had eurie where request,
And Edwards Knights throughout the world had prick & praise for best.
Not Knights alone, but Prelates too, & Queenes: whereof were twaine,
The quondam and in esse Queenes, by Armor honour gaine.

By

By warre the Quéene that was did ceaſe her huſbands tragicke Rayne:
And by the Quéene then being was the Scotch King Priſner tayne.
It followes then, that as the Pawnce doth cirkle with the Sonne,
So to the vice or vertue of the Prince are people wonne.
O that our Muſe might euermore on ſuch a Subiect ronne.
But Vulcan forgeth other Tooles, and sharpneth deadlier ſwordes:
For little els then ciuell warres our following Penne affordes.
French Expeditions badly thriue, whereof we ceaſe to ſpeake:
Not forraine, but Domiſticke warres, grewe ſtrong to make vs weake.
Melpomen here might racke her wittes, Sylla nor Marius hate,
Pharſalian Fieldes were gentle Frayes, regarding this debate.
The ſecond Richard, ſonne vnto the blacke Prince (Edward dead)
Was crownde an Infant: and from him the Stratagem was bread.
The bace attempts of Ball, of Straw, of Lyſter, tag, and rag,
Of Villains, Of-ſkoms, Clownes, & knaues ỳ check-mate durſt to brag
With Richards ſelfe, and to their deathes his chiefeſt Princes drag,
Till Walworthes girdle-Armor made the Armes of London more,
Becauſe his courage chiefly gaue an ende to that vprore,
And what ſo els Occurrants much may interrupt our Vayne,
Digeſting Yorke and Lancaſter, acquiring eithers Rayne,
Our Penne ſhall not endenyzen. Now drops it ſacred blood
Of Wen-Gods, Engliſh Potentates that in this Faction ſtood.
Richard begun that ciuell warre, that till the Seauenth from him
Did laſt: though often fieldes with blood of Citizens did ſwim.
Againſt the Nobles he vphild innoble: and his Peeres
And Commons went alike to wracke: nor God nor man he feares.
In fewe, Ambition, Auerice, and Councell lewd had wrought
In him a nature worſer than into the world he brought:
Whereby, and thus, himſelfe and houſe at length a down-fall cought.
Twixt Mowbrey Duke of Norffolke, & the Duke of Hertford, ſonne
To Iohn of Gaunt, cloſe Conference of better daies begun.
The King (ſayd Henry Hertford) more remiſſe than doth beſeeme,
Leaues Fraunce to French, Scotland to Scots, and vs to woes extreeme.
His Flatterers do fleece the Crowne and Commons, not a State
Doth or dares councell, auncient Coates that on the Crowne ſhould wate
Giue aime to baſtard Armorie: what reſteth then but this?

Plucke downe those grating Harpies that seduce our King amis,
If worthles still, set vp a King worthier than he that is.
The other, saying little then, immediatly reueales
The secrete, and before the King his Foe-made frend appeales.
Whose Gauntlet rayled by the Duke defendant, at the last
It grewe to single Combate, when the King his Warder cast:
And to the Duke of Norffolke iudg'd for euermore exile:
And selfe same lawe Duke Henrie had, saue for a lesser while.
Thus That did This, but This & That their Judge did thus begile.
And to his Coffers did escheate a world of wealth, a Pray
Unto his Parasites, which thriu'd by others mens decay.

Meane while (whose actious life had lawd) did Iohn of Gaunt decease:
So to the banisht Duke his Sonne fiue Cronets did increase.
But with his kindly aire the King withheld him all the same:
Till entring, ayded by his frends, he wonne beyond his clame.
For Richard was impriſon'd, and by Parlament put downe,
And Henry Duke of Lancaster elected to the Crowne,
The Lyne Lancastrian frollicke, but the house of Yorke did frowne.
For to those Hydra-kinded warres that after did ensue
Those Famelies gaue name: though first the Diadem was due
Unto the house of Clarence, till to Yorke that intrest grewe
By marriage, here omitted: for we only giue a view,
How Yorke misraigning, Lancaster did enter: then how This
Was dispossest, That repossest, and how their Union is.

THE

THE SIXT BOOKE OF ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XXIX.

HEnrie, the fourth so named, bild the King deposed strate
In Pomfret Castell: howbeit in honorable State.
And got an Act, that who so wrought the Prisner to restore,
That Richards self, to voyd their hope, should dye the first therefore.
Whose birth-brought Nature, gentle Lord, returning whence it strayd,
Now altred him, erst altring it: and Richard mildly sayd:
I must not say I am, and would I might not say I was,
Of great the greatest: lesse they greeue from whom doth little passe:
Nor more it greeues to contrarie the same I haue been, then
To haue deserued not to be vnmaliced of men.
Thus humbled and full penitent liues he, lesse mal-content
Than was the Duke of Exeter his brother: whose intent
Was at a Justs to haue destroyd King Henrie: but descryed,
Himselfe, fower such, and many Knights the death of Traytors dyed.
And by these primer Yorkests thus King Richards date grew out.
But whether brayned, famisht, or exiled rests a doubt:
For often Uprores did ensue for him, as vndeceast,
Howbeit solemnely interr'd, himselfe, or Signe at least.
Twise by confederate Chiualrie the Percies and their frends
Did fight and fall: for either warre to Henries honor ends.
He neuer had but warre, and was victorious euermore,
Aswell at home, as also of his Foes on forraine Shore:
Till lastly Armor ouercame all Enuie, and he liues
Of all beloued, and his death a common sorrowe giues.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

HOt-spur his Sonne, Henry the fifth, hung at his Fathers eyes,
To watch his Goste, and catch his Crowne, and that or ere he dyes.
And where the Father doubted if he got it well or noe,
The Sonne did sweare, how so it came, he would it not forgoe.
His bad did blisse the Bad, the Gwd dispayre all gwd. But neither
Did aime aright: for sodainly his chaunge deceiued either.
Of good becomming best, that was of ill the baddest, and
The true perfection of a King was not but in this Land.
He lead good fortune in a line, and did but warre and winne.
Fraunce was his Conquest: Scots but bragge and he did beate them in.
A frend vnto well doings, and an Enemie to sinne.
Yet of the Yorkests neuer lackt he Princes that rebell:
Nor other than confusion to their still coniuring fell.
In fewe, if any Homer should of this Achilles sing,
As of that Greeke, and Myrmidon, the Macedonian King
Once noted, would I note: both Prince and Poet happiest men,
That for deseruing prayse, and This for well imployed pen:
For well this Subiect might increase the Worthies vnto ten.
He aged thirtie sixe deceast: and left his infant Soune,
His Kingdome, Conquests, and his Quéene, whose Fathers Realme he wonne
To graue protection, Regents, and so royall for the port,
As that his Orphants Cradle seem'd an Alexanders Court.
Quéene Katheren, Daughter of the French, King Henries wife of late,
The fayrest Ladie in the West, hild with her sonne Estate.
She oft behild, and hild her peace, a braue Esquier of Wailes,
That tyde her fancie to his forme, till fancied forme preuailes.
All liking was reuersed Loue, saue Owen Tuder: all
Saue him, that durst not dreame such gwd, to her was lesse then small.
She formally, by quaint degrees, atracting him to fauor
Did nourish burnings in her selfe, by noting his behauor.
She pitched Tewe, he mashed. She vncompaned, To flie
He bids her solitarie modes: She askes the remedie.
Disclosed pangs sometimes, quoth he, in Phisicke Phisicke is.
Which sometimes to obserue, quoth she, doth Patients patience mis.
Cureles to Æsculapius and Apollos selfe am I:
The latter felt my languor, and, immortall, wisht to dye.

And yet, saue one, no one disease lay hidden to his Art:
For you were boteles then to gesse how to vngréene my smart.
Had Daphne to Apollo been Apollo, Tuder said,
His might haue been, and so may be, your Graces humor staide.
Ye, other Gods and Goddesses, found more contented Loue
Beloe in diffring bosomes, than in equall beddes aboue.
I aime at Loue (for thereto your Aenigma doth incline)
And ayme to him a Deitie for whom I so deuine.
But gladlie doubt I of the Man, for if I doubted not,
I should but massaker my lacke in enuie of his lot:
Yet are vnworthie of the Mone Endymions lippes, I wot.
But (for I will disperse the mystes of further Mysteries,
And togh the Pinnisse of my thoughts to kenning of your Eyes)
If Gentrie, Madame, might conuaie so great a good to me,
From ancient King Cadwallader I haue my pettigree.
If wealth be said my want, I say your Grace doth want no wealth:
And my suppliment shalbe loue, imployed to your health.
It hath been when as heartie Loue did treate and tie the knot,
Though now, if golde but lacke in graines, the wedding fadgeth not.
The goodlie Quéene in bashfull signes blusht out a dumbe Replie:
Which he did constur as she meant, and kist her reuerentlie.
Tuder, quoth she, I greater am then would I were for thee:
But can as little matter Loue as Lessers in degree.
My Father was a King, a King my Husband was, my Brother
He is a King, a King my Sonne, and I thy Soueraignes mother:
Yet Fathers, Husbands, Brothers, Sonnes, & all their Styles together,
Are lesser valewed than to liue beloued of my Tuder.
Should England, France, and thou thy selfe gainsay thy selfe for mine,
Thy selfe, France, England, nor what els: should barre me to be thine.
Yea, let them take me wilfull, or mistake me wanton, so
My selfe in loue doo please my selfe let all the world say no.
Let Pesants marte their Marriages, and thriue at peraduenture:
I loue for loue: no gentle heart should fancie by Indenture.
But tell me, Owen, am I not more forward than behoues:
I am, swéete Hart, but blame me not, the same that speaketh loues.
And long may liue, quoth he, ts loue: nor longer liue may I,

Than while I loue your Grace, and when I leaue disgraced die.
But Ladie, if I doe deserue, I then desire dispatch:
For manie are the iealous Eies that on your beautie watch.
Good hap is like to hit me well, to hit so well is rare,
And rarenesse doth commence my sute, let sute conclude my care.
Should Cæsar kisse (he kissed her) it were but such a kisse:
And he, and I, heere, or elsewhere, in other sport, or this,
Doe act alike: no bettring but as your belouing is.
You may experience, when you please, what diffrence in the men:
And if King Henrie pleased more, blame Owen Tuder then.
But am I not (yes, Sweete, I am) more sawsie than behoues?
Yet for my heart forgiue my tongue, This speaketh, and That loues.
How he imprisond did escape, and ell-what ell-where reede.
The Queene and this braue Gentleman did marrie, and their Seede
Began that royall Race that did, doth, and may still succeede
In happie Empire of our Throne, a famous Lyne in deede.
Once, when this Match was at a poynt, they merelie disposed,
Did descant what from vulgar tongues thereof would be supposed.
They will beleeue me amorous, or thee so maited as
Was Vulcan, that at Lemnos vnto Venus matched was,
The Queene did say. And Tuder said: I hope of hansell better,
In Venus and in Vulcans names more lieth than the letter.
For he was as I would not be, She as you will be neuer:
Either so apt to giue and take as pitie them to seuer.
I pray thee, Owen, quoth the Queene, how met they, canst thou tell?
I can he said, and more than so, then marke the processe well.
When Vulcan was a Batcheler, and Venus was vnwed,
Thus wode he her, thus wonne he her, thus wode, and wonne, hee sped.

CHAP. XXX.

VEnus the fairest Goddesse, and as amorous as faire,
Belou'd of Mars, and louing Mars, made oftentimes repaire
To Vulcans Forge: as to see wrought for Iupiter his Fire
And thunders, Mars his Armors, and the Sonn-waines curious tire,
When they, in deed, of merriments in Loue did there conspire.

And

And laſtlie did conclude the Smith a Stale vnto their ſport:
Wherein did Venus play her part, preuailing in this ſort.
Vulcan (quoth ſhe) no God there is I thinke but needeth thee:
For Thunders Ioue, Ceres for Sieths, for Armors Mars I ſee,
Bacchus for prewning Knives, and Pan for Sheep-hookes, Phœbus he
For Cart-tiers, Dis for ſhakling chaines, Neptune for Ankers, and
No God but lackes thee, ſauing I that aſke not at thy hand.
My Swannes do draw in ſilken Geeres, my wheeles be ſhod with downe,
No hardnes is in Beauties Coach. But thou, by birth no Clowne,
But Ioue his Sonne, a God as we, art made a drudge too much:
When, if that Venus might be heard, thou ſhouldeſt not be ſuch.
How apt are all in thoſe ſame toyles that tende to their behoſe
To let thee beare till backe dooth breake: but common is the proofe,
That cunning is not cunning if it ſtandeth not alofe.
By this had Vulcan hammered his heate, and bad to ſtay
The Bellowes: and he lymping from the Anfeeld thus did ſay.
My buſines, Venus, is ydoe, now may I tend to play.
What wodſt thou: for I member ſcarce thy arging by my fay.
Wodſt that I leaue the Forge, and that I God-it with the Gods:
If ſo thou meanſt, thy meaning and my meaning be at ods.
Sweeter my Bellowes blowing and my hammers beating is
To me, than trimmeſt fidling on the trickeſt kyt ywis:
Aſke whatſo-elſe I haue to giue, thous maunde it for a kis.
As if, quoth ſhe, my kiſſes were ſo currant vnto all:
No, not at all to Vulcan, if his kindneſſe be ſo ſmall.
I aſke thy proper eaſe, then earne thy proper eaſe, and aſke
More than a kiſſe: at leaſt wiſe do thy ſelfe from Mars vntaſke.
He is my Foe, frend thou not him, nor forge him Armes, but let
Him luſke at home vnhonored: no good by him we get.
What lets but that we may become Superlatiues: Of vs
All ſtand in neede, we neede not them. Then gaue ſhe him a bus.
And ſaiſt me ſo, quoth Vulcan, and vnto the Trough he hies,
And ſkowres his coalie fiſts and face, and with his apron dries
Them, badlie mended, and vnto the Queene of Dalliance layes
That Mars ſhould luſke at home for him. Then guilefull Venus playes
Her part ſo well, that on her lappe his head the Dotard layes.

And

And whilst vpon her prest Thies (no Haven for such Hulke)
He lolls, and loades her with the weight of his vnwealdie bulke,
And whilst she coyes his swtie Chéekes, or curles his sweatie top,
The Groshead now and then, as hapt, a thred-bare terme lets drop.
Then laughes he like a horse, as who would say, trow said I well?
But soone his wits were Non plus, for his wooing could but spell.
This fitted her: for so before twixt Mars and her was ment,
Though not that she so cunnigly should Mars of Armes preuent:
But him to stawle in store, not els employde, was her intent.
Her Lubber now was snorting ripe: and she meane while was glad.
That for to serue her turne elſ-where so good a Staile she had.
What passe I, thinketh Venus, on his forme or fashions rude?
For, letting forme and fashion passe, one fashion is pursude
In getting Children: at the least, who so the Childe shall git,
It shall suffice that Vulcan is the same shall father it.
Now Mars in heauen, Anchises and Adonis on the earth
May earne for Babes: for Vulcan shalbe parent at their birth.
May, be it that he should espie false carding, what of it?
It shall be thought but ielosie in him, or want of wit.
Him frownes shall threat, or smiles intreate, and few will iudge, I winne,
If it shall come in question, that to Cockhole him were sinne.
Whilst thus she thinketh in her selfe the Ciclops did awake:
And, to be short, more doings passe and they a marriage make.
But wonder did the Deities, when bruted was the match,
That he so fowle a Thick-skinne should so faire a Ladie catch.
They flout him to his face, and helde it almes to arme his head.
Well Venus shortlie bagged, and ere long was Cupide bread:
And Vulcan (in like heresie of fathering as moe)
Did racke his Art to arme the Lad with wings, with shaftes, and bow,
Most forceable to loue or hate, as lists him shotes bestow.
When Vulcans Venus had obtainde her Cupide armed thus,
Then (for we wish that all besides be sutable to vs)
She, of the Gods and Goddesses before the wanton noted,
Was of the Gods and Goddesses for wantonnesse out-coted:
Not one but wexed amorous, yea euen Diana doted.
Loues Mother had direction of his arrowes, and she wilde

him

Him hit the Son-God: for because he, blabbing, had behild
Her dalliance with Adonis: so that vexed Phœbus loues (moues.
Fayre Daphne, whom nor wooes, nor vowes, nor gifts, nor greatnesse
Successes therfore, and inrag'd, he bastards Cupid: and
(For stoutly on their honestlies do wylie Harlots stand)
Venus did chaise: and of the Gods their strife came to be skand.
Disperling then her goodly haires, she bar'd so sweet a face,
As from the sternest Godhead might extort subborned grace.
Fast at her side clung naked Loue, a louely boy in deede:
And Vulcan, benched with the Gods, his wife did thus proceede:
When Phœbus had alreadie tould his tale with sence and heede.
He sayes that touching chastitie my hauiour was amis:
Which proued, or disproued, then in you to sentence is.
Ah, listen whence it is, ye Gods, that Venus is abused,
Because that Phœbus making Loue to Daphne was refused.
If that were wrong, the wrong must then by Phœbe be excused,
Who rescuing her Votarisse did so preuent her brother.
But be it that this Boy of myne, not seeing one from other,
Did hit him, for the Sonnes offence should he maligne the mother?
And shall I tell the Childes offence? Why thus forsooth it was:
He fitted him to such a Loue as did for Beautie pas.
But if he say it needles was, because it boted not,
I say, that Beautie beggeth if by posting it be got.
He wooing like himselfe in post did kisse the post, and she,
Too good to be his forced Trull, is now become his Tree.
His speeches too, though spoke by one, concerne in credite three,
Myne Husband, and my selfe, and Sonne, Gods, and as good as hee.
Now wo am I, we seuerally are, as it were, arayned
Of Cuckoldrie, of Spous-breach, and of Bastardie: though sayned,
Yet too too forcible I feare to be forgot of some:
For slaunder set on foote, though false, is talkatiuely dome.
Malicious (for thy malice is thy matter all in all)
Is it to harlotize, thinkst thou, a Goddesse wrong too small,
But thou must forge it from the Earth, euen from the Sheep-rote? May,
That colour lacketh colour thou thy selfe I troe will say.
Ambicious, fayre, and amorous thou tormentst me: if so,

Unlikely to disparge my selfe or bacely stoope so loe.
But being such, and knowing thee in very deede the same,
Might, leauing petite loues, haue found thy selfe my readiest game:
For Phœbus is a Leacher, eis are many tongues to blame.
Better no bad of mine (nor neede I feare that fault in thee)
Thy bad doth passe by probat, but a Quere is for mée.
Perhaps (such as it is) my forme may forge to his pretence:
Since Beautie is a common marke, apt therefore to offence.
Well, be it Beautie doth attract, attracting is belou'd,
Beloued courted, courted woome, and wonne to action mou'd,
Yet from such causes such effects what Consequence hath prou'd?
For Daphne was, I wot, full faire, and well can Phœbus court,
Yet Daphne chastly did withstand, and Phœbus mist his sport.
My husband, though by trade a Smith, for birth out-brau'd of none,
And louely vnto Venus, though misliked of many a one,
Way for his plainnes also fit my foes inuective drifts:
As who would say, I wedded him to salue vp other shifts.
By Styx I vowe, although I should exceede my selfe for fare,
Yet Venus would be Vulcans; and he knowes I truely sware.
He is in deede no Gallant, yet a God, and meerly free
From imperfections, such at least as pay not marriage fee.
And for his plainnes, to be plaine, the rather chose I him:
For such as he liue best, loue best, and keepe their wiues most trim.
When Roysters either roue at change, be peeuish, or precise:
Faire women therefore matching thus lie not, say I, vnwise:
Iudge not by such presumptions then, they add but to his lies.
And thus ye haue a Medlie of his malice and my mone,
His vice, my vowe: and lastly rests your sentence to be knowne.
If Mercurie should pleade my Cause, he could but set me cleare.
God causes neede not [illegible]rious termes, and equall Iudges heare
The Equitie, not Eloquence, and so I hope will yée:
And so shall gratefull Venus sayle vnder your gracious Lée.

So, putting finger in the Eye, the Deities discent:
Some hild with Phœbus, some with her. Which strife did Vulcan stent.
My Wife, quoth he, more honest than her Cuser is, I troe,
Shall not ywis be buled by the squandring Pollo so.

She loues me, I durst sweare, and saue my selfe she loues no moe.
And why should you or I beleeue his yea before her no?
Troth, sayd the Gods, since Vulcan is contented we are pleas'd.
And so the Variance was by him thus wittelie appeas'd;
Phœbus his Plainte did quash: but so he after-times did watch,
As that Sir Hoznsbie had by proofe he was a louing Patch,
When Mars and Venus playing false his wier Net did catch.
Now riddle, Madame, if those tongues that make Sunonamies
Of them and vs proue Oracles, what should thereof arise?
That more, quoth she, which you haue sayd than in the Letter lyes.
But names infect not, nor receiues your Riddle Prophesie:
If ought fore-sayd be ominous should any feare tis I.
When so the Quéene had sayd, then to this more proceeded hée:
Vulcan, Venus, Cupid, Sol, and Daphne turnd to Trée:
Were tennis balles to euery tongue of euery Deitie.
Tush Tush, quoth Pan, gay Venus and the gentle Youth her sonne
Are blameles blamed. What thinke you would Phœbus then haue done
Had he in loue bin crost as I? And then he thus begun.

CHAP. XXXI.

THe Gotebeards of Hyrcania bild their Orgies vnto mée:
And there was I, vnseene of them, the Festifall to see.
Now had they censed, and with glée late were the offered Kids,
When as they fel to Rowndelaies, and I the Rownd amids.
Not Satires, or the Naiades, were halfe so nimble as
This countrie Consort (for each Lad was sorted with a Lasse.)
There was a trickling Girle, I wot, albeit clad in gray,
As peart as bird, as straite as boult, as fresh as flower in May,
As fayre as Cupids Mother (or thrugh him it is I erre,
(If so I erre) for why his shaft had fired me to her)
She daunsing dyed her Lillie Cheekes, whil'st I for loue did dye:
And as inuisible I stood (what boates it me to lye)
And mew with breath her sweet-stole breath, so acting syntrallie,

The feast was done, and all vndone that I did wish to doe:
My Deitie adiourne therefore, in humane forme I woe.
And first (because that first they should approach vs Gods) I fayne
My selfe a Priest: for well I wot they seldome woe in vayne.
I made me smug, and with a Text did intermix a toye,
And tould how fine and fayre a life our Clergie-Femes inioye:
And how our leisure fitted Loue. And let it sit (quoth she)
To such as lust for loue: Sir Clarke, you clergesie not me.
Then came I curious in my silkes (But who would thinke that Pan
Could play the Courtier?) and did fayne my selfe a iollie man.
I talkt of Castles, Mannors, Parkes, and all things more than mine.
To course (quoth she) am I for you, and you for me too fine.
Then Souldier-like I sued, and did boast of Battels many,
And standing on my Manhood would not be coniu'd of any.
I sometimes proffered kindnesse, such as came not to the push,
But checked for my boystrousnes was balked with a blush.
Then play I maister Merchant, and did pipe her by the booke:
I spake of great Accompts, Receites, nor little care I tooke
For rigging and returne of Ships, her lippes meane while my Pen:
Ply Sir (quoth she) your busie trade, you are besides the Ten.
I seeme a countrie Yeoman: Then a Craftsman: both in vayne:
The former was too lumpish, and the latter worse of twayne.
Do what I could, I could not do whereby her loue to gayne.
Then thought I, out of doubt as I a God fayne Manhood, so
This is transform'd Diana for some practise meant beloe.

A yeare was past, and I past hope through coyish chast denyall:
And yet I could not but persist in quest of further tryall.
I met God Pryapus (for he, not Venus sonne it is
Abuseth vs, This darteth Loue, That driues to lust amis)
Seest ponder Clowne? quoth Pryapus (not far-of was a Loute
With neare a handsome rag, himselfe lesse handsome sole to snout:
Lesse wel-form'd, or more il-fac't, and like Clenchpope loke and lim,
Lesse mannerd, and worse gated than this Saturnis-Eeue-made Slim,
God neuer made, since God made Man, if euer God made him.)
That Lob, quoth he, and ponder Lasse that this way driues her Gotes
Do marke them Pan: you may obserue from them vnthought-of notes.

I

I knew her for my Minion wench of whom I earſt did tell.
Firſt blende they heards, and forthwith lippes: and after billing fell
To other ſport, ſuch ſport ywis as would haue likte me well.
Muſt I, thought I, giue aime to ſuch a Skrub and ſuch a Saint,
That Skowndrell, and this Counterfeit: confounded ſo I faint.
How chéere you Pan, quoth Priapus, the ſhameles God of luſt:
Thus can I fit ſuch frends as you with ſuch a Trull of truſt:
(We were indéede ere then at odds). So Priapus he left me,
When he had brought me to this ſight that néere of ſenſe bereft me.
But thus I loathed where I lou'de, and learned not too late
That coyeſt are not chaſteſt: that the gayeſt Females mate
With Loutes as ſone as Lordes: that Loue is lucke not ſhifteleſſe fate:
That cowled, celled, he, or ſhe, whoſo, or whereſouer,
Or Votarie, or Secular, ſcarce one prooued neuer.
To Pans report did Mercurie replie and thus recite:
Of Cupide and of Priapus doth Pan diſtinguiſh right.
But let be Luſt, a word or two of Loue and of his might.

I Entring Gueſt-wiſe on a time the frolicke Thæbane Court,
Mine eye preſented to mine heart a Nymph of louelie Port.
Her knew I not, nor knew ſhe me, vnknowen therefore vnkiſt
I loyter on the Earth, meane while in Heauen not vnmiſt.
My Senſes helde a Synode, and enacted Actes diſpute:
And nothing els I did affect but to effect my ſute.
For whenceſoeuer Loue proceédes, or whatſoere it bee,
Or whoſoeuer loueth, Loue tormenteth in degree.
Mine Eye conuaide it to mine Heart, mine Heart controwlde mine Eye:
Yet Loue retriu'de it ſelfe, I lou'de not knowing whom or why.
Then did I ſéeke, and finde (who am no Milkſop as ye wot)
Acquaintance in the Court, the which the niceſt balked not.
Nor ſmallie did my ſhape, my tongue, and tunes (no common geere)
Preferre their Maſter to a place about their Miſtres néere.
When ſhe did ſigh then did I ſob, I laught if ſhe did ſmile,
And by officious Forgeries pretended to begyle.
But her, not coy, I found ſo chaſt, as ſaue a kiſſe or twaine,
I nothing got: although in all I vained to her vaine.

From ill therefore I grew to worse, from worse to worst: for why?
Through ouer-louing at the length I loued iealouslie.
My Stomacke left me, euerie sense had imperfection then,
My colour ceast, and, sicke, I forge contrarie cause to men.
So manie Quaames came ore my heart as newes to eare or eie
Of others commoning in sport, or courting seriouslie.
No Corsiue to Corsiualls, and no death vnto despaire:
I did not hope, yet held I on with cost to nourish care.
Sometime, attired by the booke, I faind a merrie cheere:
Sometime I droped, and did weare disorderlie my geere.
But how-soere I came to her I found her still the same,
Gamesome enough to intertaine, and yet for me no game.
And though enuiouslie I aym'de at others better speede,
Yet, too preciselie, did I sift such doubts were more than neede.
Then rowling vp my selfe, I with my selfe did reason thus:
No follie were in Loue if so no follie were in vs.
Where Mercurie is layd aslepe may others lay a straw:
The Louer and Beloued are not tied to one Law.
Because I am the same I aim should She not therefore bee
The same she is: mine is to loue, but hers to disagree.
Then Mercurie be to thy selfe thy selfe, these thoughts begile
With meeter thoughts: thou lingerst in losse too long a while.
Thinke not thy greatnesse, or thy gifts, or gracious eyes may get her:
A Fole more foule may seeme more faire, Loue may thinke bad the better.
If she determine Chastitie, then falls thy sute to ground:
Or if some other be preferd, then better lost than found:
Likte, or misliked, to thy Loue should reason be the bound.
Or Women loue to be belou'de of change of Tyants, or
Uncertaine where to finde them with the Egle or the Dore.
Albeit Beautie moues to loue, and Loue doth make thee sue,
Better at first be Non-sute, than at length not to subdue.
Such Reasons seeming plausible, I fleeting whence I loued,
By ablence and new Exercise old Passions were remoued.
So did I loue, and so I left, so manie a scorne, and scoffe,
Care, cost, disgrace, and losse of time were and may be cut off.
And women so lesse stand aloofe, when men can so be wise:

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

So lesser sute hath lucklier speede, than to be too precise.
Not women, but our wilfulnesse, doth worke our owne vnrest:
Though Bewtie, Loue, and they lacke fault, we may abuse the best.

SO helpe me Iupiter (quoth Mars) in Loue so may I speede,
As Mercurie and Pan doo erre in points of Loue in deede.
Precisians and plaine Plodders (such is This, and so is That)
In Loue doo swallow Cammels, whilest they nicelie straine a Gnat.
Why what be Women? Women: gelde the latter sillabell,
Then are they nothing more than Woe, their verie name dooth tell.
Their yea, or no, euen when they sweare they loue or loue vs not
Beleeue who list: soone be they gone, as sodainlie are got.
What neede we creepe the Crosse to giue vnto a begging Saint?
Tush, tush, a Flie for booke-Loue, none be fortunate that faint.
Not paper, pursse, or kerchiefe Plea lets Fancie sooner loase
Then at the Shrine to watch the Saint: Shee is not coye, but cloase:
Pollitians knowe to cheapen, what to offer, when to skoase.
The Clowne, no doubt, that potted Pan lackt Art to glose and flatter,
And yet nor Pan nor Mercurie went roundlier to the Matter.
He found right Methode (for there is a Methode, time, and place,
Which Fooles obseruing doo commence ere Wisemen haue their grace.)
Though dastard Hawkes doo sore alofte and dare not seaze vpon,
Or Bussards-like doo sit aloofe vntill the game be gon,
Kinde killing Hawkes but wagge the wing, and worke to sowse anon.
Once Loue, surreuerence, made my selfe vale Bonnet: So submis
My ceremoniall wooing was as common wooing is.
With rufull lookes, sighes, sweete Pigs-nye, and Fooleries more than few
I courted her, so much more stout by how much more I sew:
Till aptlie singled, as it hapt, I say not what did hap,
But Loue that late did load my Head, did load her willing Lap.
Nor this Lad Loue of that same Loue is guiltie anie whit,
For why, nyne Moones did wexe and waine between his birth and it.
Alas, poore Boy, before he was, Loue was a common game,
The first-made Man, the Rib-reft Man in Eden shewd the same:
For when his sudden Eies admir'de the boan-flesht faire Conuart,
Deriued from his Side, his tongue directed by his hart

Forth-

Forthwith pronounced Woman, but a moment earst vnknoen,
So deare as flesh of his owne flesh, and bone of his owne boen.
Quit then, ye Gods, this Lad, and let your search of Loue alone:
He will in power be felt of all, in person found of none.
Or rather is not reall, but some Fantie: if not, then
Fantasticall in women, but essentially in men.
If Loue be such in Women (But mistake me not, for whie:
I note them but fantasticall in fault of Destenie)
Deferre were then to erre. When all is done that doo we may,
Labor we sorrowing all the night, and sewing all the day,
The female faultie Custome yeelds lesse merit greatest pay:
And ventrous more than vertuous meanes doth beare the bell away.
Now touching Venus (worthie such a Pheere, not such a Foe)
Vulcan, me thinkes, obserueth well slight proofe in yea and no
The Court should therefore be aduised ere it to Sentence goe.
The Gods, that did erewhile but aime at Vulcans wiues sonnes Father,
Saw Venus blush, and held that aime auenticall the rather.
*Ende Gods and Goddesses, quoth Ioue, to argue too or fro:
Like good and bad is either Sex. Nay more, behold, than so:
I viewde erewhile the Destenies, and thence I thus did know.
Zamois, when Troy must perish, shall send downe her Flods a Fleete,
And world it where our Father rulde when Create thought him vnmeete.
But long time hence, & farre Stars thence, that World shall world an Ile
Enuyron'd with the Ocean waues, then famous in short while
Through often Triumphes ouer Foes and Traffike cuerie where:
Howbeit thrice orerunne, and once a Conquest shalbe there.
*Those Changes notwithstanding they a People shall remaine
Unchased thence: and of that Streene shall Fiue at length re-raigne.
Dread, terrene Gods, the Fift of those, a terrene Goddesse: She
Euen at the firie Trigon shall your cheefe Ascendant be:
Right Phœbe-like (Phœbe may like a Compeer like to her)
Retriue her named Name, to time the triall we refer.
*This said, he bids adiorne the Court, and willed Mercurie
Thenceforth not to conuent the Gods for such a Foolerie,
As Loue, the idle Bodies worke, and Surfet of the Eie.
And thus the Queene and Tuder chat: But thought of nothing lesse

Then

Then that from them Ioues noted fiue fated to such sucesse
Should spring, as spong, and parte spings yet. But ceale we to digresse
And shewe we how her Sonne did long and luckles Raigne possesse.

CHAP. XXXII.

Trests, fifth Henries Sonne, that made the Henries more by one,
Did in his Infancie possesse his Conquering Fathers Throne:
And happely was rulde a Child, and rulde an happie man,
Till with his Parrasites his Péeres, and he with them began
A bloodie quarrell: offering so vnto the Yorkests spight,
For to reclaime, in bould attempts, their discontinued right.
Richard Plantagenet the Duke of Yorke, by Warwicks ayde,
Did get the Goale, not long enioy'd, for he in Armes decayde,
Subdued by King Henries Quéene. Yea when by frends and force
He had in Parlament obtaynde in euery clause his corse.
For, mounted there the Kingly Throne, the Yorkish Heros sayd,
Here should I speake, and shall I hope: and so his Claime conuayd
From Clarence his Progenitor, with reasons such among,
As, he Protector of the Realme, King Henries heires were wrung
From all Reuertion: hearts and eares did so applaude his tung.

EDward his Sonne the Earle of March, the Duke his Father slaine,
Wonne, by the Earle of Warwicks ayde, in double battell Raigne.
King Henrie fled to Scotland, and the Quéene, and Prince their Sonne,
From Fraunce sollicet Succors, which vnto their losse they wonne.
Henrie was taken, they and their Confederates were subdu'd:
Yet still the Quéene escaped, and she armour still pursu'd.
But, Warwicke pleased, all Attempts did fayle to Edwards Foes:
Displeased, Edward fayled, and declined Henrie rose.
He crowned Either, and the same discrowned them againe,
Admyr'd of all, belou'd of all: howbeit lastly slaine
By Edward, whilst he did vphold vnchancie Henries Raigne.

So Warwicke periſht, Henrie ſo refalne from Kings eſtate
Was reimpriſon'd, and his Quéene did land her aydes too late.
But landing, when of Barnet field ſhe heard the luckles fate,
(Albeit Knights Lancaſtrians ſtore did flocke in her defence)
She ſtood a ſecond Niobe, bereft of ſpéech and ſence.
And whilſt the Duke of Somerſet, an ouer-hardie Knight,
Did brauely marſhall out her force to ouer-matched fight,
Hers and King Henries Sonne, the Prince of Wales a proper Lad,
In comforting his mother did continue her more ſad.
Ah Sonne, quoth ſhe, through oft miſhaps miſhaps I can diſgeſt:
I feare for thee, for thée the hope that to our Houſe doth reſt.
Now all are tryed we can truſt, if now we faile we fall:
Thy death is in the ſame requeſt as is thy Fathers thrall.
And (which I would it were the worſt) the Foe doth thirſt my life,
To ende his Triumph in the deaths of Huſband Sonne and Wife.
Though thy great-Grandſier, Grandſier, and thy Father wonne & wore
The King-ring, which thy father hild yeares thirtie eight and more,
Though by the cappitall Remote of Lancaſter withſtood,
Yet fayle preſcription and diſcents: now lacke they but our blood.
Then learne againſt thou proue a man (ah hardly hope I ſo)
The Line Lancaſtrian naturally doth labour of that Foe.
The Quéene concluding thus in teares, did then to Armor goe.
Fierce was the field, and either part did valiantly offend.
But Edward ouercomming, when the Battell was at end,
The Quéene was carried Captiue thence: And Edwards men did bring
Her Sonne the Prince, ſole ſonne and heire vnto the captiue King,
Before the Victor: whoſe demaunds receiuing aunſwers ſtoute,
He thruſts the manly Boy from him: whom Gloceſter about
The King (Churle that he was) did ſtab. (So tragicke was the ſpight
Betwixt thoſe Linages, that oft each others ſo requite.)
His death was more then death vnto his Parents: but not long
His father moned vndiſpatcht alike for death and wrong,
By foreſayd Duke of Gloceſter: of whom ſucceedes our ſong.

THus wonne the Yorkeſts auncient Raigne: ſixe bloodie Fields did ſeate
Edward the fourth in Englands Throne, poſſeſt awhile in queate.

He

DVKE
SOMERSET
K. HENRY
V
EDMVNDERLE
OF SOMERSET
IOHN DVKE
OF SOMERSET
OHN DVKE OF
ANCASTRE.

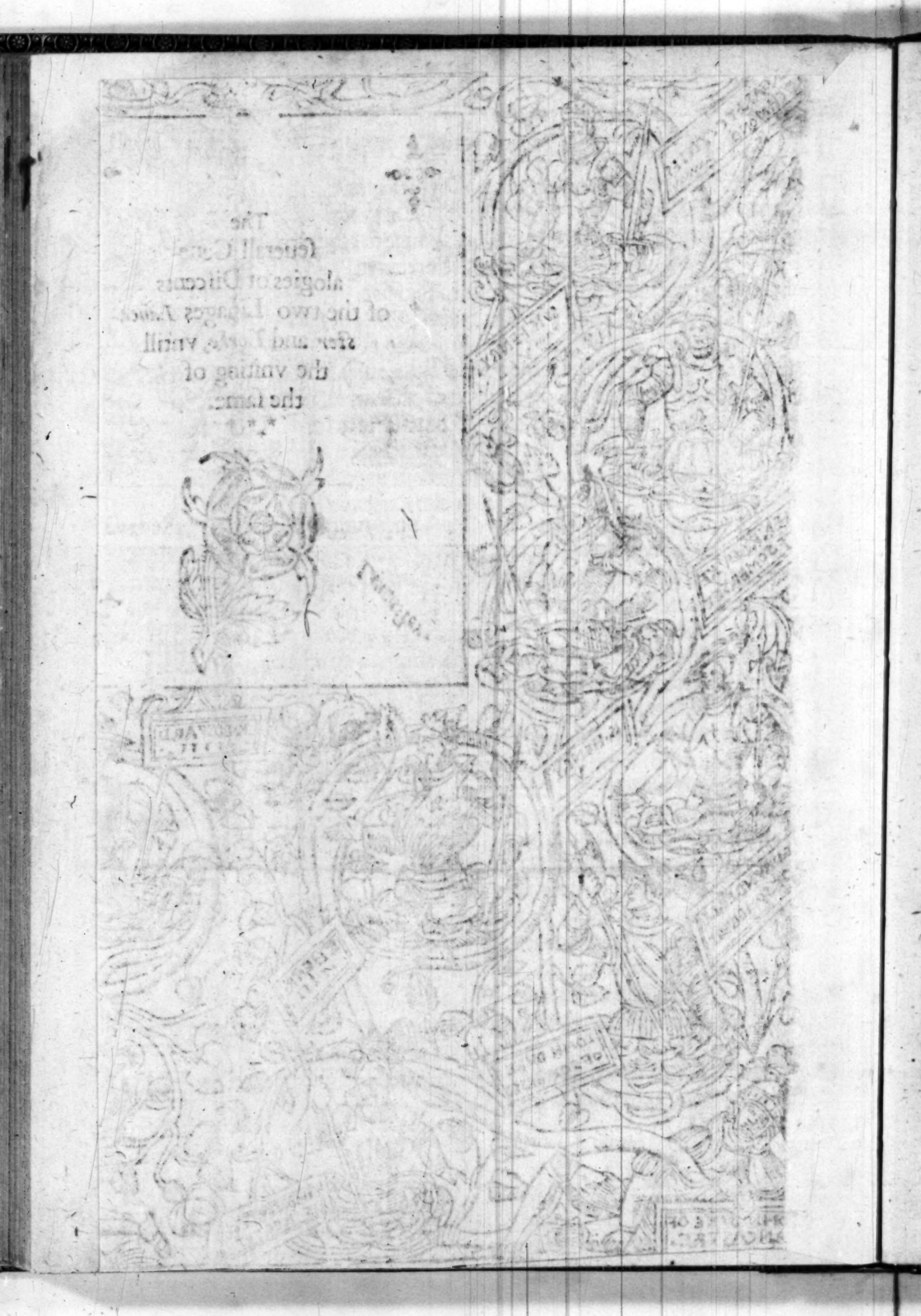
This must be placed in Page. 143.

The
seuerall Gene-
alogies or Diſcents
of the two Linages *Lanca-*
ſter and *Yorke*, vntill
the vniting of
the ſame.

***

Lancaſter.

Yorke.



He wonne his Subiects loue, and loue was debt to his desarts:
But, as must ours, so lastly his vn-bodied Soule departs.
He left his Kingdome to his Sonne, his Sonne to be protected
By Richard Duke of Gloceſter. Who, pietie reiected,
Grewe treble-wise tyrannicall: malicious to the blood
Of his deceased brothers Quéene: And what so Yorkest stood
Betwixt the Scepter and himselfe, aliue, he pricked dead:
And Foe to all Lancastrians, as the same by nature bread.
This common Deaths-man of those Kinnes, and euery Nobles fall,
Whom he but gest Corriuall, or might crosse him neere so small,
This stope-Frog Æsops Stoike, alike tyrannous vnto all,
To giltie, giltlesse, frend, or foe was not secure one day,
But Either dyes as eithers death might fit him any way.
Yea, euen whilst his Brother rulde, when all Lancastrians, and
His Brothers twaine, his Nephewes twaine, and Néeces thrée did stand
Betwixt himselfe and home, euen then by blood he hunted Raigne.
For when his owne and ruthles hands King Henries heire had slaine,
Then Henries selfe, Henrie the sixt, a giltles King in bands
He stabd: his brother Clarence dide through him, by other hands.
But, now Protector, as do Wolues the Lambes protected he,
And fared as if fearing that one wickedder might be.
Quéene mother and her kindred hild the Orphane King awhile,
Her kinne he murdred, and from him he got the King by gile:
Who, though vncrowned, tituled fift Edward, reft his mother,
He made be murdred, with the Duke of Yorke the ponger brother.
When neither Yorkest his Allies, and of Lancastrians none
Were left to let it, who should let but he might leape the Throne?
He wore in deede the wrested Palme. But yet, to better vaile,
By murder of his wife, he sought newe marriage to be had
With that Elizabeth that was the eldest daughter to
Edward the fourth: But all in vayne the King his Néece did woe:
For Henrie Earle of Richmonds frends such doings did vndoe.
Which Henrie and Elizabeth by secrete Agents were
Contracted: he of Lancaster, and she of Yorke the heire.
Of which letigious Families here mapped be the Lines,
Euen till the Heire of these two heires both Stockes in one combines.

ALBIONS ENGLANDA

CHAP. XXXIII.

HEnrie (as if by myracle preseru'd by Forraines long
From heuce-ment Treasons) did ariue to right his Natiues wrong.
And chiefly to Lord Stanlie, and some other Succors as
Did wish and worke for better dayes, the Riuall welcome was.
Now Richard heard that Richmond was assisted and a Shore,
And like vnkenneld Cerberus the crœked Tyrant swore:
And all Complexions act at once confusedly in him:
He studieth, striketh, threates, intreates, and loketh mildly grim:
Mistrustfully he trusteth, and he dreadingly did dare,
And forrie passions in a trice in him consort and square.
But when by his conuented force, his Foes increased more,
He hastned Battell, finding his Corriuall apt therefore.
When Richmond orderly in all had battelled his ayde,
Inringed by his Complices their chearfull Leader sayde.
Now is the time and place (sweete Frends) and we the Persons be
That must giue England breath, or els vnbreath for her must we.
No Tyrannie is fabled, and no Tyrant was in deede
Worse than our Foe, whose workes shall act my words, if well he speede:
For ill to ills Superlatiue are easely intisk,
But intertayne amendment as the Gergesites did Christ.
Be valiant then, he biddeth so that would not be out-bid
For courage, yet shall honor him though base that better did.
I am right heire Lancastrian: he in Yorkes destroyed right
Usurpeth: But, through Either ours, for neither Claime I fight,
But for our Countries long-lackt weale, for Englands peace I warre:
Wherein he speed vs vnto whom I all Euents referre.
Meane while had furious Richard set his Armies in aray,
And then with lokes euen like himselfe this or the like did say.
Why, Lads, shall ponder Welshman with his Straglers ouer-match?
Disdaine ye not such Riualles, and deferre ye their dispatch?
Shall Tuder from Plantagenet the Crowne by craking snatch?

Know

Know Richards verie thoughts (he touch't the Diademe he woze)
Be mettall of this mettall. Then beléeue I loue it moze,
Than that foz other law than Life to supersead my Clame:
And lesser must not be his Plea that counter-pleads the same.
The weapons ouer-toke his wozds, and blowes they brauely change:
When like a Lion thirsting bloud did moodie Richard range,
And made large Slaughters where he went, till Richmond he espied,
Whom singling, after doubtfull Swozds, the valerous Tyrant died.

THus ended Englands Warre and woe, blurping Richard dead,
When Henrie and Elizabeth vniting Titles wed.
Of which two Heires th-vndoubted Heire of either Line did cum,
The Epilogue vnto these wounds, digested in this sum:
Fourth Henrie first Lancastrian King put second Richard downe.
Fourth Edward of the House of Yorke re-seazd 5rt Henries Crowne.
Lad-Princes twaine were stabd in Field, of either Linage one,
Foure Kings did perish. Sundzie times now-Kings anon were none.
Sixe, thzée of either faction, helde succesliuely the Thzone.
But from the second Richard to seuenth Henrie we pztend
Eight Kings this Faction to begin, continue, and to end.
The Pzinces, Earles, Barons, and Knights this quarrell did deuoure
Excéd the tale of Gentrie best and barest at this houre:
So plagueth ciuile Warre, and so from Robe to Ragge doth scoure.
Then luckiest of the Planets were Pzedominants, say we,
When by this Bed-match either Heire that Bloud-mart did agree.
When Seuenth begot the Eight, and Eight the First and Last foz like
Our now Pandora, ere whose Raigne our humbled sayles we strike.
Foz at her Grandsier reare we vp our Colome plaine and pozt:
Not writing, as did Hercules on his: Beyond no mozt.
Foz he lacks search, our Muse lackes skill, an Ocean is in stozr.
It onelie rests We borrow leaue in breuette to say
Somwhat foze-said, not fullie said, and then is Holiday.

BEfoze we tought, and little elz, what Course's hept at home:
But now, in few, at fozren Acts of Native Kings we come.
Of Brittish and of English Kings, moze famous than the rest,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

This sparing Catologue ensewes: whose deedes we thus digest.
*ÆNeas Off-spring famous Brute did set from Greekish thrall
Six thousand Phrygian Knights: by him did Guyan Guffer fall:
He conquering this Ile, his Name vnto his Conquest gaue.
And of his Cornish Cambries men couragious yet we haue.
*Yorkes Builder Ebrank that subdu'de the Cimbrians and the Gawles,
And built the best of Scottish Townes, next in our reckning falls.
*When Brennus and Belynus had Eight spacious Kingdomes wonne,
Had slaine two Consulls, sacked Rome, and matchlesse Armes had done,
And built ten Cities, best that be in Italie this day,
Those Kinglie Brothers, as must all, their debt to Nature pay.
*Gurguinus slew the Dacian King; wonne Tribute: and the same
Gaue Spanish Exiles Ireland, whence our Scottish Nation came.
*Cassibelane did twice beate backe from Brittish seas and Shore
The worthie Cæsar, that, but then, was Victor euermore:
And thirdlie had preuailed, but for Luds reuolted Sonne,
When as braue Nennius hand to hand of Cæsar honor wonne.
*Guydar and Aruiragus wonne of Claudius Cæsar spoyle:
The former in a second Field did stout Vaspasian foyle.
*When as the wandring Scots and Pichts King Marius had subdu'de,
He gaue the Liuers dwellings, lesse than where they since intru'de.
*Constantius, wedding Coyls heire, was Monarke of the West:
Who, with this Ilands Scepter, of Romes Empire was possest.
*Great Constantine, that worthelie a Worthie might be said,
The Brittish Romaine Emperour, throughout the world obayde,
He made his Siege Bizantium, that retaines his name ere since:
And made (but so vnwitting marde) the Priest of Rome a Prince.
*Maximian as Emperiall and as valerous as anie,
With Brittish armour did subdue both Kings and Kingdomes manie.
*What speake we of great Arthur, of his Chiualrie or Court?
Precelling all, sole President of vertue, prow's and port:
A King of manie Kings: his Knights in all Exploites were seene:
He was, indeed, a Worthie, and the Worthiest of the Neene.
*Fiue Townes King Malgo prized. *And in Battells fiftie fiue
Against the Miscreants valiantlie did King Alured thriue.
*Rollo (whose Seede should conquer vs) he hence did brauelie beate:

That,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

That, mauger Fraunce, in Normandie his Scythian Troupes did seate.
*He that re-monarchiz'd our Ile, King Athelstone did slay
Six Kings, twelue Dukes, and countlesse taile of Heathen in one day:
The one of Nyne, his Knight Sir Guy, we touch but by the way:
Omitting other Kings and Knights, too long in few to say:
Of Brittish race a manie, and of Saxon Princes some:
Whose bloud, by Normaine Virture, now is tripartite become.
Or (For, perhaps, from such Consort the Brutes casserd willbee)
Three blended blouds of Nations three hath giuen vs Natures three,
The Saxon Prowesse, Danish Pompes, and Normaine Pollicee.
And of the Romanes and the Pichts we are no portion small:
Foure of which Nations Scythia bred, we thriuing in them all.
*KIng William, Englands Conquerour, from Rollo first, with pray
Of twice fiue hundred Townes in Fraunce vn-to-met sayld away.
*Henrie the second, vpon whom the Scotch-King tendant was,
(Which Scots their often ouerthrowes we henceforth ouerpasse,
Who to our Kings, Lords Parramounts, not warres but vprores bring)
Spoylde Fraunce, wonne Ireland, and deceast of Iuda chosen King.
*Next Lyon-harted Richard he wonne Cyprus, Siria, and
Ierusalem, debelling quite the Sowldan from his Land.
He skalde the strong Aegyptian Oste, and king'd his Sisters sonne:
And plagued Fraunce and Austrich for the wrongs they had him donne.
*First Edward made the Turks, Sauoies, the French, & Flemings tremble.
*The third, so nam'de, to them and moe did Mars him selfe resemble:
Whose Knights, in second Richards daies, so tickeld Fraunce, & Spaine,
And partes Lugdinian, that no King but Richard seem'd to raine:
Ten Thousand were his housholde. Scotch digests we heere disdaine.
*The fourth and *fifth of Henries were as actious as the rest:
Especiallie the latter was the formost with the best.
*Nor yet Fourth Edwards honor frō his Ancestors digrest.
On these vn vulgar Eares and Eies so hymelie waite and gaze,
As they distalke our priuate Penne notorious Laudes to blaze.
Our Catalogue omitteth some for Artes and Justice good:
Some natur'de well, aduised ill: some worthie Læthe flood.
Not one fore-cited but deserues at least an Homers Muse,
Although with Agamemnons Vaile Apelles shift I vse.

But

But colours to that Painter, Art vnto that Poet none
So good, to paint and praise at full our following Crownes, saue one,
Since Tuders Seede, Henrie the Seuenth, ariued Englands Throne.

NOr superstitiously I speake, but H. the letter still
Might be obserued ominous, to Englands good or ill.
First Hercules, Hesione, and Hellen were the cause
Of Warre to Troy, Aeneas Seede becomming so Out-lawes.
Humbar the Hunn with forreine Armes did first the Brutes inuade.
Hellen to Romes Emperiall Throne the Brittish Crowne conuaide.
Hengest and Horsus first did plant the Saxons in this Ile.
Hungar and Hubba first brought Danes that swayed here long while.
At Harold had the Saxon ende: at Hardiknought the Dane.
Henries the first and second did restore the English Raine.
Fourth Henrie first to Lancaster did Englands Crowne obtaine.
Henrie Ie tigious Lancaster and Yorke vnites in peace.
Henrie the Eight did happelie Romes Erreligion cease:
The Father of our Mother Nurse, our common Ioyes increase.
Which double. H. and H. H. heere our either Poemes Lee,
He saue that saueth all our sinnes, to whom all glorie bee.

FINIS.

¶ An Addition, or Remaine in Prose, *to the second Booke of* ALBIONS ENGLAND: containing a Breuiat of the true Historie of ÆNEAS.

ACcept him (friendly Reader) where hee is, not where he ought: and as hee speaketh, not as hee should. Misapplyed he is not for Matter precedent, howsoeuer the penning or misplacing may like or mislike for the English or Dyer. The Printers forwardnesse preuented me of seating Æneas in his apt Place: and (troth to say) ouerlate vndertooke I the Taske to prosecute his Historie in Uerse. Howbeit, rather hath my Remisnes borrowed of Decorum and your patience, then that a Patriarke of our Brutones should bee abruptly estranged. Of Æneas therefore it thus followeth:

X. Æneidos.

Æneidos.

When the reuengfull Flames of Troy, properly called Ilion, the then principall Citie of all Asia, had perfected the more than Tenne yeeres Siege of the Grecians expugning of the same: then Æneas (howsoeuer by some authorities noted of disloyaltie towards Priam, in this not vnworthely surnamed vertuous) burthning his armed shoulders with his feeble and most aged Father Anchises, that laboured also vnder his loade of the Troyan Gods & sacred Reliques, Æneas (as I say) with such his Burthen, leading by the hand his Sonne Ascanius of the age of twelue yeeres, followed not only of the beautifull Creusa his wife, the Daughter of King Priam, but also of a many Troyans participating that common calamitie, brake through the wastfull Flames, mauger the wrathfull Foes, into the fieldes of Phrigia. There the Ayre emptied of downe-burnt Turrets, and filed with smoake of fired Buildings, assured from their hearts more teares to their eyes, than the benefite of their present Escape could promise them comfort.

Troy therfore not to be rescued, or Creusa (in this businesse lost and perishing) to be recouered, Æneas and his Followers imbarking themselues in Simois, after long and wearie Seafaring, arriued in a parte of Thrace called Cressa, bounding on Mygdonia. Here Æneas purposing an end of his tedious Saylings, and not meanly furnished of Treasure conuayed from Troy, layed Foundation of a Citie after the Founder called Ænea. This Citie going forward lesse effectually than was expected, Æneas supposing the Gods to bee yet opposite to the Troyans, knocking downe a milk-white Bull, pitched an Alter to do Sacrifice. Neere at hand were growing diuers shrubbed Trees, the Boughes whereof, for the greater reuerence

rence and exornation of the present Solemnitie, he cutting and sliuing downe, perceiued blood in great aboundance issuing from the broken Braunches: whereat long admyring, and with great terror & deuotion interceding the Gods on his knees to reueale the meaning of ỳ myraculous Accident, at the length he heard a pitifull & feeble voyce (for diuersly, in those daies, did the Deuills aunswer and giue Oracles) thus answering.

Reason were it (AEneas) that ỳ Graues of the dead should priuiledge their bodies from the tyrannie of the liuing: but by so much the lesse doe I esteeme my preiudice, by how much the more I knowe thee vnwittingly iniurious. Thou tearest, AEneas, in these Braunches thou tearest the bodie of thy vnfortunate Brother-in-lawe Polydor, Sonne to the like-starred Priamus. Troy as yet was only threatned, not besieged, whẽ my Father (as thou knowest) deliuered me with a world of Treasure to Polymnestor the barbarous King of this Countrie, here daungerles (as he pretended) to abide, as the Conseruor and Restauration of his House & Empyre, whatsoeuer should betide of him, his other Issue, or the Warres then beginning. But the Greekes preuayling, Auerice, and the declining State of Phrigia, imboldned my Gardein (fearlesse of Reuengers) to the murthering of me: which he traytrously accomplishing on this Shore, secretly raked me vp in these Sands, without honor of better Sepulcher: & of my bodie (so hath it pleased the Gods, & Nature) are sprong these Braunches, in tearing of which thou tormentest mee. Howbeit, in respect of my desire to profite thee by foretelling of thy Destinie, I accoumpt me happely harmed: For knowe (AEneas) that in vayne thou doest build where the Gods denye thine abode: leaue therefore these defamed Costes, and prosperously plant the Remayne of Troy and thy Posteritie in the fertill Italian Clime.

The voyce thus ceased to speake, and AEneas, without further touch of the forbidden Shrubbes, continuing his feare finished the Sacrifice, and after the Phrigian fashion solemnlie held an Obit to the Ghost of his murthered kinsman.

Then by this admoniſhment, hee and his Troians leauing the newe reared Citie, diſanker from Thrace in queſt of behighted Italie. But no ſooner had they put to Sea, then that the windes and the waues ſollicited (a Poeticall fiction) by the wife of Iupiter, ſo toſſed and turmoyled the diſparkled Nauie, that the horror of the circumſtaunces, continuallie threatning their liues, left only hoped for death as the remaine of al comfort. At length, theſe inſtruments of their long wandrings, and the cauſes of Anchiſes, and of many noble perſonages there periſhing, counterpleaded (as is fabled) by Venus, toſſed their diſtackled Fleete to the Shore of Libya.

Neere to the place of their arriuall, ſtood the beautifull Citie of Carthage, which Eliſa (whome the Phœnicians for her magnanimious dying, did afterwards name Dido) had newlie builded: Æneas by a ſafe conduct receiued from her repayring thether, found ſuch royall entertainement, that in reſpect of the preſent ſollace, he had forgotten all paſſed forrowes, and his hart-ſpent Troians, found bountifull ſupplies to all their late endured fearſities.

In the meane while, Æneas for perſonage the Iouiliſt, for well-ſpoken the Mercuriliſt, and no leſſe fortunate vnder Venus her conſtellation, with his comlineſſe ſo intiſed the eyes, with his ſpeeches ſo inchaunted the eares, and with his vertues ſo enflamed the heart of the amorous Carthagenian Queene, that hardlie modeſtie diſcented, that her tongue affirmed not the loue which her eyes outwardly blabbed, and her heart inwardly nouriſhed. In the end, not able longer to containe ſuch extraordinarie Paſſions, in this order ſhe vented the the ſame to the Ladie Anna her Siſter.

My truſtie Siſter, quoth ſhe, (then ſighing out a pawſe) how manie great Princes, ſince the decreaſe of my late huſband Sichæus, and our departure from Tyrus, haue in vayne laboured a marriage with me, hath been vnto thee no leſſe apparant, than of me hetherto vnapproued. But now (haled on I knowe not by what deſtenie) our newcome Gueſt Æneas the Troian (whoſe matchleſſe perſonage and knightly proweſſe I partially commend not, all confirming of him no leſſe than I

can affirme) the same euen the same hath supplanted my chast determinations of continuall widdowhood, with an amarous desire of a second marriage: howbeit, to determine without him, as I must, were to be deceiued of him, as I may. What counsell? My selfe (Anna) ah my selfe to motion loue were immodestie, & to be silent lesse tollerable then death. I would (a violent no volentarie wish) that Elisa knewe her selfe beloued of Æneas, Æneas not knowing himselfe so loued of Elisa.

Her Sister with a cheerefull countenaunce promising comfort, performed the same in this aunswer. Dum signes (quoth she) haue their speeches: not any that obserueth your lookes, but easilie aymeth at your loue: greater is the wonder of your strickt chastity, than it would be a nouell to see you a Bigama: That priuately peuish & curious, This publiquely, common and commodious. Or euer Carthage be perfected in the ayre, Elisa may putrefie in the earth. What Monument thē leauest thou to thy Tyrians, scarce warme in Affrick, than a Citties imperfect foundation? Which being alreadie an eyesore to the wilde and warlike Libyans, Barchæs, Getulians, and the rest of the Affricans, shall then be vtterly extinct, with the verie name of the Foundres. But in matching with so great and valiant a Prince as is Æneas, thou shalt not onelie liue with whom thou dost loue, and by consorting thy Tyrians with his Troians, strongly disapoynt the enuie of those Nations, but (for Nature hath not giuen thee such beauty to dye barren) being a wife, become (no doubt) a mother, and by legittimat propagation so glad thy Subiects feareles of ciuill discentions. Who can then dislike that Elisa should so loue? Bury Sister the thoughts of Sichæus with his dead bones, and prosperously prosecute and preuaile in thy sweete passions of Æneas. Plie him with all prouisions and amorous entertainements, onely for his Shippe-workes fayne delatorie wants: and by Winter be past, he partly comming will (feare not) bee perfectly reclamed. This counsell of Anna, though it heaped as it were Athos on Ætna, yet was it praysed and practised of Elisa: for Counsell soothing the humour of the councelled, howsoeuer vnprofitable, is accounted plausable. Henceforward

ward the Queene to be admyred, not matched for her exquisit beautie, and rather borrowing of Arte than scanting Nature, as braue in apparell, as beautifull in person, and voted, euen in her better part, to the loue of Æneas, so sorted all her deuices to his best liking, that shortly himselfe laboured with her in one and the selfe same payne of wished-for pleasure. Omitting therfore the circumstaunces of their discourses, feastings, and all Poeticall fayninges, onely procede wee, in few, to the Euent of these their amorous Beginings.

A hunting was generally appointed: the Queene, Æneas, their Ladies, and Knights brauely mounted: the Standes were prewned: the Toyles pitched: the Hounds vncoupled: the Game rowsed, a foote, and followed: when suddainly, amidst the harborlesse Desart in the hottest pursute, the Skye, ouercast with blacke Clowdes, showred downe such flashes of Lyghtning, vollies of Thunder, Haylestones, and Rayne, that glad was euery of the Tyrians and Troians, disperling themselues, to shift for one, Elisa and Æneas, in the meane while, finding a Caue that sheltred them twaine. Being there all alone, vnknowne of and vnsought for of their Seruaunts, Opportunitie the chiefe Actresse in al attempts, gaue the Plaudiat in Loue his Comedie. Imagine short wooing where either partie is willing: their faithes plighted for a marriage to to be solemnized (with kind kisses among) hée did what harmed not, and shee had what displeased not: A young Æneas should haue béene molded, had he not beene marred (as might seeme) in the making. When this swéete Calme in the sharpe storme was with the Tempest thus ouerpassed, then came they both out, not such as they entred in: and were receiued of their Traynes, attending their pleasures, not examining their pastimes: and so hauing continued the Chace, vntill night discontinued their sport, they retyring to Carthage, were sumptuously feasted of Elisa in her Pallace. During these their Alcion daies (not generally liked of all) one there was, a Noble Troian, that had these speeches to Æneas.

Shouldest thou beleeue (farre bee it from Æneas so to beleeue)

leeue) that the Oracles of our Gods, behighting vs the Conquest of Italie, were superstitious, then beleeue also (vndeceiued maist thou so beleeue) that our effeminate abode here is vaine and slaunderous: to attempt that former without an Oracle, yea with the losse of our liues, is honourable, because we are Troians: to entertaine this latter, inuited and daungerles, reprochfull, because we are Troians. Ah (Aeneas) haue we shipped our Gods from home, to be witnesses of our wantonnesse here? Beleeue me, better had it beene we had dyed in Phrygia, men, than to liue thus in Affrick like womẽ. Consider also the place whereinto wee are now brought, and then conceaue of the possibility of our here abode: shall I tell thée? were there not (if in the meane while no other Accident crosse, thy now blisse) were there not, I say, an Elisa here to loue thee, or were there not an Æneas to be beloued of her, no sooner should the first deceased of you be deliuered of life, than the Surviuors of vs Troians bee denyed this Land. And then, if we shoulde prooue so vngratefull as to resist our Relenors, yet hauing number wee want Munition: for neyther our Shyppes bee tackled, nor wee armed, but at the deliuerie and appointment of the Tyrians. Learne therefore (Æneas) after so long pleasure in loue, at the last profitably and politickly to loue: and whatsoeuer thy play be in Affriek, let henceforth the Mayne be Italie. Mean-while commaunde (most humbly wee desire to bee so commaunded) that thy shippes be secretely calked, tallowed, ballaced, tackled, victualed, and armed: and then (thy selfe also reformed) wittingly or vnwillinglie to Elisa leaue her and her effeminate Cittie: with resolution neuertheles (if thou so please) at more leysure to loue her. So effectuallie did Æneas listen to this motion, that giuing order for the repayring of his Fleete, hee promised a speedie and suddaine departure: and his men not slypping opportunitie, executed the same with as effectuall diligence.

It happened in this meane while, the Quéene to mount the high Turrets of her Pallace royall, where loking towards ẏ Rhode, shee perceiued how earnestly the Troians laboured in

trimming,

trimming, pauaſhing, and furniſhing theyr Nauie: then aſſuring her ſelfe not deceiued that ſhee ſhould bee deceiued, and diſcending as it were maieſticaliy madde, meeting with Æneas, ſhe ſayd.

Before (Æneas) I beheld thy ſhipwracks and wants, I beleeued ſome God ariued at Carthage: yea when I knewe thee but a man, yet hath my conceit honored thée with a Deitie: but now theſe thine inhumaine Trecheries, not worthy the vnworthieſt Tytles, argue ſo farre of from a Godhood, as thou ſheweſt thy ſelfe leſſe than a Man, and worſe than a Deuill. What hath Carthage not wooſthy Æneas? I aſſure thee, if any bee ſo much, no Cittie is more happie than Carthage. But the Queene pleaſeth not Æneas; oh that Æneas had not pleaſed the Quéene: then might I haue bettered my choyſe for honour, or not haue bewayled thy chaunge for the diſhonor. But (vngratefull) wilt thou indeede leaue mee? Yea, then that thou meaneſt the contrary, nothing more falſe: but to deriue thy departure from any deſart of mine, nothing leſſe true. If therefore the life of Eliſa, the loue of Eliſa, the land of Eliſa, her wealth, thy want, her teares, thy vowes, her diſtreſſe, thy diſhonor, the delightes of this Shore, the daungers of thoſe Seas, Carthage poſſeſſed, Italie vnconquered, peace without warre here, warre without peace there, thy wracks paſt, the Winter to come, any euils whereof I warne thee, any good that I haue wrought thée, and more good that I haue wiſhed thee, if any thing ſaid, or more than I can ſay, hath or doeth want Argument to ſeate thée in Affrick, yet at the leaſt for thine owne ſafety, ſtay a more temperate ſeaſon: vrging in the meane while excuſes for thine vnurged departure: and ſo I flattered, ſhall either patient my ſelfe, or repent thy fleeting in a milder Extaſie. I did (wel may I fore thinke mee ſo to haue done) entertaine thee beyond the degree of an Hoſteſſe, or the dignity of a Gueſt: and yet (vngrateful Gueſt to ſo kind an Hoſtis) for ſuch welcome thou haſt not pretended a farewel. Thus alas finding thy loue leſſe than it ought, I repent to haue loued more than I ſhould: and becauſe thou appeareſt not the ſame thou wert, I am not reputed the ſame

I am: but as the moſt rediculous by-word of the Tyrians, the Stayle of the Troians, and the ſcorne of the Affricans: howbeit (in trueth) the fayth-plyghted Wife of faythleſſe Æneas. But who will ſo beleeue? May beléeue not ſo who will, thy departure ſhall bee my death, my death thy ſinne, thy ſinne the worlds ſpéeche, the worlds ſpéeche thy reproofe, and thy reproofe my purgation. For were thy ſelfe Juror and Judge of the more offenſiue, my credulencie, or thine inconſtancie, the Juror coulde not but giue Uerdict for Eliſa, and the Judge ſentence againſt Æneas: then (if not for my ſute, yet for thine owne ſake) let mee not pleade tediouſly, and without grace, that pleade ſo truly, and with more gréefe, than for the quantitie I may ſuffer, or for the qualitie thou ranſt cenſure.

Æneas, not lightly gauled at her impatience (whome he ſtill loued more than a little, howbeit leſſer than his now regarde of honour) thankfully acknowledged her great bounty, counter-pleading to haue pretended a departure without leaue taken, vouching moreouer the diſpleaſure of his Gods for contempt of their Oracles, manifeſted by fearefull Dreames and ſundry Viſions, as alſo the vrging of his Troians impatient of tarriance. So that he reſting in Reſolution not to be wonne by wooing, or reclaimed by exclaiming, the Queene became ſpéechles and ſenceleſſe, and was in a ſwoune conuayed from his preſence. In which buſineſſe hee boording his Shippes, in the deade of night hoyſting vp ſayles, left Carthage to ſeeke Italie.

THE Quéene, not capable of any reſt, by day appearing diſcried from a Turret the Rhode cléered of the Troian Nauie: then not willingly ſilent, nor able to ſpeake, ſhee ſtoode as ſtoode Niobe after the fourtéenth reuenge by Latonaes Iſſue. Which her then and after Extremities, to bée glaunced at, not iudged of, bréefly I thus decipher. Imagine, (for vnimagined, vnacted) a ſubſtantiall and a palpable appearance of Loue, Wrath, Sorrow, and Diſpayre, acting in

their aptest habits, and extreamest passions, and then suppose Elisa not onely the same, but more feruently louing, more furiously wrathfull, more confusedly sorrowfull, and more impatiently desperate. Imagine lastly ꝑ first three imagined Actors, after long partes occupied, leauing the Stage to the fourth, as to the perfectest Imperfection: and then from such imagined Stratagem attend this actuall Catastropha.

A Wizard or Witch (the too common Oracles of manie too credulent women) had instructed the Quéene, that an Emollation or burnt Sacrifice offered to the infernall Deities, of the Armour, Ornaments, and all whatsoeuer the Reliques of Æneas left behind him at his departure from Carthage, would effectually estraunge the outrage of her passions, and extinct in her the very remembraunce of Æneas. This Counsell (either for that at the first shee beléeued it possible, or for that opportunitie so offered it selfe to practise the thing she did purpose) Elisa entertaining, opened the same to Anna her Sister: who simply vnsuspitious of the sequell, prouided secretly (as was giuen her in charge) a pyle of dry Faggots, crowned with Garlands for the dismall Sacrifice: which, and Elisa her selfe in a readines, Æneas his Armour being her eyes Obiect, became in this wise her tongues Subiect.

With this quoth she (eying the Armour) the craking Troian bosted to haue buckled with the gallant Diomedes, not seldome to haue offended the defenseleſſe Grecians, and after many loned blowes at the sacking of Troy, valiantly to haue boorded his thence-bent Nauie: this Armour profitable to my preiudice, there defensiue to him, to bée here offensiue to mée, were it vnnecessarie to this Sacrifice, shoulde neuertheleſſe burne for the same trespasse. This Cup, this Phrigian Cup, too guilty of too many Tyrian draughts, Assistaunts in forming mée audaciously amorous, shall now occupy these cerimonial flames, as the then Accessary to a contrary fire. These Bracelets, and these Earings (by too often and officious hands fastned and loosed, with begged and graunted kisses among, and now lesse precious by the Giuer his practise) shall

also

also adde Cinders to the repentant payment of mine ouer rated plesure. Lastly are remaining onely two Reliques of that Recreant, this Swoyd, and Elisa her selfe. But what? diddest thou (æneas) leaue this and thine Armoy in Carthage, as if in Italie thou shouldest encounter an other Elisa? inconsiderat that thou art, albeit such seareles Conflicts best beséeme such effeminate Captaines, yet no Climate can affoyd thée one so folish, and therefoye in no Country expect such Foytune. The Stoyme (ah from thence are these teares) sheltring vs twaine lately in one Caue, was (no doubt) ominous to these euills: foy then should I haue remembyed, that like as Shelters are chiefely sought foy in Stoymes, so men labour our fauours onely in extremities: but their lustes satisfyed, oy wants supplyed, as of Shelters in Sunne shine they estimate our bounty, leauing thencefoyth euen to séeme such as (in troth) they neuer were. But what is natural, is of necessitie, onely let it bée graunted, he is a Man, and it foloweth necessarily hée is deceitfull. Fly Trayterous æneas, fly vnfolowed and vnfriended of Elisa: euer may the winds be contrarie to thy Course, and the Seas not pyomise thée one howyes safety: euer be thy Ship dyowning, & thy selfe neuer but dying: often resayle in a moment, whence thou wert sayling a moneth: let no blaste from the Ayze, oy Billowe in the Sea, stirre but to thy pyeiudice: and when no hoyroy and mishap hath sayled thee, with thy dead bodie to the vttermost plagued, perrish also may thy Soule vnpardoned. But least mine incharitie pyoone lesse pardonable than his Iniurie, I that wil not liue to heare it so, hartily disclaime to haue it so: pardon therefoye ye Gods me desiring it, and him deseruing it. Troth is it, this one Sacrifice shall giue ende to mine infinite soyrowes: but not (alas) with these burnings, rather found guiltie of new beginnings, but with my harts blood, the latest Ceremonie wanting to this Exequie. Scarcely had these woyds passed her mouth, when with æneas his Swoyde she pierced her Brest: so perfoyming on her selfe a Tragedie sought foy, and to hers a terroy vnlooked foy.

WHilſt Dido, (ſo named of this her death) or as haue ſome (not leſſe probable) of ſo preuenting Hiarbas menacing her marriage) was thus paſſionate, and did thus periſh. *Æneas* after weary Sea-faring, much ſorrowe, many people and places ſéene and ſayled from, arriuing in Sicilie, was ioyfully entertained of his auncient friend King Aceſtes: and there (as the yere before, at Drapenum) did ſolemnize an Anniuerſarie at the Tombe of his father *Anchiſes*. The Maſteries, feates, and actiue paſtimes, tryed here by the Troian and Sicilian youth, with land and ſea Skirmidges, by running, riding, leaping, ſhooting, wreſtling, and ſuch like, with Bacing on foote and on horſ back: this laſt, a ſport lately vſed of our Engliſh youthes, but now peeuiſhly perhaps, vnpollitickly I am ſure diſcontinued: Or how the Women of Troy (whereof many were alſo imbarked from thence) tyred with the perils of the Sea, and intiſed with the pleaſures of Sicilie, to preuent further ſayling, fired their Ships (not without great loſſe reſcued:) Or how *Æneas* building there the Cittie *Aceſta*, peopled the ſame with his women, and impotent Troians: Or of the mowning & Reuiſe of Palinurus: & many Occurrents hapning here, at Cuma, Caieta, and elſ-where I omit, as leſſe pertinent than the haſtning of Æneas into Italie.

Wherefore ſhipping him from Sicilie, I now lande him in Latium: in which parte of Italie raigned and was Reſident in his Cittie Laurentum the King *Latinus*, to whome *Æneas* addreſſed an hundred Knights, one of them deliuering this Ambaſſie.

Ignoraunt are wee not, moſt gratious King (for in that Title art thou famous, and in that triall may we prowe fortunate) of thy Conſanguinitie with the Troians, by noble diſcents from Dardanus our auncient Progenitor: neither canſt thou but know that Troy is ſacked, and her people for ỹ moſt part ſlaughtered: only know, (if already thou knoweſt it not) that *Æneas* our Duke, with a fewe his Followers, hetherto reſerued to more infortunes, after more than ſeauen yeares ſayling, are laſtly (and luckilie I hope) arriued in thy

Countrie.

Countrie. Howbeit of many vnpeopled places, for pleasure and fertilitie most worthie manuring, haue we abandoned the quiet possession: yea many the greatest Princes of *Europe* and *Affrick*, haue voluntarilie desired our Variance, denyed: onlie infinite Seas haue wee sayled, and more sorrowes sustayned to seeke this Clime, from whence we Troyans derive our Originalls, and whether our Gods haue directed vs by their Oracles. This thy Countrie in respect of the bignesse, may easilie afford rome for a new Troy to be builded: A plot more spacious wee doe not aske, A smaller suite thou canst not graunt, if with our present extremities thou also peise our purposed loyalties. Neuer were wee thy foes, and euer will wee continue thy friends. Seated wee must bee, and here wee would be. We dare not disobey, the Gods commaunding it, nor would we discontent thee in demaunding it: graciouslie therfore conceiue of our Petition, and gratefully receiue from AEneas these worthlesse Presents.

Hauing thus sayd, he in the name of AEneas, presented the King with a most ritch Mantell or Robe: with an inualuable Crowne of Golde enchased with precious Stones: with the late royall Scepter of King Priamus: with a standing Cuppe, and other Treasure: which *Latinus* chéerefullie receiuing, returned the Troyans this answere.

Had not the Gods commanded your hether repaire, which I gainsay not: or were wee not of Alliance, wherein I disclaime not: Or my Kingdome not rome-some enough to receiue you, as it is: Or had ye not brought precious and peaceable Presents, as ye haue: yet to dismisse Wayfarers vnrested and vnrelæued, were contrarie to the Gods of Hospitalitie, and (which they defend, that I should therein offend) *Latinus* his honour. Ouer-fall he sitteth, that securely sitteth: for as he that is timorous hath too little prouidence, so he that is feareles hath too much presumption: yea lesse græuous are expected than vnlooked-for euilles. I speake not this as I feare to fall, but as I fore-see I may fall: for the vnpearching of other, should be fore-preachings to vs. Priuie

am I vnto your distresse, applying the like possibilitie for me so to decline: for who is priuiledged from becomming such? And who is such that would not haue succour? My deere Friends and Alies, sorrie I am that ye haue so ill cause to estrange your selues from home, but glad that I am in so good case to entertaine you here. Let Æneas seate him, and prosper ye in Italie: my land well may abide it, and my self bruke it. Yea more: (for the Oracle of my minde consorts no doubt with those of our Gods) *Lauinia* my sole daughter and heire, forbidden a Natiues, and behighted a Straungers Marriage, hath found a Husband, and I a Sonne-in-lawe: at the least I wish it would bee, and hope it will bee. Make my thankes to Æneas for his Presents, and be you Maisters of your Petitions.

The Troyans sumptuously feasted: euery man on a giuen Courser bruauely and ritchly mounted dismissed, returned: and *Latinus* his aunswere and Present deliuered, Æneas neuertheless, as farre from being secure, as ioyous of such Tydings, knowing the good speede of a Straunger, to bee an Eye-sore to the people, and therefore not careles suspitious of it that might causeles succeede, strongly inmured his Men in a new-built Fortresse.

In the meane while, their Arriuall and Entertaynment with *Latinus*, occupied and for the most part, offended all Italie. Enuiously stormed Amata the Quéene, that *Lauinia* her Daughter and Darling should bee wedded to a Straunger, an Exile (as she termed him:) and therefore, when she could not disswade the King by flatterie, she incensed his Nobles and Subiects to resist it forciblie.

On the other side, Turnus, Prince of the Rutiles, in person excéeding all for comlinesse, and in Armes equall to any for his courage, to whome *Lauinia* was before promised in Marriage, as Mal-content as any for being thus circumuented by AEneas, therefore held a Counsell in his sumptuous Citie Ardea, scituate in the territorie of *Latium*, how to intercept the Troyans by wyles, expell them by warres, weaken

ken them by wants, disappoynt AEneas, and possesse himself of *Lauinia*. Often sent he Messengers, and sometimes Menaces, to aduertise *Latinus* that he was promised he should, and to assure him he purposed he would enioy her, or anger him. But by how much more *Latinus* was religiously vnremouable in his Resolution for AEneas, by so much the more did Turnus giue lose raynes to his headie anger: Howbeit sufficient matter wanted for his mallice to worke vpon, vntill by euill happe his chollor tooke aduauntage of this colour: Ascanius, with diuers Troyan Gentlemen his Friends, and others his Attendants, Hunting in a Forrest not farre from their Fortresse, by chaunce did incounter strike and chace a fayre and well spread Stagge, which the Children of one Tyrrhus the Kings Raunger, and Steward of his Grounds, a Man of no meane account amongst the *Latines*, had from a Fawne nourished and so intreated that no Beast might bee more tamer. This Stagge thus stroken and followed of the Troyans, and taking the readiest way to the house of Tyrrhus, with bléeding hawnches entring the Hall, was first espied of Syluia or Ilia, a yong Gentlewoman, in whose lappe he sleeping had often layd his head, and at whose hands he had many a time taken Brouse, bëen kemmed, and trimmed. She seeing the Stagge in such a plight, almost swouned ere she could weepe, wept ere she might speake, spoake ere she was pitied, was pitied ere she was comforted, and comforted only in promise of Reuenge.

At the winding of an Horne, came flocking thether in a trise, the Heards-men, Shepheards, Plow-men, and Hinds: this Anticke of Groomes, finding Almon the eldest Sonne of Tyrrhus, and their young Mistres Syluia grëuously passionate, and their olde fellowe the Stagge bloodie and braying his last, question no further what should be done, but were furiously inquisitiue after the doers.

In this meane time by euill hap, Ascanius and his Companie drawing by Parsie after the Stagge (which they knew not for tame) were entered the viewe of this Schoole

of

of inraged Clownes: who all at once and sodainly, with such weapons as they had or found neerest at hand, as Staues, Sheep-hookes, Dung-forks, Flayles, Plow-staues, Axes, Hedging-Beetels, yea Libbattes newly snatched from burning, and what not: fiercely assayled with downe-right blowes the amazed Troyans: who nothauing leisure to aske questions, couragiously entertaine the vnknowne Quarrell. And so long and dangerously, (for either part) continued this confusion of blowes and effusion of blood, that by now it was bruted at the Fortresse, and at *Laurentum*, and was anon increased by rescue from either Faction: neither had this Skufling an end vntill night was begun: at what time the *Latines*, *Rutiles*, and *Troians*, left the wilde Medlie, howbeit not discontinuing their malice.

Of chiefe account amongst the *Latines*, were slayne luskie Almon, and aged Galesus (a man of an honest and wealthie condition, whilest he vnseasonably amongst blowes, deliuered vnregarded perswasions of Peace). The wounded Corses of these twayne, did *Turnus* cause to bee conuayed to the viewe of *Latinus*, as Arguments of their common dammage: himselfe with an enuious heart, and an inuectiue tongue, amplifying the same to the vtternost: not vnassisted therein by the prefull Queene Amata, or vnfurthered by the hurlie burlie of the impatient people, all labouring the King to denounce Armour against the *Troians*.

Latinus in this tumult of his Subiects, and trauell of his Sences, assuring himselfe that *Æneas* was the man prophesied to the Marriage of *Lauinia* and succession of *Latium*, Disswaded, but might not Perswade, with the headie multitude. In fewe, with such efficacie did the dead Corses inuite it, the Queene intreate it, *Turnus* affect it, and the People followe it, that lastly, though against his mind, the King did suffer the *Laurentines* to reare on their Walles absolute Tokens of iminent Warres. Thus found *Turnus* that which he longed for, and *Æneas* no lesse than he loked for: and either sollicitng succours, were not long vnfurnished of hardie Souldiers:

Souldiers: yea, in respect of their multuous Armies, the Warres lately ceased at Troy, might now haue beene saide to be reuiued in Italie.

But as in his Wandringes, so in his warres, (my purpose is breuity) eyther which the Lawriat Trumpetor of his glory hath so effectually sownded, that many might amplifie, I could iterat, but not any amende it: neuertheles in remembring of this Historie, I haue also vsed other Authorities.

IT followeth: After long Warres valiantly on eyther part performed, Many great Kings, Princes, and Personages perrished: when lastly the Rutiles begunne to be repentant of their wrong, and the Troians wearie of the Warres, Æneas and Turnus meeting had these wordes. And first æneas.

Often Truces haue we had (Turnus) for the buriall of our dead, neuer Intreaties of peace for the welfare of those aliue: onely once (as I haue beene euer) diddest thou seeme (thou diddest but seeme) prouident that no moe should miscary, offering me Combate, which I accepting haue in vaine expected: for since thy minde, chaunged I wot not by what meanes, hath chaunged the liues of I wot not how many. But now, euen now (when for the palpable leasing thou shouldst not speak like Turnus, shouldst thou deny the better of the warres to abide with æneas, and yet I still be Æneas, though playing vpon that Aduauntage with Turnus) euen now, I say, my selfe doe request thee of that Combate whereby further Blood-sheds may happily be concluded. Beleeue me, were thou a Begger, and I a Monark, yet (so much doe I emulate, not ennie, thy glory) I woulde hazarde all in a Combate requested by thee so valerous a Competitor. But least (perhaps) I ouer-breath thy tickled Conceite with more selfe-liking than is expedient, know Man, Turnus know, Nature, Birth, Arte, Education, nor whatsoeuer are in any thing more beneficiall to Turnus, than that iustly hee may ennie as much or more in Æneas.

To this aunswered the Rutile thus: Whether thou speakest

keſt this (Æneas) as inſulting ouer mine infortune, or as inſolent of thine owne felicitie, or emulous (as thou ſayeſt and I beleeue it) of my glory, truſt me, (onely if thus, in thy better ſucceſſe, to abandon thy ſelfe to ſuch offered diſaduauntage be not indiſcretion) neuer heard I wherein to derogate from thy pollicie: but ſay it indiſcretion, yet by Iupiter (Æneas) it is honourable indiſcretion. Not to encounter ſo heroicall (for in thee I enuie not that Epitithon) a Combatant, is as contrary to my thought, as contenting to my very Soule, and as contenting to my Soule, as if Æneas were already conquered and Turnus Conqueror: either which I deuine, at the leaſt-wiſe I am determined to aduenture: bee prouided therefore (Æneas) of courage, for thou prouokeſt no Cowarde, but euen Turnus, that would haue aſked no leſſe, had he not doubted Æneas not to haue dared to aunſwere ſo much. Thus, and with theſe Conditions: that further warres ſhould finiſh, that the Eſpouſall of Lauinia, and Succeſſion of Latium ſhoulde be the Prize to the Victor, a Combat to bee tryed by theſe twaine body againſt body was (vpon Othes taken and other Circumſtaunces) ratified.

Nowe were they Armed, Mounted, and did Encounter: their Courſers were breathles, the Riders Diſmounte, and on Foote buckell they: both offend, either defended, and neyther fayncted. Laſtly (not with vnrequited blowes) was Turnus Diſarmed: the Vanquiſhed pleading for life, and the Victor not purpoſing his death, had hee not eſpied on his Shoulders the ſometimes Baldrike of his once eſpeciall Freende Pallas King Euanders Sonne, whome Turnus in Battell ouercomming had put to Swoorde: then Æneas ſaying, onely in this Spoyle thou ſhalt not triumphe, and onely for his ſake am I vnintreatable, ſhoffed his Swoorde through his Breaſte, Turnus ſorrowing the Woorde, and Æneas the Warres.

Then was he peaceably wedded to Lauinia, & ſhortly after poſſeſſed of Latium: After which, about three yeres he, dying, left his Kingdome to Aſcanius, and Lauinia with Childe.

Shee

the other time; and as the house of the before remembred Tyrrhus, was deliuered of Syluius Post-humus (so called of his beeing borne amongst the Woodes, after the death of his Father.) To him (because in right it was the Inheritance of Siluius from his Mother) did Ascanius voluntarilie resigne the Kingdome of Latium: and of him (for his honourable Regiment) were all the after-Latine Kings called Syluij: Finally hee Hunting and mistaken amongst the Thickets for a Stagge, was slaine with an Arrowe by his Sunne Brutus. This Brutus, for sorrow and his safety, accompanied with manie lusty Gentlemen and others of *Æneas* his Troians Offsprings, imbarking themselues, after long Sayling aryued in this Iland, then called Albion: whose Giant-like Inhabitants (in respect of their monstrous making and inciuill Manners said to haue beene engendred of Deuilles) he ouercomming, Manured their Countrey, and after his owne name called it Britaine. And thus hauing begotten Brutus an Originall to our Britons, I conclude this abridged Historie of his Grand father *Æneas*.

(.*.)

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